THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR SPORTSMEN

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

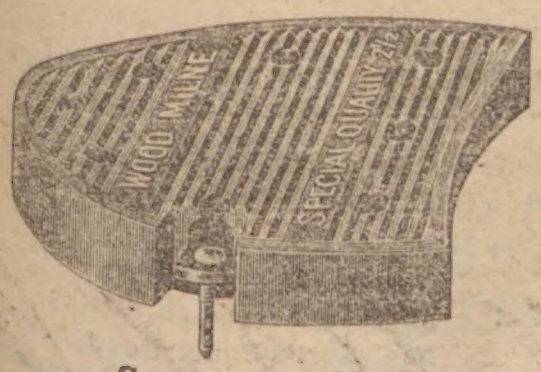
No. 110. [Published Every Monday.] Week Ending December 10th, 1910. TWOPENCE.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels.

WHERE THEY TOUCH YOU.

Special Quality.
Ladies', 1/-; Gents', 1/3 per pr.
THE BEST HEEL MADE.

No. 3 Quality.
Ladies', 6½d.; Gents', 9d. per pr.



Stationary Heel.
Ladies', 1/-; Gents', 1/6 per pr.

1. Your Health.

An eminent doctor has recently stated that worn-down heels are excessively injurious to the spine; that persons who tread their heels down, slowly but surely ruin their health. He deduced from statistics and from personal observations that certain ailments are most prevalent among the persons who pay the least attention to the level tread. Every woman should wear rubber heels, so also should everyone suffering from nerves. The feeling of magnificent vigorous health they impart is wonderful. When you consider that in an hour's walk your boot heel strikes the ground 10,000 to 15,000 times, and that when walking on hard, stone-paved streets, each step means a shock to the nervous system, the importance of a rubber cushion for the heel is apparent.

2. Your Comfort.

Nature intended man to walk on springy turf—civilisation compels him to tread stone-paved streets. With the aid of a WOOD-MILNE heel, every street is made as easy to walk on as springy turf, or a Turkey carpet. As the "Westminster Gazette" said: "The feeling they impart reminds one of holidays and walking on the downs. With their aid, exercise without headache and fatigue becomes possible for all."

3. Your Pocket.

WOOD-MILNE heels last four times as long as leather—hence they save repairs. By keeping the heel level they prevent boots losing shape, hence boots last as long again and keep comfortable and smart-looking all the time. It has been proved over and over again that WOOD-MILNE heels save ten times their cost in the boot bill.

But, and a Big But.

They must be WOOD-MILNES—not the shoddy imitations which abound. Every genuine WOOD-MILNE heel has the name WOOD-MILNE moulded in plain letters on the face of the rubber. By that you can tell them.

Get a pair to-day. From all Bootmen.

[Copyright.]

ZEDEX
FOR THE NERVES
THE PILL WITH A RECORD.

4/6 BOX for 2/6.

"A Combination of Costly Tonics and Nerve Foods ensuring wonderful strength and endurance."

A Scientific Cure for **Neurasthenia, Mental Exhaustion, Brain Fag, Weak Heart, Want of Nerve and Confidence, Harassing Dreams, Loss of Memory, Backache, Dyspepsia, General Weakness,** and most disorders due to a deficiency of the Vital Forces.

ZEDEX re-invigorates the Brain and Nervous System, re-vitalises every function of the body and gives a sensation of physical fitness and mental alertness, whilst its restorative effects are permanent.

DR. KIRBY says:—"Impossible to conceive anything more perfectly adapted for the Cure of Loss of Nerve Power than Zedex."

SEND POSTCARD FOR FREE SAMPLE

DR. GORDON STABLES, M.D.—"A nerve tonic-food of the highest nutritive and digestive value. A perfect food for building up the Nervous System."

A Chief-Constable of Police writes:—"Zedex is the finest tonic I have ever tried."

ZEDEX arouses all the dormant energies, develops muscular or nerve life, feeds weak muscles with rich strength-producing blood, whilst it increases the nourishing power of your food. Advice free.

ZEDEX Co. HOVE SUSSEX.

One & All
GARDEN BOOKS.

The ONE & ALL Garden Books are a useful series of Popular Penny Handbooks. Each number treats of a separate subject by a practical expert. They are neatly printed on good paper and profusely illustrated. They are on sale at all One & All Seed Agencies, the Railway Bookstalls, and at all the leading Newsagents and Booksellers.

PRICE ONE PENNY EACH.

No. 1—SWEET PEAS. By Richard Dean, V.M.H.
No. 2—ANNUALS. By T. W. Sanders, F.L.S.
No. 3—SALADS. By Horace J. Wright, F.R.H.S.
No. 4—VEGETABLES. By Horace J. Wright, F.R.H.S.
No. 5—PERENNIALS. By T. W. Sanders, F.L.S.
No. 6—MANURING. By Edward Owen Greening.
No. 7—POTATOES. By the Hon. H. A. Stanhope.
No. 8—ALLOTMENTS. By T. W. Sanders, F.L.S.
No. 9—ROSES. By T. W. Sanders, F.L.S.
No. 10—GARDEN MAKING. By Edward Owen Greening, F.R.H.S.
No. 11—BULBS. By S. Arnott, F.R.H.S.
No. 12—WEATHER. By the Hon. H. A. Stanhope.
No. 13—ONIONS. By Horace J. Wright, F.R.H.S.
No. 14—CLIMBERS. By T. W. Sanders, F.L.S.
No. 15—PEAS. By Horace J. Wright, F.R.H.S.
No. 16—TOMATOES. By W. Iggulden, F.R.H.S.
No. 17—BEANS. By R. Lewis Castle, F.R.H.S.
No. 18—ASTERS. By Walter Wright, F.R.H.S.
No. 19—LAWNS. By W. J. Stevens, F.R.H.S.
No. 20—STOCKS. By R. P. Brotherston, F.R.H.S.
No. 21—PANSIES. By James R. Riding, F.R.H.S.
No. 22—ROOTS. By the Hon. H. A. Stanhope.
No. 23—FRUIT. By W. Iggulden, F.R.H.S.
No. 24—UNHEATED GREENHOUSE. By E. J. Castle, F.R.H.S.
No. 25—CABBAGES. By Horace J. Wright, F.R.H.S.
No. 26—SMALL GARDENS. By T. W. Sanders, F.L.S.
No. 27—GARDEN ALLOTMENTS. By J. Wright, V.M.S.
No 28—CROPPING ALLOTMENTS. By J. Wright, V.M.S.

Bound Volumes containing Nos. 1 to 12, Paper Covers, **1/-**; Cloth, **1/6.**
Bound Volumes containing Nos. 13 to 24, Paper Covers, **1/-**; Cloth, **1/6.**

Publishers: **Agricultural & Horticultural Association, Ltd.,**
92, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

French, German, or Spanish
by Post for a Penny a Day.

For more than 30 years MR. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

FRENCH, GERMAN, OR SPANISH?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1910 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST.

2s. 6d. MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR

Is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) **you at present get**

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A Set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15/-; of the German or Spanish, 10/-. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, &c., &c., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD. NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH, GERMAN, or SPANISH in simple language from the very first lesson.

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning "The Modern Man" when inquiring.

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE (Established 1875).

Address for Self-Tuition Inquiries:
33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TEACHING BRANCHES for CLASSES or PRIVATE LESSONS:

33, Gracechurch Street, E.C.; 303, High Holborn, W.C.;
233, Regent Street, W.; 205, Earl's Court Road, S.W.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 110. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 10TH, 1910. TWOPENCE.

TO WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

A CHRISMAS MESSAGE.

I am putting my personal notes on the front page this week because I want to take the very earliest opportunity, on behalf of my staff, my contributors, and myself, of wishing all our readers the very merriest of Christmases and the happiest and most prosperous of New Years.

It is an old, old wish, and it is an old and unoriginal way of expressing it, but the feeling is very sincere.

It is by your co-operation, my readers, that this paper has been made so successful, and that the business has become, from small beginnings, one of the most important in the publishing world.

The power that you have put into my hands I have, I trust, never abused.

My aim and object is to serve you as well as possible, and the kind support and consideration that you have given me is sufficient proof that my efforts have been acceptable to you.

That is why I feel so kindly to you all, my readers, at this Christmas time, and perhaps you may spare a kindly thought for me, and for those others who work with me to supply you with this paper. I am no believer in magic, but I most strongly believe that kind thoughts are helpful to all concerned.

CHRISTMAS AND RELIGION.

At Christmas, if at any time in the whole year, a man's thoughts turn to religion, for by the festival of Christmas we celebrate the birth of the Founder of our religion.

I know that there are many who consider that religion and sport are things antagonistic, and I am afraid that there are some who regard me as a very wicked person, and the readers of this paper as not very much better, simply because we are all keen on various forms of recreation.

I do not think that such an opinion is justified.

The kill-joy who never lets himself go except in the singing of psalms and of badly composed hymns is a sour-faced person who brings happiness to nobody. As for love, which I take to be the essence of Christianity, he does not possess the faintest molecule of it in the whole of his make-up.

IN DEFENCE OF THE SPORTSMAN.

So far as my experience goes, it is the wholesome hearty chap, otherwise described as a sportsman, who holds out a helping hand at a time of need to those who may require it. It is he who contributes what he can to a deserving case; it is he who does what lies in his power to help a lame dog over a stile.

Religion is a thing that one does not talk about as a rule, but at such a time as Christmas I think I may be excused for mentioning it, for in religion we find the expression of our best and kindest thoughts.

I am afraid that I am as unorthodox in the matter of religion as I am in politics, and the war waged between the adherents of various creeds seems to me as pitiful as the war waged between the political parties.

In politics I vote irrespective of party, and for whichever side I consider most likely to benefit the trade of the country. As for religion, I can worship in any house that can be called a House of God.

MIDNIGHT MASS.

I remember, some years ago, attending midnight mass in a Roman Catholic Cathedral, and although I do not belong to that Faith, I shall always remember the service as one of the most beautiful and impressive in which I have ever taken part.

I have worshipped in the Puritanical mission church of a Scotch fishing village on a Sunday afternoon, when the fisher-lasses were each singing as loudly as they could, and most of them out of tune.

I have sometimes attended fashionable churches and found it impossible to worship within them.

Christmas is the time when a man's heart turns to these things. It is the time when he remembers the dear old childhood days of long ago, when his mother visited his nursery, and sat beside the fire, while he, as a little child in a white nightdress, knelt at her lap and learned to repeat his prayers.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT I ASK.

I do not wish that during Christmas my readers should suddenly put on a cloak of religion, for form in this matter counts for nothing. I should like them, however, to think of religion in its highest and broadest sense, and to practise it by being kind.

Plenty of opportunities occur without your looking for them, and if during this Christmas season you will do some little thing more kind than usual, or if you help someone in need because I ask you to do so as a favour to me, you will be giving me the most welcome gift that I could possibly receive.

Once again, permit me most heartily to extend my hand to you, and to take a good grip of yours, and allow me to wish you the best and the brightest of the season's greetings.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A NATION'S MEN.

The Englishman has never lost sight of the fact that work is, in a way, only the beginning of life, and that the results of work, the leisure and opportunities it gives for all kinds of pleasant activities, are in reality the better parts of life.

And so we find in America all eyes on the dollars—and nothing beyond them. When the dollars are won they are not used—their owners in the heat of pursuit have lost the faculty of enjoyment.

The Englishman may be too ready to cease work and enjoy its fruits, but at least he gains a saner, wider idea of what life holds.

A MAN'S CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

One of the most troublesome problems that face the average bachelor at this time of the year is the selection of suitable Christmas greetings for his friends and relations.

The womenfolk in every family send forth reams of cards, calendars, and so forth to all and sundry. It has grown to be a duty which is expected of them; but in the case of a greeting received from a man, the gratification is considerable, because the recipient can understand that the sender has put himself to some trouble to please him or her.

It is for this reason that the sending of Christmas greetings is a growing custom among men nowadays. But, instead of sending a gaudily decorated card (probably expensive) bearing a stereotyped sentiment which hardly sounds sincere, why not send an ordinary postcard (if you prefer it, of the pictorial variety) with a message on it of your own composition?

After a surfeit of the usual type of "greeting," such a card would be a very welcome change to most people.

WHERE CHRISTMAS IS BEST

IN THE COUNTRY.

I should miss half the delights of Christmas—for I am old-fashioned enough to have great affection for all the Christmas customs — if I were bound to the town during the festival.

In the town there are too many strangers about to enable the spread of that thorough-going feeling of jollity and right down good will.

Imagine yourself, for instance, leaving your flat or your diggings, stepping out into the dirty black mess that was snow an hour ago, and shaking the first man you meet by the hand.

He'd blow his whistle, if he had one, and call for police protection.

But in the country, people are all your friends.

Of all comfortable, attractive, and altogether desirable places on Christmas Day, the country house is the best.

Preparation for something like a siege has been going on for weeks. The town is far off, and, who knows? we may be snowed up by Christmas Eve and unable to get at shops.

At last the final item on the long list of things needed has been ticked off. Every present has arrived, every tradesman has brought everything that has been ordered; the family is arriving at different hours by the few trains, from half-a-dozen different parts of the world.

And, by Jove! there was a snowflake.

You leave the sparkling fire, on to which you had been loading thick logs, and out you got to welcome the touch of nature that is going to crown the season.

The assembling of relations, the very hustle and bustle of the household preparations, the hurried chat on a thousand different subjects that demand instant attention after a year's separation—these give a zest to the household in the country at Christmas.

Being miles away from sources of external amusement, every member of the house has his and her interests centred in the gathering.

And the sternest unbends. There is no dressing up for town conventions.

There can be no denying that in order to forget the rules of work and business it is well to remove oneself physically, as far as possible, from all that recalls them. The country house is the place of remoteness from the world of work.

The house is your world for to-day, to-morrow, and the next day. Whatever your cares and responsibilities I defy you to be other than genial, gay, and full of a wise and ready conviviality when Christmas comes and you are in the country.

There's something in the free air that cannot exist in the city atmosphere. Here it is easy to be natural and care-less.

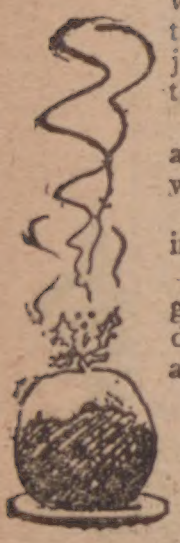
The mistletoe swings from door and nail with its natural freshness. There is none of the crushed and soiled appearance that a long journey gives it when you see it stacked in the town market in the flare of the gas lamp.

The stroll through the lanes is invigorating; and you sit down to table with an appetite worthy of the good things before you.

Talk flows cheerily while the fire crackles in "the frosty air."

As dusk throws its glamour over the garden you sit on and on talking, thinking, drinking, and quite happy before the lights are brought in—in the country.

H. D. AMBROSE.



IN THE TOWN.

Anywhere but the country at Christmas time, say I. I have had some of it.

The country is generally dull, but never more so than at Christmas time.

Its loneliness is quite out of keeping with the spirit of Christmas.

Christmas is essentially a sociable, gregarious function, and therefore town is the best place to spend it.

It stirs the blood to form one of a huge crowd of people shopping, it does one good to see lively faces all round one; the town is full of life and bustle at Christmas time, but the country is flatter than usual.

Shopping is one of the delights of Christmas, and what can the country offer in that direction?

Even when the weather is severe, the town remains warm and genial, but in the country you are at the mercy of the elements; there are no trams, or taxis, or 'buses, or tubes.

There is so much going on in the town at Christmas time, and whatever your tastes you can gratify them. Of course, Christmas Day itself is quiet, but the stillness which falls on the great hive is in itself fascinating.

People picture the bachelor in town as eating a lonely Christmas dinner at his club or in his lodgings, but that is all nonsense. A man must be friendless indeed if there is no hospitable board open to him.

And, after all, what's wrong with Christmas dinner at a hotel or restaurant. There will be others there, and as it is Christmas-time you can relax formality and chum up.

But in the country the friendless man is lonely indeed. To the man who is getting on in life, Christmas often brings sad memories. In the town he can escape from them; there are distractions on every hand.

From the sportsman's point of view the town has many advantages. Of course, there is no shooting, but then what shooting is there in the country except for the rich man?

If you are a games player or an athlete, Christmas brings special matches and all kinds of sporting re-unions, while if you are past the playing stage, there are plenty of good games to be seen. These are lacking in the country, because there are not enough people.

No doubt country house Christmas parties are jolly enough, but they again are for the wealthy, and I am considering Christmas from the average man's point of view.

Boxing Day is deadly dull in the country, but for a shilling or two you can have lots of entertainment on Boxing Day in the town.

In the town we are all schoolboys off for a holiday. We can afford for once to be ourselves. We have paid for Christmas by long months of toil.

Away with books and accounts. Come out and enjoy yourself. Come out into the glitter of the shops and streets. However slender your purse there is something within your means.

There is warmth, and life, and bustle. You can rub shoulders with your fellow men. You need never be lonely. Thousands and thousands of pounds have been laid out to please you. It is Life. That is why I say the town for Christmas. To paraphrase Browning:

Oh, to be in London
Now that Christmas's there.

STUART FREEMAN.

CHEEK.

Oldham has elected Mrs. Lees to be the town's new Mayor. But in case there should be misunderstanding on the point, it should be noted that Mayor Lees is *not* Lancashire for "more lies."

* * *

An article in a contemporary is given a title suggestive of chess: "Smyth-Piggott's Latest Move." Another "mate," we have no doubt.

* * *

"Ecstasy" is the medium by which a newly-formed mystic society "tap the Infinite." Though most of them are unaware what the Infinite is, denizens of the Strand wine-bars are anxiously inquiring how this "ecstasy" may be acquired, in the hope that it may be useful in tapping other things.

* * *

A weekly paper hints that chorus girls should marry "in their own class." Is not this rather suggestive of tales out of school?

* * *

Mrs. Oakley, of Philadelphia, says that the London policeman is "the admiration of the world." In her opinion, we suppose, the criminal fraternity has "got off the earth."

* * *

Says Mr. G. B. Shaw: "Ladies and gentlemen are permitted to have friends in the Kennel" so as to have a doggy time, what?

* * *

"The unerring school for the direction of taste is nature," says Mr. H. E. Rensburg. But, mind you, this has nothing to do with the "herring schools" we have been hearing about lately.

* * *

Women are going to take to pipes, we hear. This is because all women like a big puff.

* * *

Matinée girls like the "chocolate soldier" because he is sweet, "a bit thick," and can stand a lot of spooning.

* * *

"Miniatures," says a contemporary, "are delightful things to collect." A friend of ours, Mr. Quiverfull, who has close on a dozen little Quiverfulls, is writing to deny it.

* * *

If Father Adam came to life again and went to a music-hall, the shouts of "'Core! 'Core!" would fill him with a gentle melancholy.

* * *

A prominent University Rugby player is Mr. Tarr. We are told that he is a good sticker.

* * *

"To have fine children," says the "Nineteenth Century," "is the business of life." Bertie Bonnyboy says he always knew he was cut out to be a business man.

* * *

Motor horns have lately been invented which play popular airs. We suggest "Knocked 'em (over) in the Old Kent (or any other) Road."

* * *

The "Penny Pictorial" tells us that there are 25,000 musicians in the Salvation Army. *Musicians*, eh? H'm! We doubt it!

* * *

The only thing that men pay with willingness is ——homage.

* * *

A firm of moneylenders is called Christ Brothers. *Why* is it that we keep on thinking about that dear old quotation: "A rose by any other name . . . ?"

* * *

The people who say that marriage is a "failure" are always those who have been bankrupt in the business of love.

J. S. Cox

IN THE DARK

A FRAGMENT.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

The vilest deeds like poison weeds,
Bloom well in prison air;
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there:
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the Warder is Despair.

WILDE.

As soon as the light in the cell went out a hiss broke the stillness, followed by quick, audible pants, like the panting of a thing running and hard pressed.

For a long time it went on.

Then a voice, bursting through clenched teeth, moaned—"Oh God, I don't like the dark! My God, I don't like the dark! I'm afraid, oh my God."

Irregular breathing followed—the sound of chattering teeth—sighs, which, suppressed, tore themselves savagely into utterance. And at last, like blood welling from a wound—silence.

The convict turned over on his side to face the wall. He drew up his knees, he doubled his fists under his chin, he shut his eyes very tightly.

"Now," he whispered insistently to himself, "you've got to go to sleep. D'you hear, old man? You've got to go to sleep. To sleep, d'you hear? To *sleep*."

* * * * * * *

He said imploringly to himself presently,

"It's *no* good thinking. You've done enough of that. Thinking's no good.

"Don't, for pity's sake, start thinking.

"You know what it will be like if you do. You'll have a *ghastly* night.

"Come, now! The day is bad enough in all conscience! You think more than your fill then. You come to bed to *sleep*. Do your best, there's a good lad. Shut in your mind. Shut out *everything*. Do—*do*.

"But I *can't*.

"Yes, you can. Try, try! Think of everything else. Think of *anything* but that you're here. You must. You'll go mad if you don't.

"Yes"—quietly and hopelessly; aloud—"I shall go mad—I know.

"But don't give way. Oh, God in heaven, if you lose hope—if you lose courage——

"Who can keep hope and courage alive in a place like this—in prison—caged—shut in?

"I've been here only a month. A month! Oh, my God, only *one* month! And there are five more months of this solitary confinement. And after that—*years!*

"Years! I daren't think of the years. I daren't—I daren't. But they've got to be lived—they've got to be endured. I won't stand it! I can't bear it! I want to get out——

"Ah, if you had only thought in time!

"But I didn't—and I'm here—oh God, I'm here in prison—and they won't let me out for years. What shall I do? What shall I do?

"Quiet, *quiet*, you fool! Somebody will hear.

"I can't bear it.

"S—sh!"

* * * * * * *

"Of course, if you go on thinking and torturing yourself you'll go mad at the finish. It isn't to be expected your brain will stand it. It's wound up just so far as it will go as it is. Every time you think you screw it a bit tighter. It will snap one of these days.

"Have you ever over-wound a watch spring? It will be like that. It will go *click*, *zrrr*, and break loose. Your brain will do that. Clanging and jangling, all the loose parts will shoot off into the emptiness of hell. Like rockets. Like sparks.

"Like those sparks which are dancing before your eyes now. Ah, they're flames! They're *shapes!* What's that one? A devil? No, it's a woman—a woman!

"By gad, I see who it is now!

"So it's you! You. You have come to see me at last, have you? I thought you would in the end. I thought you wouldn't be able to resist coming to look at the ruin you have wrought.

"Look at me. Look closely. Are you satisfied? Then go. Go, and may God's curse——

"Take your lips away. Take your lips *aw-a-y!*"

* * * * * * *

"Mother.

"Oh, mother! Oh. They've been hurting me, mother. I've been hounded. You'd cry bitterly if I told you all. I won't. I can't bear to think of it myself. It's over now.

"I'm tired. Put your hand on my forehead. Feel how hot it is. The temples hurt dreadfully. They throb and throb—like hammer-strokes. They're so sore, I can't even think without hurting myself.

"Do you know, I was afraid I was going mad once. It's a horrible thing for a young man to be in danger of going mad. But I was. I could picture myself starting up in bed, and throwing back my head and shrieking. Shrieking and banging my temples. Banging them, mother, because they hurt so much. How sore they are! If you were to take your hand away——

"*Mother*! don't take your hand away. I shall go mad if you do. I shall. Mother!

"She's gone.

"Oh-o-h."

* * * * * * *

"Hullo, Jack.

"Well, old man, I *am* glad to see you. I can't *tell* you how glad I am. What the devil d'you think I've been dreaming? I dreamt I was in prison. I dreamt I'd *forged a cheque*!

"Forged a cheque, Jack. I don't wonder you laugh. But I say, old man, I believe I *have* forged one. Don't go away. Listen. Let me tell you.

"I—I can't remember. My head aches *awfully*. But here a minute; don't hurry away.

"If I *had* forged one, should you stand by me? Should you believe in me in the face of the whole world—yes, and in the face of my own sin? *Should* you? Would you say—'I don't care, there must have been a devil in him, he must have done it in a mad moment. I know the *heart* of him, I tell you, and you are all *liars!*'

"Would you say that, Jack?

"Jack—old man—look at me. Don't keep your head averted. Give us your fist, old man. I want it. I want it—badly.

"Jack, *don't* go away; please don't go away. This is the first time I have ever humbled myself to you—but I do it now—because—because all else has gone, Jack. All else has gone—but you. I think a strong, true pal might save me yet. I only want somebody to have a bit of belief in me in spite of all—and surely you——

"Jack!

"One last word before you go through that door. Yes, your face is stern and condemning. But I can look you in the eyes, Jack. I've done wrong. A good many of us do wrongs which are not punished by penal servitude—no, I didn't mean that for you when I said it—but I have never done you a wrong, Jack. Never in my life. I have often wished you were in trouble, so that I might just show you how much I—loved you, old man.

"Men don't often say that to each other; but I say it. And God, whose hand is heavy upon me now, knows it to be true.

"Good-bye, Jack. I thought you—at least——

"He has gone."

* * * * * * *

"He has gone. Everybody has gone. I am alone.

"*Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord.*

"Yes, out of the deep.

"*My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me; and art so far from my help and from the words of my complaint?*

"*O my God, I cry in the daytime, but Thou hearest not; and in the night-season also I take no rest.*

"God is silent. The whole world is silent. I am utterly forsaken."

* * * * * * *

"And so is born fortitude. Strength out of emptiness. Courage out of despair. *A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou shalt not despise.* It is true. And my heart is broken. *I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.* I never understood those words till now.

"But wisdom begins when living things are dead. This flesh of mine is living, but my soul within is dead. Something has slain it. Unfaith, unfaith. Not one in the world believing in me. I have sinned against myself.

"Dark idolatry is it to have hatred of myself. Oh, but faces and words and forgotten fragments of my free existence whirl about me like a ball of golden dust. Am I sleeping or awake? What has become of my fear?

"I am brought to that dull calamity, that strange misbelief of all the world and all things that are in it, that I fear I shall fall like a tree and find my grave, only remembering that I grieve.

"Who said those leaden words? I cannot remember. I am tired. I want to sleep. To-morrow——"

* * * * * * *

The convict stirred and partially woke up.

"So easy it is," he said sadly to himself, "to wander off the straight track. I did not mean to do wrong. It is always the cry—and the mean excuse. But why should we not cry, and why, sometimes, not make excuse?

"Is there no pity for souls in the deep?

"We are maimed. We cannot do aught but cry in the darkness, and live on. We are broken things.

"To be free, and no more, would be happiness. . . ."

IN YOUR DAILY PAPER.

When you see a big "splash head" announcing a sensational murder or other happening, quietly look to see whence the news comes. If its source is New York, it probably isn't true.

* * *

When you read that Askill or Churchwith is a scoundrel, a liar, and so on, look to see whether the paper is not subsidised by the brewing trade, and if similar accusations are made against Chamberfour or Ballain, you'll probably find that the journal is published by cocoa merchants.

* * *

Remember that in most cases "Our Newmarket Correspondent" hasn't budged from Fleet Street.

* * *

Also that the talented author of "Society Chat" probably turned out his intimate paragraphs about the Upper Ten while a toothsome bloater was sizzling on his garret gas-stove.

SPEED-SKATING

POINTS FOR THE ICE SPORTSMAN.

First of all catch your cobbler.

In other words have a pair of skating-boots built for you. It is worth the trouble and expense, for ordinary boots are seldom suited to speed-skating. If they are shooting-boots they are generally too heavy, while ordinary walking-boots are, as a rule, too light in the sole, and too high in the heel.

The ideal boot for speed-skating is made of the best leather, hand-sewn, lace-up, with a *medium* sole and a *low* heel.

Your skating-boots should not be used for walking, and when not in use they should be laid up in lavender—or to state it more prosaically, put to bed in a counterpane of castor oil or vaseline.

It is necessary to have your skating-boots made to order, unless you happen to have a foot of stock size.

THE RIGHT SORT OF BOOT.

The uppers of the skating-boot should fit closely, but not tightly; the ready-made boot is either too tight or too loose round the ankle and instep.

Shoes, button-boots, or "Jemimas" are no earthly use for serious skating.

The next point is your skates. There are many kinds of skates, but for speed-skating Acmes and all varieties with a spring adjustment may be safely left out of court.

They are all right for figure-skating, but the spring that could stand the strain of fast skating would compress the foot intolerably.

For speed and endurance you want the old-fashioned wooden skate, and here your principal choice must lie between the standard English skate with a blade terminating in a curve, and the Norwegian pattern with its straight dagger-like thrust beyond the "board."

Each has its sworn adherents, and each has its particular merits. I will only remark that probably the Norwegian skate is best adapted to skating in Norway, while the skate of our Fen forefathers is the best for the sort of ice found in this country.

The curve or "camber" of the blade is a most important consideration in choosing a racing-skate.

TEST OF GOOD SKATES.

The best plan is to take the proposed pair and lay them together, bottom of blade to bottom of blade. If they are all right, then the blades will touch at one point only, roughly about the middle, but nearer the stern than the prow.

If the irons touch fore and aft then they are no good at all; while if they touch for any material distance along their length they are too flat for speed.

Although known as "irons," the blades, of course, are steel, and they should be impervious to the action of a small file.

The next point is the adjustment of the skate. Provided you have a special pair of boots, it is a good plan to have them rivetted on.

However, whether you have them rivetted or screwed on in the old way, it is most important that the iron of the skate should pass under the big toe. The novice always tries to make the iron pass exactly down the centre of his foot, but this is wrong.

Just as many a horserace has been lost through a faulty stirrup leather or girths so many a speed skating contest has been lost through a rotten strap.

LOOK TO THE STRAPS.

There are various patent straps and buckles in use to-day, and they have their undeniable points, but like the safety stirrup iron they are apt to fail in an emergency.

For practical purposes and general reliability you cannot beat an ordinary strap of leather. But remember that you cannot hope to buy the best leather at the price of shoddy.

A good pair of racing-skates will cost you a guinea, and if you spend another ten shillings on the straps you are no extravagant fool.

Keep your straps in castor oil, and never put them near a fire to dry, though there is no objection to hanging them up in a warm room, such as the kitchen.

Beginners often make the mistake of pulling the straps so tight as to impede the circulation with the result that the foot becomes numbed. The ankle strap is meant to support the foot, while a slight pressure from the toe-strap is enough to keep the foot from lifting off the board.

STROKES AND THE MAN.

Now there are various schools in speed skating. Just as in 'Varsity rowing we saw a short, sharp stroke by powerful men hold its own for a time, so have we seen the exponents of a short, quick stroke in skating triumph over the men who stuck to the long, swinging stroke of the disciples of "Turkey" Smart, but mainly over short distances.

For speed and distance-skating the long stroke must tell in the end.

But the best length for a stroke is a matter of individuality. An eighteen foot stroke man who is strong at the finish of each stroke, will beat the man who at the end of his twenty-four foot stroke is almost at a standstill.

The ideal—alas! how far away it often is—is to get the maximum out of each stroke, and the moment the speed begins to slacken to strike out anew.

Another ideal, which really hangs on the former one, is to progress in a straight line. If the skater dwells too long on a stroke he inevitably turns outwards, and thus progresses zig-zag fashion, losing ground and time all the way.

MORE SPEED LESS RISK.

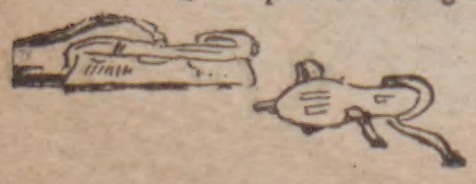
Whether the arms should be swung or not is a moot point. Norwegian skaters stick their hands behind their backs and make little use of body swing. Our men, on the other hand, swing their arms and bodies freely. Probably, as at walking, the arm swing can easily be overdone.

At the same time, the weight of the body must be used. As you strike out from the inside edge of, say, the right foot, the whole weight of the body should be thrown on to the left so as to assist its forward progress, and the body swings again on to the right foot as the left pushes off.

Speed-skating, after all, is largely a matter of timing. The expert gets the maximum thrust from the near foot, and knows just when to change from one foot to another.

It is a little strange that the faster you are skating the less risk is there of serious injury should you come a cropper. It is when you are standing still, or nearly so, that a fall is most dangerous.

H. RILEY NEWMAN.



THE LAWN IN WINTER.

AN ATTRACTIVE SPOT FOR BIRDS AND SPORTSMEN.

The season when hours every day, and specially in the evening, can be spent on the lawn passes very swiftly.

The stroll up and down with a friend, chatting on subjects of common interest and free from common controversy, must be put off now until next summer's long evenings.

The deck chairs, the hammocks, and the little green-painted table must be brought in and stored away, unless they are to rot in the heavy dews and soak in the autumn rains.

In their places comes down a shower of leaves in every gust, and for days at a time the grass is almost hidden with their brown and yellow litter.

For some time the lawn retains the perfect smoothness, the clean-shavenness that it has shown all the summer, thanks to perpetual rolling and mowing, and a sharp look-out for evil weeds that grow apace once they gain a lodging in the turf.

But with autumn a change comes over it. For one thing the mowing is done less frequently, or not at all, and at once the grass begins to get wayward, standing here in tufts, there in spreading mats.

The mists rise above it every evening just before sunset, and with the darkness that comes down before six o'clock these days, the lawn is abandoned by everyone.

Its gradual decline from summer's perfection becomes very plain, as morning after morning it shows some new sign of waywardness.

Nature, even on a well-drilled lawn, refuses to remain in the way man tries to train her, as soon as man takes his eyes off his handiwork.

And then frost turns up one morning and transforms the lawn again.

Looking out of the bedroom window when the sun is just up, there is a sparkle and a freshness on the lawn that it has at no other season.

Nets of gossamer glisten in the frosty air; beads of dew that the frost has not been strong enough to turn to ice glitter as the first sun strikes them. Darting from the bushes are thrushes and blackbirds chiefly, digging hard among the little mounds of worm-casts, and sometimes hauling out a long, thin worm, with tremendous energy and gusto.

There are other birds gathered in the shrubs around the lawn, but they have learned by experience of many winters that their breakfast of crumbs shaken from the tray from within the house does not arrive until their day is well advanced.

So they fluff themselves out to keep warm, and hop to and fro in the bushes, patiently.

When the shower of crumbs falls they are not slow to fall to without ceremony. Then there are fights on the lawn, and you will see much fun and skirmishing between the different birds as you smoke your first pipe at the long, open window that gives on to the path.

In the coldest, bleakest weather, when the ground is hard as iron, when every pond is frozen up, and every field a stiff mass of crisp grass, there are strange visitors.

Pheasants, partridges, hares, and rabbits are often to be seen very early, before the house is astir, and many a brace of birds have I shot with a small shot-gun from my open bedroom window.

It is worth while getting out at daybreak and peering cautiously out, gun in hand.

And take care to warn the other members of the household overnight, or they will come running in at the sound of the shot, fearing a tragedy!

JOHN HARRIGAN.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

AN IMPRESSION OF THE RUSH FROM TOWN.

During the early weeks of December there is more thought given to home, and how to get there, than during all the rest of the year put together.

In summer the call is to the sea, the hills, the woods, and the rivers. Home is left out of account, for man wants change and excitement.

Just now the desire to roam far afield has died down, and thoughts are concentrated on the problem of getting home.

Nobody dreams of asking the question: Where are you going for the holiday? We are all going home. The call of the old home is the note of the Christmas holiday, and few there are who refuse to listen to it.

Even those with whom life has dealt hardly and who have no spot in the far-away country that is called home, live in the home that memory provides, while Christmas is here.

LEAVING WORK BEHIND.

Keep your eyes open from now until Christmas Eve and you will see more things than you have usually seen during the course of the work-a-day year.

It is certain that Saturday, December 24th, will see such a homeward rush as few years have witnessed of late. Saturday is a business day at Christmas time, and Sunday is not a travelling day for the majority.

So that, when the shop or office doors are shut at last, the railways will have all their work cut out to deal with the millions who must, at any cost, get home.

It is at the railway stations that you will see the rush for home—and a great deal more if you are sympathetic and observant.

For many people home is a long way off, and wages are scanty, but these things do not hinder them in their pilgrimage to the sacred spot.

SCENES AT THE STATION.

No taxicab or hansom drives them with a dash to the entrance to the great terminus. These things are not for the million.

By 'bus and tram, and on foot they pour into the booking halls in an incessant stream, carrying their luggage with them.

Few belabelled leather cases for suits, hats, shirts and sporting kit accompany them. The modest collapsible hamper generally carries all their belongings, and this they can stow securely on that long-suffering rack which is only to be used for light articles, as the company informs us.

It has been quite a work of difficult planning, you fancy, for many of these to arrange the great homing excursion.

They buy the cheap 3-day or 5-day ticket with more pleasure than they have bought anything for a twelvemonth past, and they hurry away to the "thirds" to see what luck they can find in the way of a seat.

CHRISTMAS FRIENDLINESS.

Here, however, it is all pot-luck. The luck, or ill-luck, is shared by all. It is, indeed, a remarkable thing to notice how the happy excursionist becomes the most courteous and generous-hearted creature in the world when the Christmas train is crowded.

"Five a side" is the rule, and each man does his level best to make things as easy and comfortable for his neighbour as possible.

Men and women are here, wedged into a carriage with no prospect of more than a careful stretch of the legs beneath the opposite seat by way of exercise, for the next three, four, five, six, and even seven hours.

Each one endeavours to occupy only his or her just space, and a common desire soon shows itself to make the journey as comfortable as possible.

All are in high spirits, fairly well suppressed at first, in the close presence of so many strangers. But soon this strangeness wears off, and words of thanks or courtesy grow into brief conversations.

By the time the train is slowly moving out—for home—there is general conversation, and everybody knows where everybody else is going. Such is the influence of a common desire.

All day long, and far through the night, scenes like this are being enacted. Indeed, the stations know no quietude right round the clock, for the people mean to go home.

FOG AND THE JOURNEY.

"Deliver us from fog," is the prayer of the railway company. The unimaginable confusion that thick fog would bring to this Christmas traffic might well make the most sanguine superintendent of the line quake in his shoes.

The essence of successful working of this holiday traffic lies in getting clear all the day long, and well they know it.

But few who are going home for the season need the guard's "take your seats, please." It will be time enough for such an urgent request three or four days hence, when the return journey is made.

For the present trains are not long enough, nor fast enough. Everybody seems to be travelling at once on every line, and stops are frequent.

Happy is the man who can put his head back on the cushions and sleep away the tedious hours. He may, and probably will, wake with a stiff neck, or a tender chin where his collar has embedded itself in his flesh, but at least he will have forgotten for a while some of his discomforts, and he will be nearer by a hundred miles or so to the one place in all the world that his heart is set upon reaching.

DAVID R. CUMMINGS.

A WINTER BEARD.

For the last two winters I have let my beard grow from the advent of the first frost. Having a tender skin and a strong beard shaving in a severe winter was a great trial, and I came to the conclusion that I would rather wear a beard than go about with a sore skin.

Of course, I was fearfully chaffed at first, and for a week or two looked a regular "Weary Willie," but after all it is only for the first day or two that you look and feel dirty.

Before I grew a beard I used to suffer much from colds and neuralgia in winter, but they never trouble me now.

The prejudice against beards is unreasoning. It is absurd to say that a beard is dirty; it is no more dirty than the hair on your head.

E. H.

RABBITS FOR PROFIT.

SOME DETAILS BY ONE WHO MAKES MONEY IN THIS LINE.

Of the many hobbies which recommend themselves to the suburban or country man with a little spare time rabbit-keeping is perhaps the most profitable.

No great accommodation is required for the stock, no elaborate housing necessary, and most of the feeding in summer can be gathered from the hedgerows and commons.

The hutches, which must be free from draughts and absolutely weather-proof, can be easily made from a sugar box by any handy man. They should be lime-washed inside twice yearly, and given a coat of tar outside at least once a year.

If properly housed, fed and cleaned, rabbits are practically free from disease.

The bedding, which, according to choice, should be chaff, sawdust or straw, should always be kept clean.

My hutches are 2ft. 6in. long by 2ft. broad, 18in. high at back, and 2ft. high in front. The run measures 5ft. long by 2ft. broad, thus affording plenty of room for exercise.

The best breed to keep is the one that produces the largest rabbit in the shortest time. In my opinion there is nothing to beat the cross from a Belgian hare doe and a Flemish giant buck.

The Belgian is noted for its prolificacy, and the Flemish is famed for its sweetness of flesh.

The initial cost of breeding stock is not very high. It is best to start in a small way, so that if reverses come practically nothing is lost.

The rabbits should be fed at regular intervals.

Young does that are being kept for breeding purposes should be fed only twice a day—morning and evening. Their feeding should consist of a dessert-spoonful of corn each and a taste of hay, good clover, or prime meadow in the morning, and in the evening any amount of green stuff.

Does in kindle or with young should be fed three times a day. This should consist mainly of greenstuff, the more variety the better.

The best green foods are grass, lettuce, groundsel, parsley, chiccory, carrot-tops, and dandelions.

Cabbage leaves should not be given unless no other green-food can be obtained. The best evening feed for does in kindle or with young is a half-slice of bread with skim-milk poured over it and allowed to soak a little.

Rabbits need no water, getting all they require from the fresh greenstuffs.

Rabbits in the fattening process should be given a good mash daily. This can be made by mixing bran and barleymeal, one part each, and potato peelings boiled two parts. This should be given crumbly, and not in a sloppy state.

Bread and milk, made by pouring hot milk over stale bread, is a good fattener, and encourages growth. A pinch of linseed now and again, say, once a fortnight, dusted into the mashes will be good for the rabbits, but this must not be overdone, as it is very laxative, and needs careful watching. Plenty of green food, a very little oats, and a handful of hay complete the feeding for fattening bunny.

Does should not be mated till ten months old.

Weaning takes place at six weeks in summer, and, to make up for the scanty herbage, a week later in winter. They should be taken out of sight of the mother, and, if for fattening, to some outbuilding; but if for breeding they are best kept outside. After weaning, the doe should be given two or three days' rest.

It is not advisable to have a litter dropped in winter. Green-food is scarce and frosted. Should this happen, however, the youngsters should have carrots and turnips cut into very thin slices. Should these have been stored and allowed to sprout, they are more nutritious.

Local butchers and fishmongers usually give a good price for plump young rabbits. To these merchants they should be sent unskinned.

JOHN G. CUNNINGHAM.

AN EPISODE OF BACHELOR LIFE.

THE CASUALS' CHRISTMAS

By G. SAINSBURY.

There is no getting away from the fact that Jim Grifford and I (both eternal inmates of that Home for Lost Bachelors, the "Casual Villa") hated Christmas, and as it neared us, to some a shining glory at the end of the drear November and December weeks, we abhorred it the more.

It annoyed us because Clive Traney and Vinny Dempster, our fellow "Casuals," wore ever-broadening smiles as the gorgeous twenty-fifth approached. They were going—Home.

"Home for Christmas," they said, recking little how the burthen of their almost national anthem grated on the ears of Jim Grifford and me.

At such times we would pull stolidly at our pipes and gaze with scorn at the photos of the thirty-five blondes and brunettes that smiled at us from the mantelpiece, at the disorderly room that we were pleased to term Bohemian for ten months of the year; each day on made us detest it more because we knew that Christmas must find us there.

In the boxes in our respective bedrooms were two pairs of photos that we treasured. I do not think that Jim Grifford had the felicity of as much as clearly remembering the originals of his pair. . . . That I could in imagination sometimes hear His merry voice and see Her gentle, sad face probably added to the bitterness of it all for me.

You will understand now why that phrase "Home for Christmas!" grated on our ears.

Thus, the Christmas Eve of which I write in particular found, when dusk had fallen, two inmates of the Casual Villa utterly lonesome.

It had been a whirl of a day for us. We had immersed our sorrow as deep as we might in hot rums in the company of Clive Traney and Vinny Dempster, both of whom had missed successive trains in order that they might cheer us up to the last.

But it was an empty cheering after all, for did not Jim Grifford and I know full well, even when we had douched our insistent memory with the sixth hot rum, that two big portmanteaus, strapped and ready for the entraining, were in the cloak room at the station?

We shook hands with them as the train steamed out—the train that was taking them home for Christmas. We did not stop to wave them farewell. Something refused to allow us.

By pure bravado we had kept up the "smiling jib" until we lost personal contact with them. We both coughed weakly and imagined we had concealed our emotions one from the other. We walked off the station and Grifford made some inconsequent remark about the weather. "Chilly" said he.

It described more than the weather. We kept our heads down as we walked out of the station. We did not want to see the red, healthily-glowing faces of those who were about to follow the example of our friends.

That night, I remember, we managed to immerse our sorrow yet deeper—so deep in fact that we gained at the last the reward of the absorber of alcohol, which is the dreamless sleep that begets forgetfulness.

But the morning had to come—Christmas morning—and with it, because our constitutions were well fortified to throw off one such unusual night as the foregoing, heads entirely free from the slightest suspicion of even a mere thickness to morbidly satisfy us. They were clear enough, alas! to realise that it was Christmas Day, that we were to spend it in Casual Villa.

To add to the mockery of it all our Matron, a stern soul on Saturdays, and somewhat over-maudlin the rest of the week, wished us "A Merry Axmas," and as we plied a careless knife and fork at our eggs and bacon she placed a couple of pieces of dull-looking holly over a horrible coloured print that bore the distinction of being the most hideous thing in an execrably furnished room.

Execrably furnished room, I say. Should we have cared about *that*, should we have noticed its shortcomings on any day but this?

Surely enough it was Christmas that showed it up in all its cheerlessness; Christmas that tore down its flimsy fabric of alleged Bohemianism; Christmas that made a misery of the unsightly blots on the green tablecloth, of the threadbareness of the carpet, of the bent poker, of the crazy, soda-water-bottle-wire-repaired top bar of the iron fender.

Jim spoke but little during breakfast, but directly after we had made some sort of a meal he crossed the room, and snatching down the two stunted boughs of holly—even the one with the single undersized berry upon it—he cast them forth into the cheerless, grey-mist-hung street.

"Let's forget Christmas" he said, "let's think it's a Sunday.

In pursuance of this idea he got out the cards and challenged me to cribbage.

We were getting interested in the game when the postman came with a shoal of dainty Christmas cards. (I blush to admit it, but we were, perhaps undeservedly, popular with the fair.)

The postman grinned at us with a grin that would apprise a native of Timbuctoo that he was looked upon as fair game for a Christmas-box on the morrow.

"Curse the little swine!" exclaimed Jim. "I suppose he thinks he's brought us something acceptable. And there's that wretched bit of sarcasm on every one! 'A Merry Christmas.' Lord, cocky, they're wishing us a merry Christmas. . . . Damfool things. . . . Christmas cards.

"It's no use," he went on in despair, "We can't get away from it. It's Christmas Day, man, Christmas Day!"

That we might make no mistake about it, the Matron added to our misery a cut from the breast of an excellent turkey, and, further, an unmistakable Christmas pudding.

Jim Grifford ate and gibbered while the Matron held forth on the sort of "Axmases" she used to enjoy before the misfortunes of the late Master forced her to let rooms that (this tearfully) her heartless "young gentlemen" were so thoughtless as to term wards. She continued in this lachrymose strain, and James came out with the stereotyped observation that was ever an outward and visible sign of our opinion that the Matron's depressing garrulity would last well on into the afternoon, disturbing even the sleep of indigestion with which we fain would have honoured the plum pudding.

"What about that chap?" said Jim suddenly.

"We must buck up, or we shall miss him," I droned the formula'd reply. We walked into the hall and reached down our thickest overcoats. We went out into the chill damp of that Christmas afternoon, more lost than the miserable little terrier that whined for admittance at a front door far down the terrace.

As we came nearer to the wealthier quarter of the town we became at each step the more bitter mysogynists.

Windows looking on to the street glinted with the dancing flicker of big fires within. Sometimes we caught glimpses of merry faces, of muscatels, figs, preserved fruits, Turkish delight, oranges, nuts, wine.

But it was not the material foodstuffs that we envied them. We could have easily afforded to have bought our fill of comfort in that shape. It was their smile that mocked at us, their home-happiness we could not buy.

Often we passed venerable, ancient-knockered doors, and heard shrieks of laughter proceeding from behind them.

"Blind-man's buff in the hall," Jim muttered enviously, and once he peeped through a big letter-box.

"They're sliding down the banisters," he said.

"It's a game the children always play at Christmas," I said in the tone of conscious superiority. (You see I had been a child with a home once, many Christmases ago.)

"They've altered it since your time, then," said Jim, moodily. "The kids' uncles are sliding down the banisters in there, my boy."

Presently we turned into the big business street of the town. And our footsteps echoed upon the jarrah-wood traffic-way that did not boast so much as a hand-barrow.

A somewhat slender policeman, half hidden by an electric light standard, turned and jested with us.

"Wot!" he said, "ain't ye got no 'omes?"

The shuttered shop windows gave it back in even more hollow tones . . . "Got no 'omes?"

Jim stopped, a gleam of interest appearing in his eye. He turned back, and, grasping the thin policeman by the loose of his thick coat, shook him.

"No, confound you, we haven't!" he said. "We've got *no* homes, as you tersely put it. For us this is the rottenest day of the year. We're poor bleatin' ewe lambs without a fold. Swallow that, cocky, and I'll tell you some more."

The policeman caught his humour.

"'Arf a sec.," he said. "Here comes my mate to relieve me. Walk with me, towards the station and I'll 'ear your complaint."

Now it was because of the kindliness of this one super-policeman that we finally found ourselves, after much light-hearted banter, seated in the mess-room at the police station—a mess-room bedecked with countless-berried holly. A mess-room reeking with the smoke of magistrate-supplied tobacco, warm with the watch committee's firing, and above all, resounding to the merry strains of the Police Band.

"Who've you got there?" asked the inspector as our Robert brought us in.

"Two prisoners, sir," said Robert, "taken into custody for wandering abroad without visible means of enjoyin' Christmas Day."

NEWNESS.

There is nothing that displeases the average man more, in any object, than newness. Where as this is a quality that commends itself to every woman, a man will often spend hours trying different means of making his new pipe look mellow with much use.

Gloves, again, are objects whose glaring newness displeases the average man. He will surreptitiously squeeze a new pair of tan kids in his hands until they look positively decrepit, and only then will he wear them with any degree of satisfaction.

This objection to newness which exists in masculine minds is difficult to understand, but it is so firmly implanted as to be ineradicable.

SAVOURIES.

DISHES THAT MEN RELISH.

To my mind a dinner without a savoury is no dinner at all, possibly because I am not a great meat eater and prefer the piping hot savoury which comes after the sweets, or takes their place, to any other dish on the menu.

Anyway, the savoury makes a capital top-up to a meal.

Unfortunately, landladies are apt to object to making them, quite without reason, for they only want a good fire and a little attention. However, use all your blandishments and get her to try her hand at some of the following savouries, nearly all of which are quite inexpensive.

My favourite is Angels on Horseback, also known as Devils on Horseback. For this you want oysters, a few thin rashers of bacon, minced sweet herbs, cayenne pepper, little rounds of bread fried, one or two to each person, and a little lemon juice.

Cut the bacon into pieces just large enough to roll round an oyster, and sprinkle with herbs and pepper. Put an oyster on each piece, add a drop or two of lemon juice, roll up, skewer, and fry till the bacon is cooked, meanwhile getting the rounds of bread nice and hot. Put an "angel" on each piece of bread and serve as quickly as you can.

Marrow bones make a very appetising dish. They should be accompanied by rounds of hot toast (not buttered) on which to scrape out the luscious marrow. This is essentially a winter dish and first-rate on a cold night.

Devilled biscuits have their points, especially cheapness. All you want is some milk biscuits, butter, cayenne, and salt.

Butter the biscuits on both sides, salt them slightly, pepper them well, and put them in the oven till they are hot as can be. Then eat, and get up in the middle of the night to empty the water jug.

Cheese makes many good savouries. There are, for example, cheese biscuits and straws. For a small dish of them you want about 2oz. each of butter, flour, and cheese, the yolk of an egg and cayenne.

Pound or grate the cheese, season with cayenne, mix it and the butter with the flour and moisten with the egg. Roll this paste out thin and cut it into biscuits or straws. Bake for about ten minutes on greased paper in a fairly hot oven.

Scotch rarebit is not so well known as the Welsh one, but it makes an enjoyable dish. Take half a pound or so of good rich cheese, chop up fine together with an ounce of butter, put in lined stewpan, *add two or three tablespoonfuls of good sound ale*, stir till smooth, pour over slices of hot buttered toast, eat, and thank God you were born.

Anchovy toast is a simple and agreeable savoury, while served cold it makes an excellent hors d'œuvres.

If to hot anchovy toast you add scrambled (or rumbled) eggs, then you have a Scotch woodcock.

Anchovy eggs on toast are splendid. Boil the eggs hard, then shell, and cut in half. Remove yolks and mix with anchovy paste, butter and cayenne, and pound quite smooth. Fill the halves of the eggs with this paste, stand each of them in a round of hot fried bread, an excellent course for three or four people at a cost of about eightpence.

Ham toast may be strongly recommended. For ingredients a few slices of cold ham, an ounce of butter, parsley, cayenne, buttered toast suffice.

Melt the butter in a small saucepan; add the ham, cut up very fine, and a little chopped parsley, season with cayenne, heat to frizzling point and spread on fingers of buttered toast.

PERCY V. MERCER.

THE TRUE MEANING OF A GIFT.

Christmas is the time for the giving of gifts, and so much has it become the custom for the exchange of little courtesies at this time of the year that the real essence of charity is sometimes forgotten.

You have a particular friend, and to him you present a pipe, a tobacco pouch, a pair of skates, or something else that you think likely to be acceptable to him, and you spend a good deal of time before you decide what will be most likely to please him.

Probably he gives you a present of equal value, and, according to the amount of time that he has given to the consideration of the matter, his gift pleases you just as well as yours pleases him.

Looking at it bluntly, it is merely a matter of exchange, and probably you would both have been just as well pleased, or even better, if, instead of buying a present for the other person, you had kept the money and bought one for yourself, and he had done likewise.

Gift-giving of this kind is little more than a matter of exchange, and it is only the feeling of good-will that accompanies the present which redeems it.

The real giving of gifts and the real essence of charity is to give something to somebody who, you know, will not return your gift in kind, but only in good-will.

There is somebody not very far from you to whom you could make a suitable little present, according to your means, and yours will be a much merrier Christmas if you make that present.

The old woman who lives in the cottage behind your house may be bed-ridden, and have a long doctor's bill, which it would be her greatest pleasure to pay off. If you are well-to-do, you might pay that bill. If you are not, probably you would receive just as much gratitude and satisfaction by making her some little present of a kind that she would like, and of a kind that her own friends do not give her.

Don't throw it at the person, but look her up, and have a kindly word with her, and say that you couldn't for the life of you think what she would like, but hope this might be acceptable.

The gift is not a bribe nor a tip. It is something that is not going to be returned to you in any form, except in gratitude, and possibly in prayer, but your Christmas will be all the brighter for having made that present.

H. R. HYNES.

A MAN'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

SOME HINTS THAT WILL BE HELPFUL.

Christmas is essentially a time when most men are forced to indulge in that least masculine of pursuits—shopping; and doubtless it finds the great majority—especially the bachelors—woefully unprepared for the tasks that lie in front of them.

There are all sorts of things that a man has to buy; and a good many men probably waste a considerable amount of money through injudicious purchasing.

First of all, take the case of the man who intends to give a bachelor dinner to a party of friends. The first thing he has to think of is laying in a stock of provisions.

The edibles, if he is wise, he will leave to his landlady, for she will be better acquainted with the capabilities of her *batterie de cuisine*. An exception, however, should be made in the matter of cheese, dessert, and wines, which he should buy himself.

In the matter of cheese and dessert you will always find it worth your while to go to a good shop for them.

Wines and spirits are often a source of worry to the host whose purse is not inexhaustible, for at most shops they are dear.

In the ordinary way it is not a bad plan to ask one or two of the men in your office or other place of business if they know any place where good claret or whisky may be obtained cheap, for you will often come across a man who has friends or relations "in the trade" who could supply you at a substantial reduction.

However, perhaps the best advice in this respect is that you should "chum up" with the manager of the hostel at which you are wont, now and then, to indulge in a modest quencher.

Give him a drink, and at the right moment explain your needs to him. He will very often—in fact almost always, for such a man likes to please his customers—offer to sell you some really good liquor at little more than cost price, which will probably be about half the sale price.

In the matter of cigars, such a course is especially useful. Most public-house managers or proprietors keep a brand of penny cigars chiefly for their own consumption, and these—of course, made in England—are generally really smokable, being prepared from the "cuttings" of really good Havana tobacco. The writer recently procured from a friendly Boniface a hundred delightful little penny cigars for six shillings and sixpence.

Here is a tip for the man who contemplates buying a present for a girl. He will probably be very puzzled as to what to get for her.

It is a bad plan to ask her point-blank what she would like, for most girls have great delicacy in such matters and generally suggest some very cheap thing which they do not really want.

The best thing is to get your sister or your mother or somebody to take the intended recipient of your present out "to look at the shops."

She will then be able to note what things seem to interest the girl most, and report to you accordingly. Then you can choose from among them according to your finances.

Failing a suitable lady intermediary, why not pluck up your courage to take the damsel out yourself, under the pretence of having discovered "a ripping place for tea"? You will then be able to form your impressions at first hand.

Finally, unless your purchases are exceedingly heavy, take them home yourself. In the Christmas rush the shopkeeper might forget to deliver them.

HENRY T. GREEN.

WHERE WINTER REIGNS

THE GLORIES OF THE FOREST LAKE.

Of all solitary and bleak places now that winter is in full possession of the land none has such a chilly and even frigid aspect as the shore of the lake.

It is almost impossible now to recall the aspect of the lake and its surroundings as they appeared only three months ago. You would say it could not be the same place.

Then it was completely hidden by a dense fringe of green. The edge of its waters was shaded by the forest of flags that spread out and concealed the muddy slopes.

A little farther inland there were stunted shrubs of alder, and beyond these, again rising higher, like the rows of an amphitheatre, came the forest proper.

Until you actually emerged from the tunnel through the leaves on to its very shore the lake was invisible.

BLEAK AND SILENT WATER.

Your sudden appearance would disturb whole hosts of birds, from the croaking water-hen to the melancholy heron, while a cloud of wild duck of many sorts would sputter out of the water and wheel away to some other equally hidden water in the forest.

To-day the scene is vastly changed. One might describe the lake in winter as the home of all bleak and shrivelling elements of cold.

> The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
> And no birds sing.

All is sheer cold and unsheltered openness. The face of the waters, so attractive in summer calm, is now perpetually chapped and wrinkled as the cold wind spreads over it. Even the dead flags, bent and dipping to the water, hiss and rustle in the chilly winds as if consciously shivering.

ALERT WILDFOWL.

It is still the home of many wildfowl, but they are not at ease. When summer's luxuriant growths provided ample cover they went about with a sense of proprietorship. Now, with the waters thrown open to every wind, exposed to the whole countryside of sportsmen, they act differently.

Long before you reach the lake-side there are warning notes, and those birds that do not rise keep out in the centre of the lake, isolated from all danger.

There is little chance of stalking them for a shot, for they seem to have the power of seeing far into the naked wood, and of detecting by powers unknown to the sportsman the[illegible] approach of danger.

On nights of very hard weather [illegible] Many a time have [illegible] frost the lake freezes. strength down [illegible] we watched and tested the We did [illegible] of the ice, hoping for a continuance of the frost.

OVER DARK, SMOOTH ICE.

And though we have never yet skated upon it, there is something splendid and imposing in the great sheet, dark and fixed and smooth.

The wildfowl stalk about the ice in wonder, ill at ease at the change in their home.

The sun shines gorgeously red across the expanse, through the trees, putting a glow into the tones of the dark wood round about, and gilding the drab russet of last year's reeds into something richer than gold, and sparkling with points of frost.

And at night! Before the moon is up, and only the stars shine down upon it, the dark sheet might be the edge of the world, so dark, impenetrable, still, and wide it is.

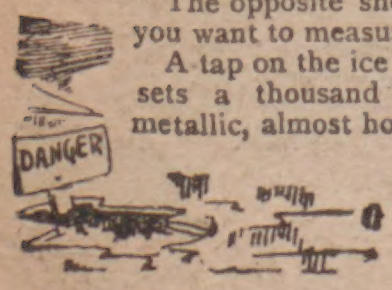
The opposite shore has receded infinitely, and you want to measure those depths of silent space.

A tap on the ice with the handle of your stick sets a thousand birds agog. The ice rings metallic, almost hollow, and an echo rises into the air. Taking a stone, you bend low, then throw it hard along the surface, and listen.

Tonk! tonk! tonk! it slithers rapidly away over the ice-sheet, the hollow, knocking sound growing fainter and fainter until, at the far opposite end, it dies away.

Turning away towards home you almost hope that the frost will not hold, for can you not recall a famous year when from miles around there gathered skaters and roughs, and the silence and native life of the lake were rudely disturbed night and day for a week!

J. C. JOHNSON.



THE ART OF BEING A CHRISTMAS GUEST.

HOW HE CAN MAKE OR MAR ENJOYMENT.

Be punctual, neither before nor after the time appointed for your visit. If you are too early, and your hosts are young people, perhaps not too well off, you may possibly catch them engaged in some embarrassing occupation.

On the other hand, only those who have experienced it can realise the irritation of watching and waiting for the guest who does not come to time.

Make yourself at home. Show your appreciation of all that is offered to you by indulging heartily in it. Many people feel a certain creditable delicacy in this respect; but such a feeling is a mistake, for hosts of the right sort are very solicitous about the enjoyment of their guests, and they are apt to mistake this delicacy for lack of appreciation.

When on a visit to a friend's house, don't descant on the splendours or comforts of the home of a third person with whom you have previously stayed.

Though you certainly have no intention of so doing, your host, if he be sensitive, is bound to feel that you are making a secret comparison, and his feelings are likely to be hurt.

Don't bother too much about strict etiquette. Really decent people don't attach extreme importance to meticulous details.

An easy manner on the part of a guest makes his hosts understand that he feels at home, whereas over-scrupulous attention to minute points will give them the impression that he is ill-at-ease.

WHAT THEY MEAN.

OUR GENTLE CYNIC ANALYSES SOME COMMON SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

[*It happens very often that when a man makes a remark to you, his manner or some other consideration suggests to you that his actual meaning is different. Our Gentle Cynic has here set down some similar cases; but we wish it to be understood that we do not necessarily identify ourselves with his unkind views.*—EDITOR.]

WHEN THE COMMISSIONAIRE TOUCHES HIS CAP.

WHAT YOU THINK HE MEANS.

You are a gentleman, and always treat me considerately. I am always pleased to be of service to you in any way.

WHAT HE DOES MEAN.

This chap looks as though he had some money, and he may be worth a tip some day. Perhaps he's only a swanker, but it's no trouble to touch my hat.

WHEN YOUR WIFE CALLS YOU "DARLINGEST BOY."

WHAT YOU THINK SHE MEANS.

You are the only man I am fond of.

WHAT SHE DOES MEAN.

I hope he won't jib when he sees the bill for my new frock.

WHEN A CORRESPONDENT SIGNS HIMSELF "YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT."

WHAT YOU THINK HE MEANS.

You are a man for whom I have a great regard. Any business I can do for you you may rely on my doing to the best of my ability.

WHAT HE DOES MEAN.

I'm afraid my bill of costs may make this chap blink rather, so I'd better soothe him down a bit. Here goes: "Your obedient servant."

WHEN A MAN WRITES REGRETTING THAT HE CANNOT DINE WITH YOU.

WHAT YOU THINK HE MEANS.

I'm frightfully sorry because I know you always give such jolly dinners and make one feel so much at home. I know that I'm missing a really good time.

WHAT HE DOES MEAN.

This chap prides himself on his dinners, and he's a very good chap, but really he's no judge of wine, and when he starts talking about *billiards* he's an awful bore.

WHEN THE THEATRE ATTENDANT SAYS "CHOCOLATES, PLEASE?"

WHAT YOU THINK SHE MEANS.

These are really nice chocolates, and I have no hesitation in offering them to such evidently good judges as yourselves. *Do* try them.

WHAT SHE DOES MEAN.

Bother these people! I know the chocolates are beastly, but I wish they'd buck up and buy some. Where's my commission coming in, I'd like to know?

WHEN THE BACK BOWLS YOU OVER IN GOAL AND SAYS "SORRY!"

WHAT YOU THINK HE MEANS.

You're a smart forward, and I was so hard put to it to stop you that I had to use more force than I really wanted to. But please don't think that there's any ill-feeling.

WHAT HE DOES MEAN.

Coxy bounder, trying to slip past me in this way. I've been itching to send him flying for some time—and here's my chance now. (Biff!)

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S PANTOMIME

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

In the Yeomanry Room of the Territorial Club at Brermouth, as the clock marked a quarter to the hour of seven, only two men had arrived to put in the last drill before Christmas.

Yet, as the steward would fain have remarked, they were collectively making enough row for half a squadron.

Trooper Stephen, at the piano, was encouraging a somewhat nervous Carteret to accomplish once more the Christmas Carol distance, all with topical allusions.

For the second time Carteret, keeping time with a spurred heel, had more or less faultlessly obliged with a rendering of the ever-green "Good King Wencelas," and, as he concluded, the steward from behind the cover of the little bar flap mildly inquired why he wished to rob the famous Brermouth waits of their prestige.

"You shut up, you chuckle-headed Ganymede," said Carteret, classically.

"I'm a bit shaky on the tune of the second bit, Stevie. Go on again from 'Brightly shone the moon that night,' will you?"

Whereat, Trooper Stephen, the somewhat harassed official pianist to the Squadron "Smokers," Christmas and otherwise, ground out the refrain once more.

An unmistakable step and an infectious laugh sounded outside with a quiet: "Come on, Alexander. Here's our burnin' Caruso at it again!"

"Improvise, you amateur Bastille of Mirth!" Stephen whispered tensely. "Make somethin' up quick, you random—rhymin' doggereller!"

Kernahan, followed by Trooper Alexander, flung open the door and entered with exaggerated *éclat*.

"Now!" hissed Trooper Stephen. And he struck the opening chord.

Carteret, his gaze engrossed on the Chippendale design case of the piano, bashfully broke into song again.

"Good old Kerny looked him out,
Saw he, then, Bob Stephen,
Who is just a big Boy Scout——"

Badly stumped for an appropriate line that would end up with "even" the unfortunate lyric writer of Squadron "B's" topical songs—as sung at all regimental smokers—paused.

"Lā-lā lā-lā-lā-lā!" Stephen put in, irritably. ("Keep the pot a-boilin', laddie! Go on from 'Brightly.' You aren't half muckin' this show, young man!")

The unhappy Carteret, thus encouraged, relapsed into melody again.

"Brightly shone his spurs that night,
Polished up with Brasso. . . ."

And he stuck again.

"Hang it all—I give it up!" said Carteret. "I've got rusty since we had our panto."

"I'm no plurry poet, but I can finish *that*," said Kernahan. "Go on Paderewski."

Kernahan flung forth his chest, impresario-wise:

"Carteret's a wall-eyed Kite,
Also, he's an Ass—o!"

He bowed low.

"Rotten!" said Alexander, with conviction. "Sha'n't recommend any of *you* chaps to the management of the little theatre opposite my place."

"Which just shows," said Carteret, in injured tones, "that you don't know that the O.U.D.S. had to take a back seat where the old 'B' Squadron P.C. were concerned, eh, Stephen?"

"As barn-stormers we weren't to be beat in the old days, Alec, my boy!" said Stephen, modestly. "Why, if we'd ever come forward into the spotlight of publicity the local amateurs would have turned salmon-pink with envy. Yes, the B.S.P.C. were O.K.!"

"You're sure of that?" asked Alexander.

"Rather!"

"Well—have a drink then," said the Trooper from the Strand, employing Trooper Stephen's favourite catch in a more appreciable way.

"Do you *mean* me to have a drink?" asked Stephen, artlessly.

"Of course I do—all of you—just to wish you the compliments of the season——"

"Give us a cigarette, then!" said Trooper Stephen, triumphantly.

The steward brought the drinks—comforting-looking, steaming glasses of clear golden cream of the barley, with the thinnest slips of lemon in each, and at the bottom a small cube of sugar tumbling into tiny crystals and melting into the gold. (The steward flattered himself that he could brew a glass of toddy with the best of them!)

"May guid luck hit ye hard!" said Alexander.

Carteret had been bursting to speak for some minutes.

He nodded and gulped down a generous "thimbleful" of his vapourising concoction.

"Alexander!" he said, "Alexander! We had a pantomime once and—and *I* wrote it!"

Kernahan's kick on the ankle came too late. Carteret was blushing furiously with the self-consciousness of the amateur author revealed.

"That is to say, y'know," he added, "I wrote a lot of topical verses to popular tunes; and Kernahan——"

"I'll slay you, you young swine, if you say another word!" Kernahan warned him, his face a deep pink.

"I'll protect you," said Alexander gaily. "Out with it, boy!"

"Whatever's the matter with you?" asked Carteret, strategically retiring behind Alexander's chair. "You had the leading part, Kernahan."

"One of the Babes in the Wood or Puss in Boots?" asked Alexander innocently.

"He was Aladdin," said Carteret witheringly, "and he knows it! . . . Phew, it's a bit chilly so far away from the fire. *Pax*, Kernahan!"

"*Pax* it is then, seein' as it's Christmas time," said Trooper Kernahan. "Gather round. Goodwill to all—Carterets—is my motto this week."

"Anyhow," Carteret went on, "we should not have had you, instrument of torture (pardon, Stephen!) if it hadn't been for the panto., should we?"

Trooper Stephen spoke with a proprietary interest.

"No. Colonel was afraid some of the Squadron's minor musicians might start upon it. You know the sort of thing, Alexander. 'God Save the King' and 'There is a Happy Land'—with one finger. We all vouched that only those who could make some sort of harmony should play. We were open to make a sort of communist rule of it—the whole legion. Even then he wouldn't have it, although I had the money for the piano already subscribed by various kind friends to get the old jo-anna out of pop. Carteret, there, had been burnin' to distinguish himself for some time, and as his brain was idle at the moment (as usual) we thought that we could, by his kind assistance, have the Colonel on the hop."

"But, I don't see——"

"No. Of course you don't. But just to start with, you know, our good Colonel's one of the sort that hates publicity. If Gabriel wanted to run Heaven under the auspices of the K.O.; the Colonel 'ud have to 'inquire about it first.' Oh, a stickler, for our precious dignity is the Colonel.

"We—the subscribers to the Promotion of Musical Evenin's for the Benefit of Jaded Intellects—were for the moment frustrated in what the Colonel probably thought a nefarious design. In the meantime you'll observe there was no harm in lettin' Carteret tear his hair over the lyrics for 'B' Squadron's pantomime.

"It was a social thing; you see, not regimental. The Colonel couldn't stop that. So we set to work, glad of somethin' to do on the winter evenings, and the whole Squadron used to meet for rehearsals up at my place, the "Meteor." We gave ourselves a name all correct. The "B" Squadron Pantomime Company, we were. Actin' manager, Sergeant Hall; stage manager and librettist, Trooper Carteret; musical director, Trooper Robert Stephen.

"That was all right, wasn't it? All of 'em entered into the spirit of the thing, and, at the last moment, I managed to prevail on Mr. Kernahan (as the 'Era' would say) to take the title-rôle of Aladdin.

"I might observe that, in my opinion, as musical director, the part was far from bein' Kernahan's forte, and he can't sing anything to write home about. But we had a scheme, and it was necessary for old K. to—to have the Lamp.

Carteret worked like an Arthur Collins, and scribbled up no end of topical songs, while the accompaniments I hadn't got in music I just vamped up. Oh yes, my beloved hearers, I'll give the management its due with becoming modesty. The book, the lyrics, and the music weren't at all bad. But the pantomimists. By George—yes—and the Emperor's Bodyguard, Kernahan——"

"Singin' Chinese martial songs in broadest Blankshire! Shall I *ever* forget 'em?"

"And little Topham as the Widow Twankey—in his fat aunt's skirt!"

"Old Hall tryin' to look impressive as the Emperor of China!"

"*You*, Carteret, as the knock-kneed Executioner!"

"And *you* as Abanazar, Stephen, old boy!"

For some minutes Trooper Alexander found himself gazing on a helpless trio of presumably sane troopers of the King's Own, holding on to their belts, leaning limply forward, their heads in their hands.

They raised tear-stained faces and turned brimming eyes upon their brother trooper at length, and, after a succession of hysterical jerks, Trooper Stephen resumed.

"W—we asked the Sergeant-Major up one night," he gibbered.

And forthwith they fell into paroxysms again.

"'C—come on, Sergeant-Major,' we said to him. 'It's all beautiful, really, and we haven't caricatured you; straight, we haven't.'

"So up he comes."

Carteret wiped his eyes.

"Well, he hadn't been there long before I tipped the wink to Stevie, and in response to a cue from the Emperor I came on. . . . Can you remember it, Stephen? Alec, you ought to have been there. (For the sake of his giddy prestige the old Sergeant-Major had had to side with the Colonel). . . . Yes, that's it, Bob. . . It went like this, Alexander. Of course, with apologies to Mr. Pelissier. . . ."

Trooper Stephen at the piano had hit on the tune, and Carteret sang softly:

"In the Spring the Sergeant-Major
Loses p'raps his only wager;
When the horse that wins the Lincoln
Isn't mentioned in the 'Pink 'Un.'
When the birds are sweetly trilling
We're employed at mounted drilling
Stiff and sore—in desperation,
Glad we turn to embrocation.

"In the Spring time, the merry Spring time,
Colonels curse like anything;
Yet in winter they won't let us
Harmonise—tho' they upset us
In the Spring time, the merry Spring."

Trooper Stephen finished with the soft pedal down, and took up the tale again, holding forth from the piano-stool.

"'*Very* nice,' says the old Sergeant-Major, 'and who might be the author of this pretty little thing?'

"'Oh, Carteret,' I told him, 'and we've got a lot more up our sleeve like that. Fact is, too, we were going to ask your advice, 'Major, whether we should run it, for the benefit of the hospital, at the theatre for a week.'

"'But I thought this was private theatricals,' said the 'Major.

"'When you see the announcements plastered all over the town, 'Major,' says Kernahan, 'you'll alter your mind. Carteret reckons that in case even of a loss he can screw the necessary out of his guv'nor. . . Or,' he adds, producing an ancient, gravy-boat-lookin' affair, 'anyway I've only to rub the lamp, 'Major!'

"'The whole thing,' I put in, 'is sure to take on. It's a lovely little satire all through on Colonels and other spoil-sports.'

"'Is this mutiny?' asks the old 'Major, horrified.

"'No. Not at all. We can't have the club-room made jolly by the addition of a piano, so we have to let our harmonious selves go another way. It may be bad for the prestige of the Squadron, but——'

"'I *see*,' said the 'Major, after some thought. 'I *see*.'

"Kernahan broke in here.

"'There's one part in this pantomime, 'Major,' he said, 'that's not filled—and the funny thing is that it *won't* be filled unless this *magnum opus* of Carteret's is *not* produced publicly. Pick the bones out of that! . . . I'll help you a bit. The character in question, he says, is The Slave of the Lamp, and the man we want to fill the part is—the Colonel!'

"'Explain yourself. You're getting too deep for me,' says the 'Major.

"Old Kernahan grinned, didn't you, Kernahan?"

Kernahan took his briar from his mouth.

"Nice thing to call my gentle smile," said he. "You see, Alec, I just rubbed the lamp then, and said (as Aladdin):

"'I want a piano in the Yeomanry Room of the Territorial Club!'

"'Or?' says the old 'Major.

"'Aladdin never descended to alternatives,' I said, 'and a judicious word from you as one of the Spirits of the Lamp, Major——'

"'I'll see what I can do,' says he."

Kernahan resumed his pipe.

"When Devine saw that piano installed, he asked Kernahan how he managed to get over the Colonel like that," said Stephen.

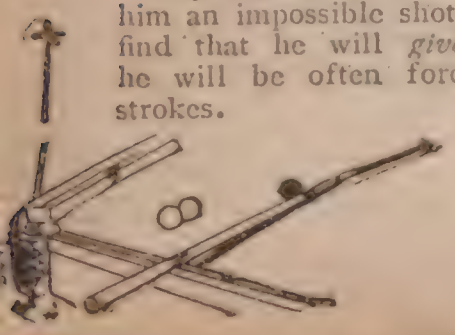
"'Oh,' says old K., 'it was pretty easy. I'm doing Aladdin in some *private* theatricals this Christmas, sir—I rubbed the Lamp!'"

A SNOOKER HINT.

Very many men play snooker, and incidentally lose not inconsiderable sums of money in the process, for the reason that they forget the one great point in snooker tactics.

This is to play not so much to score yourself as to prevent the man who follows you from scoring.

Try either to "snooker" him or to leave him an impossible shot, and you will not only find that he will *give* you points, but that he will be often forced to leave you easy strokes.



ELECTRIC THEATRES AND VICE.

SOME THINGS THAT HAPPEN WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE OUT.

It is constantly being asserted, by moralists of the sterner school, that a growing taste for amusements is evident in this country, and that that taste should be combated. They deplore the hold which the lighter type of cheap theatrical entertainment has obtained even upon the poorest—a hold which amounts almost to an obsession.

Now, while we are the last to inveigh against any form of public amusement which is devoid of harmful elements, we are prompt—and fearless—in exposing any which threaten to become a danger to the people's morals.

And it is in pursuit of this policy that we are publishing this article, our purpose being to throw a revealing light upon the abuses which are being allowed to creep into many of the cinematograph shows all over the country.

SUPPRESSED BY THE NEWSPAPERS.

The chief of these abuses is one which cannot, for obvious reasons, be alluded to in definite terms, for its nature is a particularly squalid and disgusting one; but we can describe it in a manner which can hardly be misunderstood.

Quite recently a case came before a magistrate and was briefly reported in one or two newspapers. It dealt with an attendant at an East-End "picture-palace," who summoned two youngsters, each aged eighteen, for assault.

He stated that he had reason to try to eject them from the hall during a Sunday cinematograph entertainment, and that during the struggle one of them wounded him severely with the brass end of a fire-hose.

But none of the newspapers reported his actual reason for wishing to eject them. This was in reality because he had observed them to be behaving indecently with some young girls when the lights were out.

IN THE POORER NEIGHBOURHOODS.

This is the grave abuse of the cinematograph show to which we wish to draw our readers' serious attention.

It is a deplorably prevalent one.

These theatres are springing up like mushrooms in the poorer districts of London and all the great towns throughout the United Kingdom, and the crowds that flock to them nightly are a sufficient criterion of their enormous popularity.

Let the reader stand outside one of these shows when the audience is waiting to go in, and let him study that audience. He will find it to be made up not so much of men and women who have arrived at an age of reason, but rather of youngsters and girls, mostly of the more uneducated type, and ranging in age between seventeen and the early twenties.

ATTRACTIONS OF THE DARK.

They are in mixed batches—a boy and a girl, two boys and two girls, and so on; and their unrestrained demeanour, and the nature of their conversation in the queue, will give some idea of their mental type.

Why are they going to the cinematograph show? They are paying their penny, or twopence, or threepence, as the case may be, not so much to see the moving pictures as to "'ave a bit o' fun," to use the current phrase.

Once they are inside, and the lights are turned out, the girls' waists will be encircled by the skinny arms of unhealthy, unathletic young manhood, surreptitious kisses will be exchanged, and later, as boldness increases, giggles or shrieks of hysterical laughter will go up, which will *not* be evoked by the humour of the moving pictures.

To men who think, this sort of thing should present itself as a distinct menace to the mental stability of the working classes, who now are supposed to rule all the rest of us.

Of course, there are cinematograph shows *and* cinematograph shows. You might go to two or three straight off the reel and see nothing that would offend you on the part of any members of the audience; but this would probably be because you had chosen shows where a fair price, say a shilling or sixpence, was charged for admission, thus more or less assuring a fairly respectable type of patron.

QUESTIONABLE FILMS.

But the form of entertainment of which we complain is the ultra-cheap cinematograph theatre, where often as little as a penny is charged all over the house. Such shows attract the poorer and more mentally unstable section of the community; and in view of this fact, the nature of the pictures thrown on the screen is much to be deplored.

Whereas, in an actual theatre, the management would not dare, in fact would not be permitted by the Censor, to present anything admittedly indecent, the cinematograph is allowed much more licence.

A NATIONAL DANGER.

"Situations" of the most suggestive kind are thought out by ingenious "picture playwrights" and boldly presented to an audience which often, unfortunately, does not know enough to recognise their contemptible unhealthiness.

Small wonder, then, that under cover of a friendly veiling darkness, and with the delightfully inspiring pictures we have hinted at flickering before them, youngsters of both sexes in the audience should find their minds running on subjects which certainly would not suggest themselves so insistently under other conditions.

We put this matter before our readers in all earnestness.

When we see illegitimate babies being slaughtered almost every day by hysterical young mothers, when we see unfortunate youths tearfully giving themselves up to the police for having "done my girl in," we are prompted to look round for a potent source of public mischief.

And we have found it in the rapidly-growing popular taste for "a penn'orth o' pictures."

F. REDMAN.

CHRISTMAS SMILES.

SOME THINGS THAT TICKLE OUR SENSE OF HUMOUR.

When Jones, after boasting that he knows how to get the raisins out of the dish of snap-dragon without burning his fingers, dances round the room howling with pain.

When the curate, in the pulpit, thunders out some such words as "On your own heads be ——" and a branch of prickly holly falls on his bald cranium.

When that old Miser Pettigrew, who has been searching feverishly in his pudding for the sixpence which is hidden therein, suddenly discovers that he has swallowed it.

When Higginbotham, trying to snatch a kiss from his fiancée in the dark, discovers, when the lights go up again, that he has been embracing his prospective mother-in-law. (It is his girl's face that amuses us most.)

When Corrigan "goes down the slide" with a party of "boys and girls," and falls, splitting his brand new tight knickerbockers, and makes a mad dash out of sight.

When your host, opening a bottle of champagne, accidentally sends the cork into the acid face of his maiden aunt, from whom he has expectations.

When little Tommy, anxious that the guests should know what a good bargainer his mummy is, shouts that she bought the turkey for half-a-crown, because it had been killed by a dog.

IMPRESSIONS OF A BIG FIGHT

HOW I FELT WHILE WATCHING THE CONTEST BETWEEN BOMBARDIER WELLS AND SEAMAN PARSONS.

Last night for the first time in my life I saw a big boxing match, and as I daresay many men have wondered with me what these affairs are really like, I will try faithfully to record my impressions.

The fight was between Bombardier Wells and Seaman Parsons, this being the final of the trials instituted by Mr. Hugh D. McIntosh, who, it will be remembered, engineered the Burns-Johnson contest in his search for a white champion to meet the great negro.

The scene was the King's Hall, Elephant and Castle.

FIGHTERS ALL.

First of all, I was greatly interested in the audience. Some were in evening dress, but the majority were not. Nearly all had the fighting man's look. Some, indeed, were quite typical bruisers, large-eared, snub-nosed, heavy-jawed.

A pretty tough lot, but I liked them. They were so different from the average football crowd. They were *men*. Bad men, I daresay, some of them, but men all through and sportsmen.

Stay, the audience was not all men, there were some women in one of the galleries.

Well, I can't give any good reason why women should not go to a boxing match. From first to last there was nothing to offend a lady's modesty, nothing unfit for a woman to see, yet somehow I regretted their presence.

However, that is by the way. My first outstanding impression was the virility of the audience, also their good humour and orderliness.

The ring, raised high above the floor, I need not describe, but the paraphernalia of the contest fascinated me.

UNNERVING SCENES.

There was something suggestive of a hospital operating theatre in the pails, basins, sponges, bottles, and towels. I suppose boxers don't mind, but the sight of all these preparations for slaughter would be enough to unnerve me.

The proceedings opened with a six-round bout between two youngsters. A jolly good bout it was, for they went at it hammer and tongs from first to last, but the proceedings of the seconds interested me most. At the end of each round each man threw himself back in his seat, letting himself go quite limp, and opening his mouth wide. Then the seconds stood round and fanned him with towels, sponged him and washed his mouth out. It was rather comical to see grown men thus drying a couple of lads, but the deadly earnestness of it all was impressive.

One lad was wild in his swings, and the audience roared with laughter. He grinned too, and kept on grinning when pasted all over the ring. And when his defeat was proclaimed he shook hands with the winner with hearty goodwill.

SPORTING SPIRITS.

I was immensely impressed by the genuine sporting spirit shown on both sides.

Then two welter-weights took the stage, fine men, of very different types—the one hairy as a gorilla, beetle-browed, and sinister, the belly muscles standing out in great ridges; the other pleasant-looking and smooth-skinned.

I need not go through their ten rounds. They were big men, and they hit for all they were worth; but they were more than mere sloggers; the science they showed in stopping or evading pile-driving punches was an artistic joy to watch. From first to last not a spice of ill-feeling, and at the end again a cordial handshake.

Then cheers and counter-cheers greet Wells and Parsons as they scramble over the ropes. For the moment we will leave them.

Mr. McIntosh announces that the contest is twenty rounds with six-ounce gloves, for the

heavy-weight championship of England, and that Bill Lang, the Australian champion, is on his way to meet the winner for the championship of the British Empire. Good egg!

Wells peels and stands up to be introduced by the Master of the Ceremonies, if that is what you call him. What like is England's hope? Not at all like a fighting man. He is very tall, six feet three, I believe, and looks a trifle lanky; that may be due to his height, but he does not impress one as a strong man. For the rest he is fair-haired, fair-skinned, and well-featured. You would never take him for a professional boxer.

Parsons is different. He is shorter and stouter, though lighter, and with his bull neck, and round, close-cropped head, he looks the part.

First they pose to be photographed, then Mr. Eugene Corri, the referee, calls them over and talks emphatically to them.

KNOCKED OUT!

A last lick of the sponge, a final rinsing of the mouth, then "Seconds out of the ring," and the gong.

They make a splendid picture these two big men. Big though they are, they are quick as cats on their feet, and for perhaps half a minute they feint and dodge without a blow being struck.

Then Wells lashes out, but the blow passes harmlessly over the sailor's shoulder, and they clinch.

The sailor lands a good one, and his followers yell; but Wells comes back at him, and he retreats.

Then Parsons s'aggers, the right swing that caught him on the jaw was so quick that the eye could scarcely follow it.

He falls against the ropes and rebounds stooping. Wells is on him, and with incredible speed hits him half a dozen times over the kidneys.

The sailor reels, and falls face up. He turns over, and I expect him to rise. He gives a convulsive wriggle or two and then lies quite still—knocked out.

TOO QUICK TO FOLLOW.

I can scarcely believe it. It is dramatic, yet undramatic. It happened so quickly that you feel puzzled.

You can only dimly imagine the force of the fatal blows. They seemed to be struck without effort, yet if an ordinary man got in the way of them he would die suddenly.

It is all over, and I go out dumfounded. It was done so swiftly, with such deadly power and certainty.

Parsons is a real good man, hero of some seventy fights, yet he is knocked out in less than three minutes. Think of the skill required to bring off such a coup. You or I could hit Parsons on the jaw till we were tired without hurting him, but one tap from Wells's fist sends him reeling.

If the principal bout was a trifle disappointing from a spectacular point of view the whole entertainment made a deep impression on me.

There may be abuses in connection with professional boxing, but it's a man's game. It calls for enormous pluck, skill, and endurance, and so far as this particular show was concerned it was clean sport all the way.

I must confess I don't like kidney-punching, which was prominent in each bout. It involves, I think, undue risk of serious or fatal injury, but still it is allowed, and in all the bouts I saw there was not an unfair blow.

My last impression, nay, it's a conviction, is that people who condemn boxing as brutalising have never seen a well-conducted meeting.

G. H. RICE.

CHRISTMAS AND PHYSIQUE.

THE OPINION OF THOMAS INCH, BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN.

Here are some novel views specially prepared for the delectation of readers of THE MODERN MAN. You will expect me, I know, to warn you that you must not over-eat yourself—to beware of Christmas pudding, mince pies, and too much turkey.

Now, to the surprise of everyone except your Editor, whose views, I find, are in strict accordance with my own, I would say that, within reason, I would not begrudge any man his fair share of Christmas pudding, the old-fashioned Christmas turkey, and "trimmings."

I must, of course, exclude those who unfortunately suffer from indigestion or other stomachic trouble. They must see to it that by means of physical culture they get right.

Do not make the mistake, however, of forgetting your exercise. It is by means of regular exercise that a man can, to a certain extent, eat and drink pretty much as he pleases. All the more reason why you should regularly practise physical culture!

It is surprising to many to learn that even the athlete in training, let alone the private individual, can afford at any time to indulge in a little relaxation. It is also a certainty that the up-to-date athlete does not train half as hard, compared with his old-time predecessor, as the public suppose he does.

If, therefore, your business man or every-day worker cannot afford to indulge himself somewhat at Christmas time, it is a pity; but again I must insist on the necessity of keeping up your daily exercise.

It is your sickly, effeminate man who has to be so very particular as to what he eats and drinks. Life is to him indeed a worry.

Christmas should be the time when the healthy person should even aim at putting on a few extra pounds in weight, by means of the nutritious Christmas pudding, together with Christmas festivities. The fund of energy and good spirits resulting will last him well into the oncoming new year.

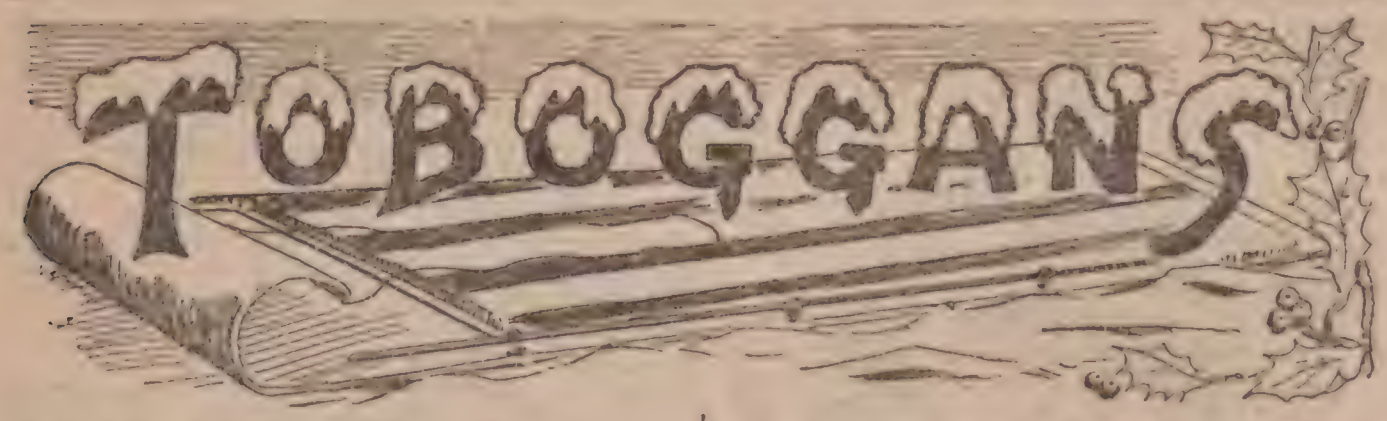
THOMAS INCH.

CLUB NEWS.

BRIGHTON AND HOVE "MODERN MAN" CLUB.—This club will hold its first whist drive at the Bon-Bon Shop, 42, Preston Street, Brighton, on Wednesday, December 7, at 7.30. All readers will be welcomed; tickets, which include light refreshments and cost 1s. 3d., can be obtained from Mr. George Lord, the Secretary of the Club, 86, Shaftesbury Road, Brighton.

BURNLEY.—Mr. A. G. Spencer, 4, Peel Street, Lowerhouse, Burnley, is organising a MODERN MAN Club for that town and district. We trust that all League members and readers are joining him in making it a success.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. S. Mellor, 17, Aqueduct Street, Ducie Street, Manchester, is making himself responsible for the organisation of a MODERN MAN Club there. Those interested should write to him without delay.



HOW TO BUILD AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

My first efforts at tobogganing were made on Nature's toboggan down the nursery stairs, on the rare occasions when the wicket-gate was left unfastened.

The home authorities, however, objected strenuously to these performances, and it was some years later that I first went tobogganing outside.

This was on a home-made sledge built by my elder brother. It was quite a grand affair, about six feet long and two feet high, with divided seats.

It was steered by sticks held in the hand; at least, that was how my brother meant to steer it. Unfortunately, the rudders broke, and with ever-increasing velocity we shot down a steep hill at the bottom of which was a stone wall.

The type of Toboggan most popular in Canada.

I had the presence of mind to fall off, but my brother stuck on, with disastrous results.

Years later I went to Canada, and there made the acquaintance of the real and original flat-bottomed, curved prow Indian toboggan.

A delightful machine when you know it, but, as the coster comedian used to sing, "you've got to know him fust."

Generally it has a long striped cushion attached.

On a Canadian toboggan built for two, the steersman sits sideways behind, using one trailing and moccasined foot as a rudder.

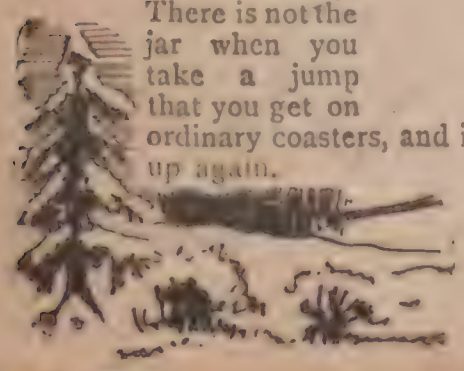
AN ACCIDENT.

It looks easy—so easy that I offered to take the dearest little "muffin" in the world down the chute.

Half-way down, something happened. Probably I put my foot down too hard. Anyway, the wretched thing suddenly spun round like a tee-to-tum, then leapt in the air, and we flew off at a tangent. It was quite a week before she would speak to me again.

The right position.

Once you get the knack of it, however, a Canadian toboggan is ripping. The merest touch of the foot serves to guide it either way. There is not the jar when you take a jump that you get on ordinary coasters, and it is light and easy to haul up again.



But you must have firm snow such as we rarely get in England.

Here the coaster on iron or steel runners is most used.

The schoolboy makes one out of a packing-case and a bit of hoop-iron and gets all possible fun out of it, but there are coasters *de luxe*.

Mounting.

You may, if you like, go in for a racing machine such as is used at St. Moritz. This is just a steel skeleton with a centre board to lie on. The steel frame is independent of the board so that there is no danger of its twisting through the wood warping—a common defect with solid-built coasters.

Most people start learning on a coaster in a sitting position, but this is a mistake. Though it looks more dangerous and requires more nerve, the prone position, head foremost, is best and safest, as steering is much easier.

In the sitting position you must use hands or sticks for steering, and if you lean to one side or the other to make a turn you are very apt to come off.

ADVANTAGES OF LYING FLAT.

Lying flat, however, you can use either foot as a rudder, right foot turning the toboggan to the right, and left to the left. You can also "brake" much more easily with the foot than with hand.

On a coaster, however, the steering is done mainly by body balance.

You are so close to the ground that the slightest inclination to one side or the other will at once turn the machine. Where a sharp turn is necessary, you can by braking or slipping back make the bows lift in the air, and then a sharp shoulder-jerk will twist the machine right round. Any intelligent blacksmith should be able to build you a workable machine. The great point is to see that the runners are exactly similar and exactly parallel.

The man behind does the steering.

Dimensions must depend a good deal upon your own height and breadth, but as a rough guide the height of the machine should not be less than four and a half inches up to about five inches. The breadth should be a trifle more than the breadth of your chest, while the length from the front bar to the counter board at the back should be about your length from chin to knee.

A variation of the "skeleton" is known as the "giant skeleton," but it is only suited to skilled riders.

A good start goes a long way towards victory.

The best plan is to run a short distance with the machine, then jump in the centre on one knee, shoving vigorously with one foot till "she" gets up a good pace.

THE BOBSLEICH.

In a serious race the toes of the riders' boots are spiked. For ordinary enjoyment and a musical party of tobogganers there is nothing like a bob-sleigh, or what Americans call a double ripper.

This simply consists of two short machines joined together by a board on which the crew sit.

The front machine works on a pivot, so that the steersman in front can by turning either handle move the whole sleigh in whichever direction he pleases.

At the back of the last seat is a strong, spiked brake by thrusting which into the snow speed can be instantly checked.

An ordinary bob will carry six people, the ladies going in the middle.

Bobsleighing is rare fun, for speed can be increased by the crew swinging forwards and backwards together, while there is plenty of excitement when a ticklish corner has to be rounded, and it is arms or bodies out or in according to the word of command.

Jumps, real or artificial, add greatly to the charm of tobogganing. The usual plan is to build up a sloping platform about three-quarters of the way down the run. The toboggan flies up the incline and then shoots up into the air to come down—well, that all depends on the nerve and immobility of the occupant or occupants.

THROUGH THE AIR.

If the riders are not bang in the centre of the board, if anyone moves while in the air, then you will either turn turtle in the air or come down with a frightful jar on one side.

But all being well, you shoot through the air (the sensation of switch-backing is nothing to it), then bump, and you are whizzing on again.

A Chinaman once defined tobogganing as "whish! walkee milee!" and certainly there is a good deal of walking to be done. But it is worth it, for there are fewer finer sensations in the world than a rush down a snow-covered mountainside.

And the higher flights of tobogganing call for pluck, nerve, judgment and coolness, and the first-class rider has to practise assiduously and take many hard knocks. The pity is that we get so little real tobogganing weather here, and we can't all afford to go to Switzerland.

MARTIN TALBOT.

SPORT AT CHRISTMAS.

As each Christmas comes around, you can rely upon a vehement outcry, from journals of the non-sporting character, against the different kinds of sport which are popularly indulged in at that season.

A man goes to a football match on Christmas morning; he plays a round of golf, or he enjoys a game of hockey. Where is the harm?

But a great many papers and a great many preachers seem to think that those men's souls are endangered by their so doing; and they waste columns of space or volumes of breath, as the case may be, in trying to demonstrate the fact.

A great point they impress upon one is that it tends to do away with home life at the festive season, and that it is an injustice to professionals, footballers for instance, to make them work on the one great holiday of the year.

This, surely, is nonsense, for Christmas football is played in the morning, so that spectators can be back with the families at about 1 o'clock, ready for a whole afternoon's and evening's enjoyment of home comforts; while a professional player hails a game on Christmas Day, because it gives him an appetite for a good dinner.

Some Points of Christmas Etiquette.

TRIVIAL MATTERS WHICH ARE OF IMPORTANCE AT THIS TIME OF YEAR.

Christmas brings in its train some particular points of etiquette.

There is, for example, the Christmas-card question. There are signs of a return to the old custom of sending each person a card specially chosen for him or her, instead of having your own cards printed all alike.

On the other hand, between mere acquaintances a formal card is enough. If you have your own cards printed they should be quiet and only moderately expensive. Costly cards are vulgar.

Avoid cards containing references to drink. They are not at all funny; in fact the great majority of "humorous" cards are merely vulgar.

When sending a card to a family you should address it to the mistress of the house. Inside you put "To Mr. and Mrs. Blank and family."

A BANNED WORD.

Unless you possess a title of some kind your card should be printed as from "Mr. So-and-So." Don't omit the Mr., and on no account let the stationer put "From So-and-So, Esquire," as I have known done.

Time your cards so as to arrive if possible on Christmas Day.

Many people send them out a week beforehand, but that can hardly be regarded as good form.

In the case of near relatives they should receive not only a card, but a letter, even if it contains only a few lines.

Cards should not be sent to ladies unless you know them fairly well.

The question of presents is often rather embarrassing. You have received hospitality and would like to make your hostess a present, or perhaps you are "sweet" on a certain damsel and would like to give her something at Christmastime.

A gentleman, of course, must not make valuable presents to a lady unless she is a relative or engaged to him.

TO A MARRIED COUPLE.

Still you may without objection make a lady a fairly costly present of flowers or sweets. The general rule, indeed, is that, save in the circumstances already mentioned, you must not offer a lady jewellery or anything of permanent value.

Of course, in the case of a married couple you may, if you like and you know them well, give them something for the house such as a salver, or flower vase, but then that is given to them jointly. It would be very bad form to make a valuable present to the wife alone.

Gloves or handkerchiefs are sometimes given, but as a rule only between intimate friends.

In the case of an unmarried girl a man who is much her senior and is a friend of the family may, without impropriety, give her a bangle or other trinket, but the general rule is that a girl may not accept jewellery, except from a relative or fiancé.

SWEETS TO THE—YOUNG.

Flowers are always safe and suitable to an elderly lady, sweets to a young one.

To children you may give practically what you like, but remember that it is bad form to send very costly toys to children unless you are close friends of the parents, while it is not correct to give children better things than their parents could give them unless, again, you are a relative.

Money is only given by elderly people to young relatives or to inferiors.

It is often difficult to know when to give a present or a tip, as the border line between employee and servant is not always clearly marked.

When in doubt the best plan is to say: "So-and-so, I want to give you a present, but really I don't know what you would like. Would you mind accepting this half a sovereign (or whatever you are giving) and getting something for yourself."

If you are staying with friends you should give any of the servants who attend immediately on you a trifle.

MISTLETOE ABUSE.

Christmas gives you certain privileges in the way of kissing the girls under the mistletoe, but a gentleman will never abuse them.

It is, in fact, exceedingly caddish to use the mistletoe to surprise a lady. Of course, if you are old friends, well and good, but some bounders seem to think that Christmas gives them a licence to annoy ladies whom they scarcely know.

Reverting to tips, they count for ever so much more when accompanied by a handshake and a few cordial words.

In regard to regular Christmas-boxes to postmen and others, give what other people give. It is not good form to give five shillings when everybody else is giving eighteen-pence.

H. NEWMAN.

CHRISTMAS SPARTANS.

Every Christmas morning finds the hardy spirits of the Serpentine Swimming Club taking part in a handicap for a cup presented by Mr. J. M. Barrie, the famous novelist.

While the race generally goes to the middle-aged many of the competitors are old men, and the club is proud of a veteran of over eighty who never misses his morning dip throughout the winter.

Wonderful old boys they must be, for even if they don't stay in long there is the undressing and dressing in the open.

A large and shivering crowd always assembles to see the Christmas Handicap, and the Spartan competitors are cheered to the echo.

Then there are the Christmas golfers, the enthusiasts who, in all weathers, play a round on Christmas morning.

Golf is no joke when the thermometer is in the neighbourhood of zero, but there are compensations. Your ball runs incredible distances on the frozen turf, and bunkers, being also frozen, lose half their terrors.

THE PIKE AND THE CATCHING OF HIM.

A FISH THAT PROVIDES GENUINE SPORT.

Next to trout and salmon the pike is the most sporting of British fish.

He has yet another advantage, not being fashionable he appeals to those whose pockets are not over deep.

Most rivers and canals hold their complement of pike, but the best sport is generally obtained in private lakes to which the public have not access. Owners are usually very good in giving permission to anglers for a day or so, now and again, and a courteous letter to the possessor of a pike-stocked lake very often meets with an invitation to "come and try your luck."

The pike is a fish about which men have lied for generations. It is true that he attains to a great size, but a twenty-pounder is a real prize, a ten-pounder something to be proud of, and anything over the first weight a worthy candidate for the glass case.

Pike have been accredited with attacking human beings in the water, swimming dogs, and drinking horses, but in reality they are fish that are extremely shy of anything to which they are not accustomed. They will, however, readily devour water-rats, young wild duck, moorhens, and frogs, as well as their own species and any kind of fish that swims in their domain except, perhaps, the tench, which is credited with having a peculiar power of healing them when they are ill or wounded. More probably they are only averse to the tench because it is a peculiarly slimy fish. A pike is not a creature which one can readily believe to be capable of feeling grateful.

The commonest method of catching jack or pike is with live-bait, a roach or dace or gudgeon is attached to two triangles of hooks at the end of a gut trace slightly weighted; a large float indicates a run, and the strike should be made some few seconds after it has disappeared.

Care must be taken to tighten the line gently before striking and to jerk the rod sideways in the strike.

There are, however, many objections to live-baiting; it savours a little of cruelty, it is not always convenient to carry about a can of live fish; moreover, these are not easy to obtain in some places and have a nasty way of dying if they have to be taken any distance.

Altogether, spinning is far preferable; it is warmer work on a cold day, a great deal of water can be searched in a few hours, artificial baits can be used and thus one's luggage is very appreciably lightened.

The spinner's outfit consists of a light rod, a reel (not necessarily a casting reel), a wire or gut trace with plenty of swivels and any one or more of the countless spinning baits on the market which he may choose.

The spinner should cast his bait as far as possible and then draw it with the hand, or wind it in with the reel, slowly towards him, working the rod a little as he does so.

Big pike are rare feeders, but the fish under ten pounds in weight are usually hungry, whatever the weather.

Pike-fishing, however, is seldom successful unless there is a nice ripple on the water; cold weather is not by any means a necessity for the sport, though commonly believed to be so. I have had blank days when it was freezing hard and quite admirable ones with a warm south-wester blowing.

There is, however, uncertainty in pike-fishing as in every other kind of sport. But, given a good day with the fish running really well, and it is difficult to imagine more exciting fun.

ALAN R. HAIG BROWN.

A NIGHT IN AN INN

A CHRISTMAS EPISODE.

By FRANCIS PERRY

Staying the night at wayside inns, as all of us have to do at times, is usually a most quiet and uneventful experience, devoid of all excitement.

As a rule there is not a great deal of comfort to be found at the "Dog and Fox," nor are the host and hostess always quite prepared for the visitor. They are seldom asked to accommodate a traveller for the night, although of late years, and during holiday times, there has been an increase in the demand for bed and breakfast at all sorts of quiet, out-of-the-way village inns.

The incident that forms the subject of my present narration occurred during a brief Christmas holiday which I spent amid the splendid isolation of the Berkshire downs, one of the unknown playgrounds that London folk will some day discover.

I had wandered all day over the upland roads, which were lightly covered with snow, meeting scarcely a soul all the time. I carried about me all that was necessary for day or night use, and, in consequence, I felt that wherever I landed I was secure, and, as it were, self-contained.

Having disregarded my map and my wanderings, I was not quite sure where, at the hour of sunset, I had landed. It was on the brow of the long line of downs that looked out over a level valley through which, some miles distant, I knew the silver Thames flowed, unpolluted by the mud and slime of the city fifty miles lower down.

I was tired and had a hungry feeling, and wished to be under a roof with an oil lamp aglow, and a pipe sending up sweet-smelling clouds into the ceiling of some bar-parlour where the talk of the natives would be my entertainment.

As dusk fell the valley became like a mirror that had been breathed upon.

I wandered on and on, but it was after nine o'clock before my heart was gladdened by the sight of a cluster of little points of light that I knew to be a hamlet where possibly a spare bed might be kept for the unexpected traveller.

So down the hillside I went, carefully picking my way, for the slope was steep and the "going" uneven.

There were a few white, silent cottages close at hand, and a gentle tap on the door of the nearest brought a labourer on the scene.

He stood erect, almost filling the doorway, and showing out clearly—bronzed and stalwart—with the cottage lamp behind him. Yes, I should find the "White Horse" up the lane to the left. He thought, too, that they had a bed there.

In a few minutes I had made my terms with the landlord, and while he and his wife were preparing my bed I sat in the bar-parlour, thawing the caked snow from the soles of my boots, and refreshing the inner man with bread and cheese and beer.

Twenty minutes later I was mounting the stairs, candle in hand, to the little room that was to be mine for the night.

The window looked out upon endless fields of snow, now shimmering in the frosty moonlight.

I put my head and shoulders out into the night and listened. All seemed still, and I felt ready to sleep for eight, nine, or ten hours on end.

It struck me then as a delightful feeling to lie down in warm, clean, soft sheets knowing that no duty would call me in the morning, but that inclination could alone dictate the hour of rising.

I gathered the bedclothes tightly up beneath my chin, and lay with the wide-open window within arm's length, pleasantly weary and enjoying to the utmost the first soft swinging out of consciousness towards deep sleep.

The whiteness of the snow outside was reflected on the ceiling, and the canopy of the old-fashioned bedstead stood out dark and grim in contrast.

Dream fancies and faint recollections of the day's actualities ran inconsequently through my mind as my body relaxed and lay at ease. Then—

Dazed and half-conscious I started. It seemed that I had slept far into the night, for a perfect stillness reigned within and without the room. Yet certainly I had been awakened by some unexpected sound.

Struggling out of bed I opened the bedroom door. Not a soul, or a sound, or a sight of anything. Putting the noise down to something in the farmyard, I lay again in bed courting sleep.

Hardly had I begun to grow drowsy once more when there came from somewhere, but certainly from somewhere in the room, the unmistakable sound of breathing.

I listened. The seconds seemed hours. Then there came a full, deep sigh. A second time it was repeated.

In the darkness and stillness one's imagination runs riot, and my own ideas as to the cause and origin of this deep breathing took fantastic shapes, and I lay, not a little perturbed, upon my bed, helplessly giving rein to the wildest ideas as to what might happen in the course of the next few minutes, by which time I felt the situation would become intolerable.

The fact that I was in a strange house was not conducive to sensible reasoning, and I own that all sorts of suspicions of plots and plans held sway in my mind in rapid succession.

In the midst of my uneasiness a still deeper sigh, this time almost amounting to a groan, broke upon my efforts to decide what was best to be done. I was now thoroughly roused and prepared to fight a drunken burglar or to do prodigies of valour against any other kind of foe.

To hasten my plans I was becoming painfully aware that the seat of the strange sounds was beneath my bed. To this extent I was master of the situation.

If only I could scramble from my bed at one bound, snatch up the poker in the fireplace and stand to arms, I should have a fair chance.

Like lightning I leapt out, throwing the clothes clean over the footrail, and in half a second I had grasped a weapon and stood waiting events. Hurriedly I lighted the candle.

To my surprise and mystification nothing happened; and after waiting a minute in hot and cold suspense I approached the bed and swiftly lifted the fringe of chintz surrounding it.

There, far under the bed, sure enough; his long nose poised between his front paws, lay a harmless old collie, evidently most anxious to be friendly, and lazily wagging his tail as he lay there upon some sort of rug.

It needed considerable coaxing to induce him to come out, but at last, shaking himself, he came lazily forward, and I showed him the door, throwing his rug after him.

How he slept I cannot say, but I turned in again and woke only when the sun was well on his way across the sky.

I gave the landlord a little homely and direct advice, on descending, as to scaring his customers out of their wits. He was astonished that I should have "had a turn" as he put it, and hardly seemed to see my point that, whereas he knew the dog's little ways, I did not.

And now, when staying the night, I look always under the bed before dropping to sleep.

HUNTING ETIQUETTE.

However good a rider a man may be, he is often, on his first venture into the hunting field, faced with one or two situations that puzzle him a little, and often you will hear a testy M.F.H. cursing in round terms a man who is quite a good sportsman.

The presence of ladies often puts a beginner into a quandary in the matter of jumps. He does not know whether to go over first or to give precedence to the fair sex.

A good rule is that if the jump is an easy one, he should let her go first, and so demonstrate her prowess as a rider; but if it is fairly stiff he should "give her a lead," for if he gets over safely her mount will probably take it with greater confidence.

NOT WANTED.

SOME ARTICLES WE WOULD NOT PRINT

"How I Reached the Summit of the Pole." By the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.

* * *

"Soporifics," or "How to Put People to Sleep." By Jack Johnson.

* * *

"A Daughter's Shame," or "It's an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good." By Mr. Walter Le Neve.

* * *

"How to be Cock Shaw." By the Sage of Adelphi Terrace.

* * *

"My Jokes Explained." Being a Concise Key to Past Plowdenisms. By Mr. Plowden.

* * *

"The Right Way to Manage a Gasworks." By the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour.

* * *

"Why We Want Votes For Old Women." Symposium by Members of the Y.M.C.A.

* * *

"What it Feels Like to Be Great." By Hall Caine.

* * *

"How We Nose Out Our Smelly 'Specials.'" By the Editor of "Book Answers."

* * *

"The Top of the Tree." By Beerbohm.

* * *

"Grisly Dead Heads," or "My Bugbears." By a Theatrical Manager.

* * *

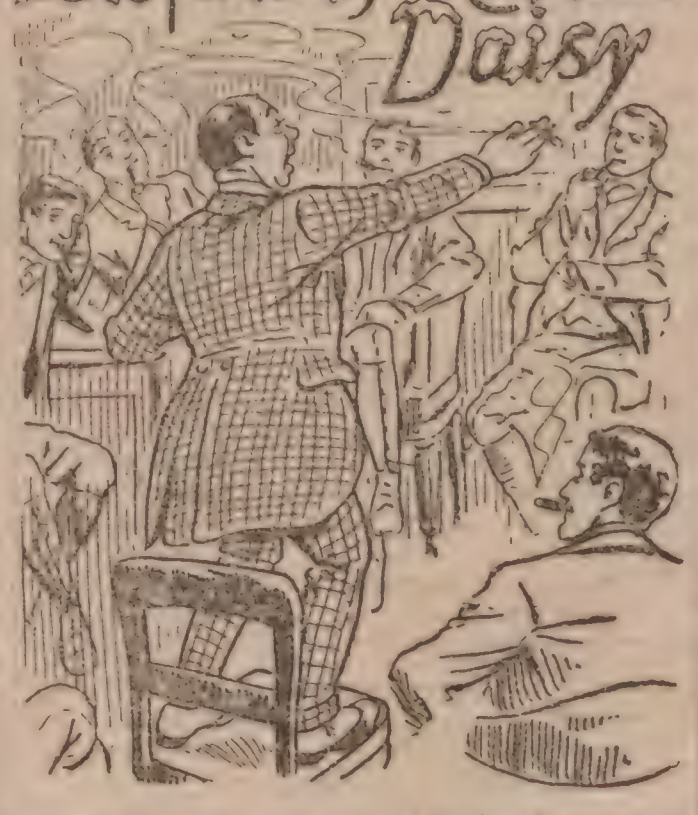
"How to Look Nice Without a Dress Allowance." By Miss Maud Allan.

C. MIDDLETON.

A RACING STORY.

Mr Christopher's Christmas Daisy

By BERNARD MACKLIN.



We were all of us foregathered in the bar of the excellent "Golden Lion" at Newmarket, training ourselves for the "Here's-wishing-you-a-Merry-Christmas" distance on increasing sweating sit-stills of hot toddy.

Now, the "Merry Christmas" course is almost Aintree-like in its severity, and it is hard for regulars of the racing army who have been off the wine—that is to say, away from Headquarters—to encompass it without incurring a penalty of at least five shillings and costs ere coming to the "Happy and Sporting New Year" event, which follows it as closely as does the Grand National upon the heels of the last horse in the Lincolnshire Handicap.

And in Newmarket we do not wish each other luck in a cold, hunting sort of way, either!

Yet most doleful of all at this festive season of the year is my unesteemed friend, Mr. Christopher, and (I write a full week ere the curtain will be rung down on Flat-racing) 'twas but yester-eve (as the poet would have it) that we upbraided him for his failure to show the slightest promise of having a sufficient stock of cheerfulness of his own to allow him to wish the Merry and the Happy (coupled) to others.

"Yes, and you've finished up this year same as last—a winter's keep in hand over Christmas Daisy," said someone, bitterly, "and here's most of us with not as much as a bottle of Tarragona in prospect if Fortune doesn't positively grin on us in the last b g 'un. . . . By George, Christy, how a reference to McCall's must cheer up your heart. Think of that little column under Winners of the Cambridgeshire!"

"'Nineteen hundred and nine — Christmas Daisy,'" I murmured, "'nineteen hundred and ten—Caristmas Daisy!'"

But even this gentle reminder of the horse that had been his full board, drinks, and snooker-pool allowance for two successive winters did not bring the upward crease of pleasurable feeling to his upper lip.

"We aren't intended to be utterly happy in this world," said Christopher, sentimentally. "Would you chaps be surprised if I was to tell you that there are times when the name of Christmas Daisy grates on my ears—same as it does on some of you here what had your singlets on Whisk Broom. I 'ad a horse once. 'Is name was Christmas Daisy—and as nice a litt'e 'orse 'e was as you'd wish to place in a cut-and-dried steeplechase west of Towcester."

Now, we knew Mr. Christopher had been a bookmaker until some quick-goods merchants got at him, but Christopher in the unenviable part of an owner of racehorses was as novel to us as Luck at the critical moment.

"My Christmas Daisy, while bein' (as some addle-pated so-called judges of 'orseflesh might term it) not worthy to be in the same paddock as his namesake, the son of Vitez out of Mountain Daisy, yet was a 'orse what 'ad 'is uses.

"He was very handy when wanted, and it 'ud surprise you no end, gentlemen, 'ow that sagacious little animal would generate an astonishin' turn of speed when the money was down. Fair fly he could as long as the jumps weren't too stiff. Good didn't matter to 'im; 'e was a little prince of a nag that far, and, that pig horse of a Dibs could 'ave been at the same gate with him doin' the prancin' circus-nag act, and yet my Christmas Daisy (dear little fe'ler) would 'ave stood there thinkin' a little, as much as to say, 'When *are* you goin' to be'ave like a sensible animal and act less like an amazin' Arabesque?'

"Yes, my boys, I was fair fond o' that little gee. . . . P'ore little blighter, at the finish 'e was sold to some swell who hunted him awhile, and after that, when the nob got in the hands of the crooks, my Christmas Daisy went one shade better.

"'E got in the 'ands of the 'orse dealers. . . . I tell you there ain't a small 'unt in Ireland nor Newes within a fifty miles radius o' Melton Mowbray that I 'aven't searched for him in. I suppose fifty 'ud buy 'im. I'd give five 'undred cheerfully for 'im to-day!"

There was a stir among the rapless ones.

"If I 'ad it, mind you," Mr. Christopher added ere an instantaneous "Could you?" had got as far as that magic word "lend" "If I 'ad it."

"I'll tell you 'ow I picked 'im up. It was at a little meetin' at Ballycracklin, Ireland, one Boxin' Day. Before 'is race I'd happened to notice a gee what was entered in it sold with the engagement, for a hundred and sixty jimmy o' gob-ins—bought, mind you, by a judge of 'orseflesh, too.

"Immediately all the heads rushed to get on this nag—Antimacassar I think 'is name was—because, they argued it in this wise, what other 'orse in that lot would 'ave fetched a hundred and sixty? (That'll give you an idea of National 'Unt meetin's in the Emerald Isle, eh!)

"Well, the jockey that rode this here Antimacassar came away right from the start, and stuck there until close home, when little Christmas Daisy bounces up from third position, catches 'im at the last fence, tops it with 'im, comes on, and beats the favourite in the run in by a clear length.

"It was a turn up for the bookies, of whom I was, then, one. Not 'avin' laid the winner to a penny piece, it strikes me that a stroll over to the sale ring (it was a fifty-pound sellin' race) wouldn't be amiss as a respite from the roar of the ring and the chink of my brother-professionals tottin' up their winnin's and jibin' at the backers.

"I did the other thing, 'owever. I chose the better part. Result was Antimacassar's owner 'avin 'ad enough-for-that-day-thank-you. I managed to buy the Daisy for ninety, and dirt cheap at double the figure, *I* say.

"Well, I've told you of the peculiarities of the little 'orse—'ow 'e always seemed to instinctively know when the owner's money was down, and acted accordin'. Therefore, I don't need to tell you that that Boxin' Day at Ballycracklin and the result of the Ballycracklin Sellin' Steeplechase was most distinctly on the lucky side for Alfred Christopher, Esquire.

"All went, in fact, as merry as Christmas itself with me"—Mr. Christopher assumed an expression of even deeper despair—"until the followin' Boxin' Day at Ballycracklin Races.

"Now, I don't know how many present 'ave been racing in Ireland in the real 'eart of the country? Not one of ye? That's funny. Racin' sharps can always make a bit there. (Don't start flingin' those match-stands about, gentlemen. If you've eyes to see you'll read what the spirit says to the assembled company. I was there, see? I was there). No thanks. I accept your guffawed apologies (*and* your kind offer of a drink, sir. I'm on hot water—with three penn'orth of gin in it, missy. Only three penn'orth).

"Resumin' afresh (wishin' you all the luck in the world, Mr. M.), I must tell you that I put the Daisy into the same race again as he had won the previous year, only this time he was to carry *my* colours, to say nothin' of my sincere affection . . . (No, my boys, it's *not* the gin. I liked the little 'orse—straight, I did—I used to wish I could get a clerk as faithful to me as the Daisy was. But men aren't made as true all through as 'orses).

"'Owever—oh, hang it! Why do I embark on the business? Why did I let myself in for 'arrowin' my soul, freezin' my young blood, makin' my two eyes, like stars, start from their spears . . . (I beg your pardon.) 'Ow-h-ever, I must tell you further that it was my 'abit to back my 'orses away at s.p. If you put two-pun-ten in ready on a 'orse at an Irish meetin' it would shorten the odds from tens to six to four with the sheer weight o' the money.

"I used to send my pitchmy over at flag-fall to send away the commission on the Daisy when he was expected by me. Like Asquith, I used to wait an' see how the bettin' went—always preservin', like the big bookmaker owners in England, an open mind about layin' the Daisy. The heads never could get a line that way. I used to bet to figures, practically speakin', like a human pareemutual.

"Well, in this Ballycracklin Steeplechase there was five other competitors, most of 'oom 'ad been in it at the first time of askin', that is to say, on the occasion when I bought the Daisy.

"My little nag, 'owever, was carryin' twelve-seven, or givin' seven, nine, twelve, fifteen, an' seventeen pound to the field respectively.

"But you know the old adage, boys? A bit o' weight can't stop a good 'orse. I expected that the local talent would bar 'im, considerin' he had only won under ten-seven on the previous occasion. It looked to me like the very Devil's own Derby winner of an s.p. job this time.

"Apparently crushed out with that weight, could any sane backer of racehorses be expected to have as much as three-ha'pence each way on him? . . . No, of course no sane backer could—but there ain't many sane backers in Ireland, worse luck. The miscellaneous collection of the local aristocracy never as much as looked at the weights. The name was good enough for *them!*

"Gentlemen, within a quarter of an hour of the race Mr. Alfred Christopher's chestnut horse, Christmas Daisy (purple an' pink halved, purple sleeves and cap), was a ragin' hot favourite, and, accordin' to my bettin' to figures principle, I had no option but to yell out with the rest, 'Seven-ter-one-bar-one!' and anyone comin' up an' wantin' to back the Daisy 'ad to bet *me* six to four.

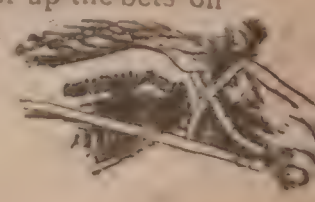
"Within ten minutes o' flagfall my pitchmy informed me that, not another horse bein' backed in the race, I stood to lose a cool hundred an' fifty over the Daisy—a hell of a sight more than I could back it to win away, for the others 'ad closed their books over the Daisy, and those that 'adn't were askin' 'em to bet four to one *on*. Nice price for an s.p. job, eh?

"Well, it was my clerk 'oo put the evil into my head. He looked down the programme at the starters and said

"'Sir, might I suggest to you that it would be rather better for the book if one of these five glorified flappin' horses were to cop this event? One can only 'ope they will, sir,' he says—just by way of coverin' 'imself like, for makin' such a suggestion to the straightest bookie on earth.

"'Jim,' says I, 'forget this day. Wipe it out o' your memory. I *must* steel myself to remember that the bookmaker-owner what wins with 'is own 'orse an' beats 'is own book is qualified for naught else but Colney 'Atch. Go, tell the jock that there's no call for the Daisy to present me with the Ballycracklin Selling Steeplechase *this* outin'.

"And 'e greased, there bein' no sphere of usefulness for him, either, for the followin' ten minutes. It's easy enough to enter up the bets on one 'orse. And they continued to roll it in on the Daisy.



"I did a roarin' business.

"'Come on you beggars!'" I shouts. 'Roll up in yer thousands. I've sent enough away to cover all *you* want to bet. . . . 'Ere! a public tip! Back Christmas Daisy and treat yourselves to a Christmas Box!'"

Mr. Christopher had risen in the realism of the comment and jumped upon his chair.

"'Back the little 'orse what'll carry 'is twelve-seven to victory as easy as his ten-seven of a year ago this 'ere very day! Come on, y' devils! Money for nothin'! Money for nothin'!'"

The chief chucker-out of the hotel staff interposed here.

"We can't 'ave that disturbance, Mr. Christopher," he said. "We've our licence to think of, you know, sir."

Mr. Christopher desisted abruptly, and passed a hand over his flushed brow.

"Pardon," he said. "Where am I? . . . Why, this is the 'Golden Lion,' ain't it, and *you* don't want to back Christmas Daisy, do you?" he added, turning a vacant face on the assembled company.

"Not till *next* Cambridgeshire," said someone feelingly.

"Ah, well!" Mr. Christopher recovered his calmness again. "Ah, well. I 'ave 'ad the reputation, gentlemen, of being the worst tipster on the course—but you'll admit that *very* few could be off the Daisy on that occasion, after I'd given it 'em as straight as all that, eh? And, gentlemen, they were not.

"When my pitchmy returned he fair gasped.

"'Bit o' luck I 'ad the presence o' mind to tip the wink to the jock,' he said. 'If the Daisy was to win, sir, I see we stand to lose all the hundred ready, *and* the two hundred in notes in the wallet.'

"'Yes, if he was to win,' I says.

"'I 'ope you can act, sir,' says my pitchmy. 'You've got to look as woebegone as the proverbial duck in the thunderstorm when the good thing comes undid.'

"'You leave that to me, cocky,' I says. 'It's 'ard for me to look miserable, but I'll *try*.'

"And at that moment jangle goes the cracked bell on the number board. They were off!

"'Way comes the Daisy immediately ahead of all others, which, as you all know, is just the way to ride a 'orse that's carryin' top weight in a three-mile steeplechase, only I *don't* think.

"'Good night!' says some nob, 'what is the fellow doin'?'

"'Gorn to the front,' I says, 'and that's where 'e'll bally-well stay. Could you ride 'im any better, sir?' I says. 'If so, I'll be pleased to give you a mount on 'im 'is next outing.'

"That shut *that* merchant up!

"And it seemed sure enough, gentlemen, as they passed us the second time that it *was* the way to ride the Daisy, too. Twelve-seven 'e was carryin', the little gem, an' not a 'air 'ud 'e turned!

"'By Gawd!' says my pitchmy, 'there goes a blinkin' National winner, sir—an' *you* own 'im!'

"'Yes!' says I; 'and its enough to break my sportin' 'eart when I remember that for mere filthy lucre 'e's got to be beat in the dirty little Bally-cracklin Sellin' Steeplechase.'

"'Wot I'm beginning to think,' says my clerk, as the Daisy hopped over the fourth jump from 'ome and still ahead, 'is, *is* he goin' to be beat?'

"It certainly looked rather unlike it, but I knew I 'ad a 'orse I could trust. The jock takes the measure of the field and looks round, thereby incurrin' the yells of the Daisy's backers.

"At the post an' rails, third from 'ome, the leader of the others catches 'im, and I started to smile.

"'For Gawd sake don't laugh, yer fool, if you want to get off this course alive!' says my pitchmy ('e'd been clerk to a welsher at Punchestown once).

"Afore they got to the next fence, they'd all got the little Daisy beat and I was as mixed in my feelin's as a tinful of fancy biscuits.

"Well, that water jump was the last but one. Over they all pops, the jock on Christmas Daisy kiddin' 'e was comin' along with a rush and ridin' 'im like 'ell.

"Only one last fence on to the course! The pitchmy nipped me—'ard—and I remembered. 'Look pained!' 'e says, 'looked *quite* pained! Alter that gin and-bitters look on your face!'

"The five leaders took off together. It looked merely a matter of which one was goin' to give the books a skinner, when—flop! down they all tumble in a heap!

"'By Gawd!' says my pitchmy, 'the only chance now is that the jockey *may* be able to pull 'im over.'

"'Pull 'im over's right,' I says. 'The Daisy *can't* fall!'

"But the jockey couldn't do it. Not likely! I didn't blame 'im. The little Daisy was a sort of 'andy' orse an elephant couldn't push over . . . and yes, gentlemen, in spite of the fact that it was goin' to break me and remove me from the ranks of bookmakers and owners for ever, I'm proud to say as there was real gladness in my voice when I shouted out:

"'Come along, gentlemen! The grand little Daisy's walked 'ome! . . . Roll up an' take your—Christmas-boxes!'"

THE JOYS OF BANDY.

HOCKEY ON THE ICE.

Hockey is a good game, but Bandy, or ice hockey, is a better one.

On land you often have to play on heavy ground, or ground that is unpleasantly hard and slippery; one way or another it impedes you, but the ice helps you, provided, of course, that you are a fairly decent skater. And, by the way, Bandy will make a skater of you quicker than anything else.

You must learn to start quickly and to stop within a skate's length; some men stop by digging the toe of the skate into the ice, but this takes a lot of doing; the best plan is to turn round or half round so as to bring the skates across the ice.

You must learn to dodge from side to side, to wheel rapidly, and to jump when necessary. All this means that you must be strong and active in your legs and firm and quick on your skates.

Bandy also teaches you how to fall, for tumbles are frequent, and to take hard knocks and bruises good-humouredly.

The rules and tactics are to all intents and purposes the same as ordinary hockey, so I need not detail them.

Bandy is an intensely exhilarating game. You start, perhaps feeling a bit cold and shivery, and rather frozen about the toes, but in five minutes you are as warm as toast, and would be rather glad than otherwise to sit down and take a breather.

It does "take it out of you," for it is a tremendously fast game, and the short, sharp skating essential, and the many sudden turns, stops, and twists strain the heart, lungs and muscles to the utmost.

The mobility the skates give you is delightful. Here I may give you a tip; in tackling a man always try to get close to him, keeping your stick near your legs. It is no good going at a man with your stick extended at arm's length, for the slightest swerve on his part will take him and ball clear of you.

One great advantage of Bandy is that a man can enjoy it when his running days are over. Strenuous though it is, it is not so exhausting as ordinary hockey, where the running, especially on a wet day, tells heavily on the man who has left his youth behind him.

Then many a man who is too slow for land hockey may turn out a sprinter on ice.

The game calls for nerve and judgment, especially of pace and distance.

Given a fine sheet of ice, a keen, still day, and a band of good fellows, an hour's Bandy will give you some of the finest excitement and exercise imaginable.

Don't forget a flask of cherry brandy for "first aid" to yourself and others.

PRIVATE PEEPS.

A FEW SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

SCENE.—Editorial Sanctum of the "Daily Wail." Able Editor in Conference with the News Editor, the Chief-Sub., the Editor of the Magazine-Page, and the Aero. Expert.

EDITOR: Well, boys, there's absolutely nothing doing. Not a scrap of news anywhere. What's to be done?

NEWS EDITOR: 'Big earthquake in Siberia or South Pole? Nobody can contradict us.

AERO. EXPERT: Send our junior reporter up in an aeroplane and let him have a smash. We're going to sack him, anyhow.

[*Editor considers, but shakes his head.*]

CHIEF SUB.: *I've hit it!*

EDITOR: Good boy! What's your idea?

CHIEF SUB.: Mimi Fosette, the well-known Parisian *demi-mondaine* is over here, staying at the Carlton. Let's make out she's fallen in love with Lloyd George, and that he reciprocates. A few photographs, artistically *blurred, you know*; and it'll lick creation!

EDITOR: Great, my boy, *great*! "Lloyd George's Lapse," eh? Put Charlock on it. He's the biggest liar on the staff.

* * *

SCENE.—Musical Comedy Manager's Office. Great man discovered in consultation with his Press Agent.

M. C. M: This show needs bucking up. We want some more notices. Got any wheezes?

P. A: Yes. I suggest that my missus and I sit in front at a matinée. I'm in one row of stalls, and she's in the seat just in front. I light a dam' great calabash pipe, and she complains. I refuse to put it out; and she rushes off to you. You kick me out. I start a lawsuit. It's a great idea. Only I won't do it for nixey!

M. C. M: Naturally. How much do you want?

P. A: Hundred quid for me, and fifty for the missus. Are you on?

M. C. M: Righto'! Do it now. (*Exit* P. A.) I've got an even leerier dodge. (*Taps nose*). *I won't pay him!* That'll get me another lawsuit. Two ads. from one idea!

* * *

SCENE.—Suffragette Stronghold.

Mrs. SPANKFIRST: Some horrid editor is asking what we do with our funds. He makes out a very nasty case against us, too.

Mrs. HECTIC FLORENCE: Shall I go and (*blushes*) interview him in his private sanctum? I've a very winning way with me.

Mrs. SPANKFIRST: It's a good idea; but he doesn't admire your type. I don't like to, but in the interests of the movement, I think *I* ought to go . . .

Annie Penney, Gertrude Veryot, Lady Smith, ten, &c., in chorus: *You!* Ha! Ha! Ha! I like that! You're only a bad imitation of a worm-eaten telegraph pole! If anybody goes it's *me!*

[*Mrs. Spankfirst hits right and left with rolled-up copy of "Votes For Women."*]

* * *

SCENE.—Mr. Balfour's study.

SECRETARY: Don't forget, sir, that you address the Puddleham electors in Mr. Todgers's interest this afternoon.

Mr. BALFOUR: Bother! Tut! Tut! I'm golfing with Lyttelton to-day. Can't be done. Send round this message to the Press: "In consequence of a bad attack of tonsilitis, Mr. Balfour will not be able to leave his town house for some days." Wire Todgers, expressing regrets. Got that? Good!

SECRETARY (*dubiously*): But . . . you'll excuse me, sir . . . The Party . . .

Mr. BALFOUR (*sternly*): Silence, sir! What is the Party, compared with my golf? I'm getting dicky in my stance even now. Want more practice. Where are my clubs?

J. CARPENTER.

HAUNTED HOUSES

THREE VIEWS OF A FASCINATING SUBJECT.

The ghost season has begun, and already instances of alleged supernatural occurrences have been recorded in the Press.

The whole subject is a fascinating one, but bristles with immense difficulties.

Manifestations of the unseen are so often associated with blatant fraud and trickery that the average man is apt to class them all as impostures.

On the other hand, people of unquestioned repute and veracity have testified to abnormal occurrences of which no material explanation has been forthcoming.

Here I propose to give three points of view as regards haunted houses, the first being that of the student of this subject who does not believe in there being anything supernatural about the appearances of ghosts.

AN EXPLANATION.

Houses are haunted by apparitions or sounds. In the case of the former the ghost always takes the same material form, and appears on regular occasions, usually associated with some event or date in the family's history.

These legends are usually untrustworthy, though that is not to say that they had no foundation in the first instance.

It is now well-known that when one or two persons between whom there is great sympathy, as between mother and son, or husband and wife, is in great danger or at the point of death, he has the power of annihilating space and appearing to the other, even of speaking to or touching him.

When I say "appearing" to him, I do not mean that there is an actual appearance.

What happens is this: The mind of the person *in extremis* being concentrated on his most loved one, the latter's mind is so affected as to produce the hallucination of seeing, hearing, or being touched by the other.

TELEPATHY.

It is purely a hallucination known scientifically as a telepathic hallucination, and it can only be produced, say the sceptics, by a still living person. It is true that visions of a dying person have appeared a considerable time after his actual death, but this is explicable by the mind waves having to travel a great distance, or the person to whom they were sent not being at the time psychically ready to receive them.

Like the Marconi wireless instrument, the human receiver must be in tune to respond to a telepathic dispatch.

Here we have an explanation of historic ghosts associated with old houses.

The apparition in the first instance was a telepathic hallucination. Subsequently it was produced by self-hallucination or delusion until it came to be looked for.

Once a ghost is expected, it is odds on someone seeing it.

In many cases a stupid practical joker or some old family retainer who takes a warped pride in the appearance of the apparition is behind the family ghost.

Ghostly sounds are still more easily explicable. Haunted houses are generally very old, and are often honeycombed with unsuspected passages and chambers. Given these conditions, wind and other sounds can produce extraordinary effects.

The voices of people talking in one part of the house will be reproduced, distorted out or all recognition, in another quarter.

Mysterious sounds are usually heard at night, and in the dark it is difficult to locate them.

WEIRD SOUNDS.

A well-known house-agent gave me the following instance.

He was staying on business at a mansion reputed to be haunted by a ghost which walked about clanking a chain in a certain passage, and outside a certain room.

At his own request he was put in the haunted chamber. The first and second nights nothing happened, but on the third night he was awakened by the slow clanking of a chain outside in the passage.

He sprang out of bed and opened the door, but nothing was to be seen.

He was disturbed again two or three times during the night. Next morning he made a thorough search, and at last, hidden in the ivy covering the wall outside his room, he found hanging a piece of chain. Subsequent experiments proved that when the wind was in a certain quarter the chain rattled and clanked.

Vagaries of wind, sound, and light account for many ghostly apparitions and sounds.

WANDERING SPIRITS.

Believers in ghosts, on the other hand, assert that houses are actually haunted by spirits of dead people.

Their fascinating theory is that when a person dies his soul does not immediately fly away into space, but for long, perhaps for ever, remains near the scene of dissolution.

The air, they say, is peopled with the spirits of the dead, some of which acquire the power of so affecting the minds of the living, particularly people of a certain temperament, as to produce the hallucination of their material forms, voices, and touch.

In short, it is claimed that, like the person who is dying or in great danger, the dead can in certain circumstances produce telepathic hallucinations.

This theory is extremely interesting and far more credible than that which claims for the dead the power of actual materialisation.

Finally, there is the Psychical Research Society's point of view, which, broadly stated, is that while conclusive proof is as yet wanting of the survival of human personality after death, yet things have happened which are not to be explained as telepathic hallucinations produced by the living or the dead.

For example, if a ghost is seen by several people at the same time, this is not conclusive proof of its supernatural nature. The whole of the spectators may be deceived by some accidental effect of light or mirrors.

INEXPLICABLE HAPPENINGS.

But if the same ghost is seen by different people at different times and in different places and there is no possibility of trickery, then the problem is baffling. There *have* been happenings which, humanly speaking, admit of no normal explanation.

Personally, I feel that, if the soul lives after death—and Christianity is founded on this belief—why should it not be able telepathically to affect the living?

But that the dead lend themselves to the mountebank performances of the spiritualists I do not for a moment believe.

RODERICK P. LANGTON.

LOSS OF VOICE.

This is a time of year when a cold or a chill often leads to loss of voice.

A painful affliction this sometimes, and always annoying, more especially when you have promised to sing at a concert, are going out to dinner, have a speech to make, or for one reason or another badly want the full use of your voice.

In such desperate cases there is a remedy which will certainly restore your voice for at least a few hours. It is a drastic cure, for it consists simply in swallowing a tablespoonful of mustard, but it is sure.

Hot soup, with cayenne pepper for the principal ingredient, will also have the same effect.

The mustard cure is a favourite one with singers, when it is imperative that they should not disappoint their audience.

SAFE JOBS.

Many of the "plodders" from public schools, men who have, with the maximum of study, passed their matric. or higher exams., go in for such safe jobs as are offered by banks and Government offices.

They are termed safe for several reasons.

Firstly, because there is little or no chance of the firms' ever breaking, and, secondly, because so long as a man keeps regular hours, does his methodical work and generally behaves himself he need never fear the sack. Thirdly, because he has a special scale of rises arranged for his benefit.

But there are many men, and clever men, too, who would never dream of settling down to such an easy-going existence.

Few journalists, for instance, could stand the feeling of knowing what they might expect in the way of salary for the following ten or twenty years. The pleasures of the unexpected count for much in the average man's career.

ECHOES OF CHRISTMAS.

While we welcome the advent of the festive season with metaphorically open arms, there are certain Christmas concomitants which have become so familiar as to be tedious.

For instance, when you stand a man a drink at any time between December 23 and January 2, he is almost sure to lift his glass and say "Compliments of the Season." This is a sentence you hear so often that you are not sorry when the "season" is over, and men say "Here's Hooray" or "Good luck" again.

The "greetings" on Christmas cards, too, have a certain sameness about them.

Why, instead of a "Merry Christmas and a Blithe New Year," cannot the talented authors of such literature think out a few new phrases?

FORWARD FINESSE

By R. WHITTINGHAM,

The Chelsea Inside-Right.

As every keen player has in him the germs of first-class form, I daresay a good many readers will welcome a few hints on forward play, and also, I hope, derive benefit from them.

Let us take the outsides first. We all know that one of the main requirements of the extreme winger is great speed. He is repeatedly getting chances of making ground up the field with a long run; and if he is clever, he is of the utmost service to his side. But, mark you, speed is of little use to him, if he has not skill as well.

For instance, a winger may get away with the ball and dash along with it for a short distance, only to find the way blocked by a heavy opponent. What he should do then is to pass at once, and then get into a good position to resume his run should he receive the ball a second time. Of all forwards, he must be the least selfish.

He is handicapped, too, in a way, by the fact that he has only one direction in which he can pass the ball. He has not the opportunities for tricky passing tactics that his insides possess, such as pretending to pass in one direction and then sending the ball in the other.

TACTICS IN PASSING.

This is why the outside forward must be such an accurate and quick passer, for when he gets an opportunity to pass he must make sure of bringing it off.

Many an outside centres the ball wrongly. He will take it right down the ground, and then turn, hook the ball round, and pass it to the centre.

In this way he gives the defence ample time to get back in front of the goal, and his pass is generally unsuccessful.

What he should do is to pass just before he gets to the back. He should centre the ball on the run, and along the ground. And immediately he has centred, he should put himself into the best possible position to make use of the leather if it is sent out to him again.

DODGES AND DRIBBLING.

Now we get to the inside men. They must be good dribblers, as clever in this department as the winger is fleet of foot. They must have all manner of dodges at their fingers' ends—or rather at their toes' ends. (Excuse the little jest, won't you?)

They are the links between the centre-forward and his outside men; so that they must also be adepts in the art of passing. Unless they pass well, the whole forward line will be practically helpless.

They are called upon—if not more than, at any rate fully as much as, any other men in the team—to use their brains. In an emergency—and every incident is an emergency in football—they must make up their minds in a flash whom they are to pass to—in most cases either to the centre or the outside man. Thus we see that most of their passing is of the "short" variety.

CENTRE-FORWARD PLAY.

But it is not always so, however. The inside men must always keep their eyes well open for a pass to the opposite wing. When an inside forward has the leather, the opposing defence as a rule concentrate in his direction, so that the opposite wing is very often unmarked. Thus, an opportune pass to the other inside or winger will often result in the gaining of a lot of ground.

A word, now, about the centre-forward. It is easy to realise that his is the most responsible position in the whole attacking line.

He acts as a sort of pivot for the forward line to turn on; and if he is a poor player, the harm he does to the side is incalculable. Whereas an inefficient inside player spoils only the work of his own wing, the centre-forward by bad play throws both wings out of gear and puts skilful and clever combination out of the question.

The man who wants to be a good centre-forward should practise continually dribbling and kicking with either foot. And in view of the fact that there are four other men whom he is constantly feeding, he must make his passing flawless for accuracy and judgment.

Above all, he must be a "brainy" man. He must take in at a glance the relative positions of the defence, and form the best judgment he can of the possibilities held by the different men in his own forward line.

FEEDING THE OUTSIDE MEN.

Very many centres are far too inclined to neglect their outside men. On big grounds it is almost always paying to feed the wingers fairly consistently, for with an open ground in front of him, a fast man with the ball at his toes will gain a lot more ground than would be covered by short passing between the insides with the opposing halves continually worrying them.

A very important piece of advice to keen centre-forwards.

Always keep in your place. It is bad policy for any forward to run about all over the ground, but for the centre to leave his sphere of operations is incalculably dangerous. If he does, how can he be on the spot to receive a sharp centre from one of his wings?

As a whole, the forwards should keep their brains busy from the kick-off to the final whistle. If they are not momentarily dealing with the ball, it should be occupying their thoughts all the same. They should be always putting themselves into such a position as to make the other players' work easier. There is no greater sign than this of really artistic forward play.

CAN WELLS BEAT JOHNSON?

This is a question which is interesting every Englishman in varying degrees at the present time, and the present writer put it to Mr. Eugene Corri the other day, with the result that he gleaned the following information.

To look at, Wells does not strike one as being extremely robust, but experienced judges liken him to that great champion, Sam Baxter, who had arms like long clay pipes, but who used to knock his opponents out like ninepins. Very few ever stood three rounds against him.

Wells is not unlike Fitzsimmons in build, except that the former has better legs.

He has, of course, a lot to learn, but he is a teetotaller, and a non-smoker, and he has come on a lot lately, so that, as Mr. Corri observed with meaning, "there is no knowing what he might do."

THE COMPLETE AMORIST.

HIS METHODS AND HIS FRIENDS.

I suppose when one comes to analyse the motto of my friend, Anerly the Amori... is not without its merit.

"My boy," he says to me when I inspect some new conquest of his in the form of yet another addition to his collection of photographed beauties, "I do *not* love the girl. Understand that. My motto is 'Love all a little and yourself a great deal.'"

And the reason that Anerly can act up to that comfortable motto is that casual flirtation is to him a hobby. To imagine Anerly "serious" is to brand yourself as extremely short-sighted.

You must not mistake the sportsman's keenness on his hobby that often shows itself in Anerly for that.

I will admit that it seems hard to believe, but the reason Anerly is in such a good position in the business world to-day is because he refused to stay in a slave-driving office where he got no time even to write little invitations to the theatre.

Without experiencing any great difficulty he got into a place that possessed the dual attractions of (1) believing so much in itself that following Isaiah's oft-quoted line, it did "make haste," and (2) of using most superior stationery. Both are advantages to a man who has given up backing horses and keeping rabbits in favour of flirtation.

If you are a friend of Anerly's, you soon find out that you are merely just what the Racing Guide is to a backer of horses, or the "Fur and Feather" to an exhibitor of Flemish Giants. You are either useful or you are *non est*.

I wondered why he became so very friendly with the insignificant-looking little Chickfield, the purveyor of sweets to the élite of the district. But it was fully revealed to me one night when I met him, carrying a huge ornamental box of chocolates under his arm.

"Good heavens!" I said. "You come into an odd million or so?"

"Not exactly, old man," said Anerly. "You see I get this off little Chickfield at cost price."

On the same principle, he frequently calls in the leading jeweller and stands him a very welcome glass of whisky from his own decanter on Sunday mornings when blankness prevails in the drinking community because all the public-houses are shut.

Both of these friends of his I like and respect, but when Anerly had followed up his introduction to me of a Viennese musical professor—very greasy—by producing a Calcutta Babu of seditious ideas as "one of his best pals," I must admit I drew the line, which, as Anerly said, I certainly should not have done if my hobby had been similar to his own.

"You never know," he said, "when you may find it very helpful to be in India or in Austria by proxy. Simply send a note along to a native in either Vienna or Calcutta—a man you can trust. He posts it for you and with the stamp and postmark all corroborative evidence, there you are!

"On receiving the letter from afar, she gives up pestering you with notes to the office. Savvy?"

I do. Very often when I look in on Anerly casually, he asks me for a neat phrase—something that will express the old, old story in a new and attractive way. And I immediately puzzle my brains to supply his requirements.

I know that should the day come that finds me unable to supply such a sentence, I shall no more be numbered among the friends of the complete amorist.

L. GARSIDE.

SUGGESTED CLUB RULES.

A FEW HINTS FOR THOSE WHO ARE ORGANISING "MODERN MAN" CLUBS.

At the request of many readers who are interested in the formation of MODERN MAN Clubs throughout the country, I venture to give a few rules which may assist the organisers of the various clubs.

For many of these suggestions I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. George Lord, the Secretary of the Brighton and Hove MODERN MAN Club.

I should like it to be understood that all these rules are entirely adaptable. I am merely suggesting them as likely to be suitable. They may be altered by the organisers of any particular club to meet particular needs.

For example, in a working-class neighbourhood it may be highly advisable to have the subscriptions paid weekly in small amounts, instead of annually in larger sums.

This is but one point where the rules may require amending. I do not set them up as ideal, but they will, I trust, be very useful to the secretaries of the many clubs which are now being formed in connection with this paper.

(1) The object of the Club shall be to promote good-fellowship and good sportsmanship in every possible way.

(2) The Club shall be called "The *(Here fill in the name of the particular town concerned.)* MODERN MAN Club."

(3) Membership of the Club shall be open to all above the age of 17.

(4) No candidate for membership shall be permitted to become a member without the full approval of the Committee.

(5) The Committee reserve the right to refuse admission to any candidate, without assigning any reason.

(6) The Entrance Fee shall be 2s. 6d., payable as soon as a member is accepted, and the Annual Subscription 5s., payable on the 1st September in each year. New members to pay Annual Subscription within one month from joining the Club.

(The amounts here named may be altered according to the number of members in the particular club concerned. Where there are many, the subscriptions can be greatly reduced. The figures here given are merely by way of suggestion.

(7) The affairs of the Club shall be managed by a Committee, consisting of the President, Vice-Presidents, Captain, Vice-Captain, Secretary, Assistant Secretaries, Treasurer, and seven other members to be elected. Five to form a quorum.

(8) The Annual General Meeting shall be held in July of each year, when the Secretary shall submit his Annual Report and Balance-Sheet, and election of Officers for the ensuing year shall take place, retiring Officers to be eligible for re-election.

(9) A Special General Meeting shall be called upon the requisition (in writing) of the President, or twelve members of the Club, and only business contained in such requisition shall be conducted at such meetings.

(10) The Committee shall have power to fill up any vacancies which may occur during the current year.

(11) The Committee shall also have power, after reasonable consideration at a representative meeting, to fine or expel any member who shall be guilty of ungentlemanly behaviour, or who wilfully infringes any rule of the Club; any member so expelled shall forfeit all amounts paid by him to the Club.

(12) All members competing for any Competitions arranged by the Club shall be Amateurs, as defined by the Laws of the Amateur Athletic Association, and all Competitions shall be conducted in strict accordance with the rules of that body.

(13) No member whose subscriptions are in arrear shall be allowed to take part in any competition until these have been paid up.

(14) The Committee shall be empowered to enter any team or teams for any competitions at any Amateur Athletic Meetings.

(15) No alterations to the foregoing Rules shall be made, except at a General Meeting and with a majority of two-thirds of those present at such meeting, and in all cases seven days' notice of any proposed alteration must be given.

THE EDITOR.

VARIABLE GEARS.

ADVANTAGES THEY OFFER TO CYCLISTS.

Much of the prejudice against variable gears is due to the undeniably complicated nature of these most useful adjuncts of the cyclist's outfit. That they are difficult to understand is partly shown by the fact that no cyclist who has not an exceptional eye for machinery ever attempts to remedy any defect which may appear in his three- or two-speed gear.

But despite its occasional deviation from the ideal, the variable gear is the greatest of modern cycle inventions. Few cyclists, after having availed themselves of its advantages, ever return to the single geared machine.

The greatest boon conferred by the variable gear is the ease with which it allows the rider to ascend the steepest hill, while hardly less important is the pleasure it gives by enabling one to race along a straight country road on the "high" at a speed never to be indulged in by the rider of a "70-in." gear.

Where an easy decline is encountered the rider of a single-geared machine (say 70-in.) can only accomplish a speed of sixteen or eighteen miles an hour with the greatest difficulty, and the maximum of discomfort, so rapidly do his legs revolve with the pedals.

A 90-in. gear, however, will enable him to do upwards of twenty miles an hour with comparative ease.

In choosing a variable gear it is essential to procure the production of a well-known firm of makers. You are then sure of a well-tested article, and, in the event of anything going wrong, a local man will probably know the pattern, or, better still, the makers themselves will undertake the repair, often under a guarantee.

A CHRISTMAS RACE.

WAITING FOR THE FALL OF THE FLAG.

It was a big meeting. From round about the neighbouring counties many of the best athletes had turned up to compete, and the concourse of spectators was greater than at any previous gathering on our ground.

The conversation was lively and incessant, and I could hear, now and again, people discussing the chances of the seven who were to make the race for the three-quarter mile. I was one of these, and the six others were all tried and proved runners of considerable mettle.

Still, I too had done a few things on the track that were not altogether flukes, and I had trained to the last step. I had a chance.

The buzz of conversation continued around me, and it was not unflattering to hear my own name mentioned occasionally. Exactly what was said I could not tell.

Then, quickly the noise of talk died down. Men and women seemed to be moving to the side of the track. "Come along," I heard some one say, and in my excited state I did not stay to remark that the words were said in a whisper.

A move was made to the starting point, and I found myself getting ready to toe the line. Already some of my opponents had thrown off their wraps, and handed them to their friends, and last words of encouragement and cheer were being said by the supporters of each one.

My own companion buoyed me up with thoughts of victory. There was nobody in the crowd that I need fear; I was sure to win if I did not get excited.

I remember telling him that I was as cool as a cucumber, although, in truth, my heart was thumping hard and fast.

The names were written upon the big black board near the judge's pavilion, and we all trooped out to the starting-point—seven of us, sleek, trained and eager to see the fall of the flag that would set us away down the track.

Even in the smallest events of life—this race for instance—the fact that it was a race in which we were all to start level at a certain signal which none of us knew exactly when to expect, caused a disconcerting flutter through every man lined up there at the post.

All my attention was concentrated on that flag in the starter's hand, now raised above his head.

What an eternity it seemed! When would he drop it?

By now all thought of the crowds on either side had left my mind. I was as utterly alone as if I had been planted on a desert island. The world just now consisted of me and a flag—a flag that would never drop.

Taking advantage of the delay, I eased my foot and got a better grip of the ground for the first start, which meant so much in the race.

A vague, uneasy feeling spread over me that the delay was caused by something not quite in order. What it was I could not tell.

It was stupid to speculate like this, I thought. Of course every race is started like this. The seconds before the flag falls always seem like hours to excited sprinters.

In the midst of these vague speculations I saw the flag rise a little higher over the starter's head preparatory to a sudden descent.

Yes! Then down it went, and off I shot like a flash of lightning——

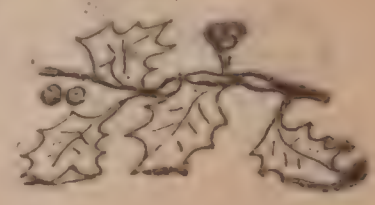
* * * * * * *

Crash! A terrific, shivering rattle startled me into consciousness. In my dream I had landed out heavily with one foot just as the race started—and had sent fender, fireirons, and a screen in a heap into the corner of the room.

And I was all alone! But half an hour previously there had been a family party round the fire chatting merrily.

They had vanished, and on inquiry I learned that they had stolen quietly out, and had gone for an hour's walk in the afternoon air, leaving me to my forty winks and the Christmas race.

JOHN K. HUMPHRIES.

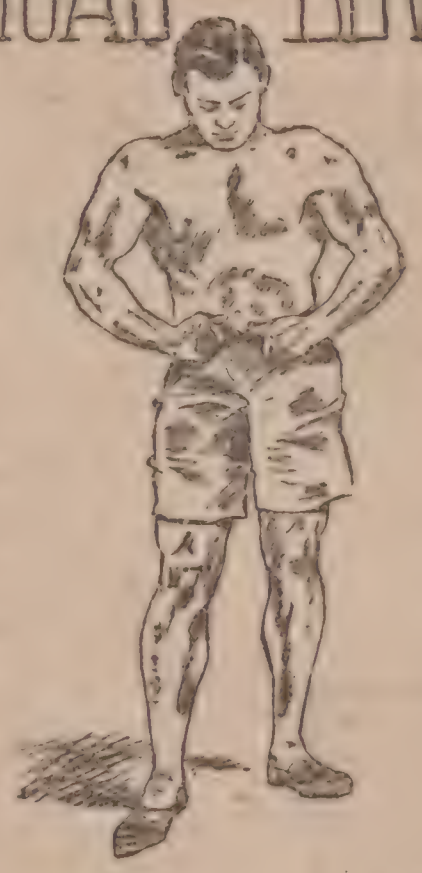


RAPID · PHYSICAL · DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.



WEARING A BELT.

It is rather strange that the waist, situated as it is near many vital organs, is more or less unprotected by strong muscles.

Thus we find that the invalid is often ordered by his doctor to wear a belt, which acts as a kind of support.

Weight-lifters and athletes whose work involves a short but strenuous spell of exertion, invariably wear belts, some, indeed, have special belts for their various feats.

The sprinter, on the other hand, and all athletes whose sport requires constant breathing and lengthy endurance, cannot show up to advantage with the waist compressed in any way.

As a rule the runner slips the top of his drawers to the hips, so giving the waist entire freedom.

The ordinary athlete, however, finds a belt to be most useful.

EXERCISES FOR THE NECK.

Standing in an upright position, bend the neck forward until it comes into contact with the chest.

Repeat ten times and commence bending the neck backwards to the fullest extent.

Now flex the neck from side to side.

The next, and most important, movement is the drawing in of the neck to the chest.

Do not cramp the chest.

This must be repeated at least ten times, and despite its apparent simplicity, it constitutes a most useful exercise.

Throughout this series the chest must be kept well out, the arms hanging loosely at the sides. Many minor athletes are apt to neglect the smaller muscles, concentrating their whole attention on enlarging their biceps and leg muscles. This is a great mistake for exercises such as this amply repay practice.

FOR SEDENTARY WORKERS.

We should all like to have muscles like Hackensmidt or Inch, but the sedentary worker need never trouble about the gaining of gigantic strength.

Indeed, it is almost impossible for the man who spends the major part of the day at a desk to build up for himself such muscular development.

The office worker should turn his attention rather to the health side, and in the attainment of this end he will amass enough physical strength for his own requirements.

A man of huge muscular build needs a large outlet for his strength, and gigantic development takes a lot of keeping up.

To be above the average, but not necessarily to rival the professional ring or mat man, should be the object of the sedentary worker, and it is to this end that the exercises and hints on this page are designed.

I have never advocated that a large amount of time shall be devoted daily to physical culture. The point I always force home is the advisability of a regular morning ten minutes or so.

A DRAWING-ROOM FEAT.

Drawing-room tricks usually come in for a large amount of attention during this season of the year, and a few "physical" feats often provide a pleasing variety.

To the uninitiated, the breaking of a pencil with the forefinger would appear to require some considerable muscular strength and a particularly hard finger.

To anyone with moderately stiff skin, however, the performance is quite easy.

Ask a friend to hold firmly the two ends of a pencil.

Stiffening the forefinger, raise the hand above the head and bring it smartly upon the middle of the pencil, which will immediately snap.

In lowering the hand, bring the shoulder forward and contract the biceps.

With practice, and strength only a little above the average, it is possible to break two pencils simultaneously.

FOR ARMS AND LEGS.

Commence this exercise in an erect position, the chest thrust well forward, head up, and the heels just touching.

Sink slowly, bending the legs at the knees, and, at the same time, raising the arms until they reach the level of the shoulders.

Variety may be introduced by raising the arms to the horizontal before sinking, and a beneficial exercise is formed by placing the hands to the hips and pressing the chest forward.

Keep your balance.

The great thing in these movements is to retain complete commend over the trunk and legs, to stop any tendency to stoop forward, and prevent any disaster that might arise from lack of balancing powers.

The feet are, of course, raised on the toes while the exercise is in progress.

COMPETITIVE DEVELOPMENT.

The man who takes his exercise alone is apt, on occasions, to neglect physical culture for an apparently more interesting pleasure.

Sometimes he will postpone his exertions, while, on such cold mornings as we are now experiencing he is more than likely to spend his physical development ten minutes between the sheets.

Where the competitive element is introduced, however, a man is spurred on to devote his regular time to the improvement of his physical strength by thoughts of a contest to come.

It is always advisable, whenever possible, to work in conjunction with a friend.

A good idea in this connection is to take regular measurements, comparing them with those of your friend at fixed intervals.

There is always a feeling of satisfaction to the man who adds the most to his biceps in a couple of months, and the less successful one may be relied upon to do his best to catch up.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

Last week I referred to the uneasy pose adopted by some athletes who figure prominently upon the variety boards.

One is glad to think, however, that these pictures are in the minority when all athletes are taken into consideration; exponents of physical culture often pay special atten ion to the task of suitably posing for the photographer.

Thus a few framed photos of athletes look well and are appropriate to a man's wall.

A good plan is to make a selection of half-a-dozen, placing them in one long frame, each being divided by a wooden strip.

A collection of such portraits is most useful to the man who aims at physical strength. He is able to judge the strong points of the athletes who favour his own special sport, and he orders his methods accordingly.

Boxing, Ju-jitsu, Wrestling, Weight-Lifting

and exercises for health, strength, and development taught privately, in classes, and Junior Sporting Club. Very moderate terms. Tuition by post a speciality. Boxing Gloves and postal lessons, 10s. Sweaters (wool) from 3s. 6d. Punch Balls from 6s. 3d. Other sporting outfits, &c., at equally low prices. Illustrated Book on Ju-jitsu and particulars for two penny stamps from

VERNON SMITH (Instructor Volunteers), adjoining BUSH HOTEL, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, LONDON, W.

TATTOOING

Artistically executed. Over 16 years' experience with Army and Navy men. Bad work covered. Outfits sold. Send for free list "M.M.,"

G. BURCHETT (the famous tattoo artist),
98, Waterloo Road, London, S.E.
(Between station and bridge).

£4 TO £7 EARNED WEEKLY

BY MEN and WOMEN at HOME or TRAVELLING.

LET US START YOU.

No experience needed. Our Agents made over £5,000 last two months, supplying the enormous demand for our famous "CENTURY THERMAL" BATH CABINET, and appointing Sub-Agents. Mr. Blake, of Wolverhampton, made £72 the first three months. Mr. Kitson, of Blackpool, made £31 the first month. Miss Elsie Cooper, £63 while teaching. J. W. Markham, clerk, £39 in six weeks.

EVERYBODY BUYS! business men, families and physicians.

WHY WORK FOR OTHERS?

Be Your Own Master!

Write for Agent's Proposition No. 556, and mention THE MODERN MAN.

CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, Ltd.
(Dept. 556), **205, Regent Street, London, W.**

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

Smarter and More Amusing than Ever.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday,

At 52, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE BY POST

Important Investigation by "The Modern Man."

EVERY reader probably knows that an advertiser has to be *genuine* before he can regularly book space in *The Modern Man.*

As I have had the pleasure of advertising some time and am doing an extensive business with readers of that paper, I personally suggested that my business should be investigated. . . .

To prove that my claims: (1) That I am personally conducting the business in every way, and that it is not simply a money-making concern; (2) That all my statements and claims with regard to testimonials, &c., and the way in which my business is conducted, are perfectly true.

I now reprint below a full report from the Editor of *The Modern Man.*

THOMAS INCH,
Britain's Strongest Man.

Write now for my free book, "HEALTH AT HOME," which will be sent you by the next post certain, free, and post paid, and in sending you I will enclose other booklets which will be certain to interest you.

You may rely on it that you are dealing direct with me, and that you will have personal attention at the hands of a man who has made a life study of the deep and enthralling subject of Physical Culture.

I particularly appeal to sedentary workers, anxious to improve in health, or to young fellows anxious to improve their physical development.

I can guarantee a 40-inch chest to most young men, and can positively cure the following ailments and physical defects.

Constipation, Indigestion, Obesity, Emaciation, Heart Troubles, Nervous Disorders, Stunted Growth (if under 25), Bad Circulation, Insomnia, Rounded Shoulders, and Flat Chests, etc., etc.

I am particularly expert and successful in training pupils for participation in all sports and pastimes. I have had excellent results, I hold many testimonials with regard to improvements recorded by pupils anxious to excel at different sports and games.

"THE MODERN MAN."

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

EDITOR:—J. A. SHEPHERD, Westinghouse Building, Strand.

Thomas Inch, Esq., Munster House, 676 and 676a, Fulham Road, S.W.

Dear Mr. Inch,

From the earliest foundation of THE MODERN MAN it has been my endeavour to protect my readers, as far as posible, by ensuring that all advertisements appearing in its columns should be perfectly genuine.

While I have carefully excluded from my pages all advertisements of people whose goods or whose dealings I had reason to suspect, it has always given me great pleasure to recommend those advertisers of whose bona-fides I am assured.

I have had abundant proof of the excellence of your own methods. Not only have several of my own personal friends benefited greatly by your treatment, but I have also received many letters from readers who are most enthusiastic as to the benefits they have derived from your course. In this connection I may inform you that I have never at any time had one solitary complaint from any reader who has had dealings with you. I have, therefore, had great pleasure in recommending your courses to those who have asked my opinion concerning them.

Nevertheless, it was with pleasure that, in accordance with your suggestion, I sent a representative of THE MODERN MAN to investigate your business thoroughly, and to assure himself that every statement you have made in your advertisements was plain facts, and that the claims that you have made were fully justified.

These investigations he carried out most thoroughly, and I beg to thank you for the courtesy with which you, yourself, showed him every detail of your methods and of the up-to-date equipment of the large premises to which the expansion of your business has necessitated your removal.

He was especially impressed with the fact that the whole of this large establishment is directly under your own personal control, and that the whole of the correspondence passes through your own hands, and that your claim that every pupil received personal attention from you was true in every particular. It is this point, perhaps, which constitutes the chief advantage of your system over those of other Physical Culture Experts, who prescribe the same course of exercises for men and women, for old and young, for the strong and the delicate, without taking the trouble to inquire into the individual requirements of the pupil.

That such close personal attention should be possible in the case of every one of the 42,000 pupils who have passed through your hands, is due entirely to the perfection of your business organisation, and to the wonderful systems of filing which, I understand you have yourself invented. Some of these are so original and so accurate that I intend to adopt them in my own offices.

My representative was especially impressed, as I have been myself on those occasions when I have had the pleasure of meeting you, with this remarkable grip of business methods, which distinguished you from other "strong men." In this, no doubt, lies the reason of your success, for while they are content to be run by syndicates of business men, and merely to lend their name and to pose for photographs, you direct every detail of your business in person, and interest yourself personally in every pupil.

How much this is appreciated by the latter is shown by the thousands of testimonials which are so neatly filed in your offices, and which were inspected by my representative.

He also saw with interest the work of the different departments of Munster House in actual progress—the long rows of typewriters at work, the filing cabinets and shelves that line the walls, the making of the developers and other appliances which are supplied to your pupils, and even the up-to-date telephone system that enables you to converse with any department in the building, and to know when any other telephone instrument in it is in use.

He informs me that your new offices are capable of housing 200 clerks. At your present rate of progress I imagine you will soon require to make even further expansion. You may always rely upon me to support you in every possible way, for in your own work as an efficient teacher of physical culture you are rendering the public a great service.

Yours very faithfully,

(Signed) J. A. SHEPHERD.

THOMAS INCH, Physical Culture Expert,

Dept. M.M. 676, 676a, FULHAM ROAD, FULHAM, S.W.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE DEVIL IN OXFORD

By G. MULLIGAN.

We had been talking of all things under the sun, as one talks only with a sympathetic friend, when the hour and place are suitable. From politics we had passed to art, from art to literature, from literature to psychology.

"Of course," I said, after a pause, taking up another thread of the subject, "psychology has proved clearly that the 'evil one' is only a figure of speech; temptation is a question of one's inclinations and the tendency of thought currents in the brain. The Devil is obsolete."

Jarvis did not answer, but knocked the ashes out of his pipe with a peculiar expression on his face.

"What," I said, settling down to a comfortable argument, "you don't agree? You are old-fashioned enough——"

"There are many mysteries unfathomed as yet, in insanity and dual personalities, for example, things you would find it difficult to explain by the semi-mechanical theory of brain currents," he replied. "However, I am thinking, not of theories, but of an episode."

He paused, and looked at me doubtfully.

"I'm listening," I said, passing him the tobacco.

He waved it aside.

"I have never told anyone of this experience before—for obvious reasons—but this fire invites confidences. Anyway, I will give you the facts, and you can think what you like of them."

From most men I should have considered such a commencement as suspicious, but I knew Jarvis too well to think he was joking. When he speaks in that tone he is absolutely serious.

"It happened at Oxford," he began, relighting his pipe and puffing gently. "About a dozen of us used to meet together for discussions on all sorts of subjects, like the young Tennyson and his friends.

"We were very much in earnest, of course, and were going to reform the world in a number of ways.

"The little club did us good. It engendered a healthy spirit of enthusiasm, gave us a respect for the noble in life, and kept us from frittering away our time.

"Well, one evening Henley brought a stranger into our circle. He was a newcomer in Oxford. Henley, having met him somewhere or other, had been struck with his scholarship and dazzled by his unorthodox views, so he brought him in to give us a treat.

"We soon found that his name was the only commonplace thing about Robson.

"Tall, fair-haired, with strong, intellectual features, and a pair of keen, deep-set eyes, his speech was brilliant, his knowledge profound, his versatility amazing.

"He could talk art with Henley, sport with Wilson, geology with St. John, better than the enthusiasts themselves.

"We were delighted, dazzled, pressed him to come again, and he speedily acquired an influence among us in keeping with his usual powers, an influence which, unfortunately, was all for the bad, for a biting sarcasm tinged his conversation, reducing all things to one level, and making the great seem mean, the noble ridiculous.

"On his second visit, he found some of us discussing those fine lines: 'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power.'

"Robson laughed, a cynical laugh, that cut like a knife into the ardent buzz of conversation.

"'Self-control' he said. 'Most of you do not know the meaning of the word. You shut yourselves away from pleasures, lose half the joy of existence, and call it self-control.

"'Give me the man who tastes all that life can give? You young fellows know less of life than those (a group of noisy students were passing). And to my mind, you are both wrong.

"'The pleasures of intellect are glorious, but why lose all else? Could Goethe have written "Faust" shut up in a monastery? There is a whole world, even here in Oxford, that you do not know.

"'To taste wine, the beauty of women, the exultation of the race, or the passion of the gambling saloon does not mean that you must be dragged in the mire by these things. I use the word "taste" advisedly.

"'Why should not one experience every pleasure that life can give? Then you have a mind infinitely enriched. Then you know the full glory of living if you excercise self-control. You need be neither a monk nor a roué. That's my theory of life.'

"I can give you his meaning, but cannot reproduce his speech. He was wonderfully convincing, covering the ugly gaps in his doctrine with a fine tissue of words.

"You can see the result of this teaching, of course—young minds thrown off their balance, the breaking-up of our club, many of the youngsters plunging into dissipation, and Robson urging them on under cover of his subtle philosophy.

"An intense hatred began to take possession of me.

"He could not fail to see that his theories must have a disastrous effect upon the average man, that only the few can stand firm in the face of temptation so recklessly encountered. His keen intelligence could not overlook so obvious a fact, and he was not an enthusiast blinded by his ideals.

"The conviction was forced on me that he was utterly indifferent to the havoc he was working in young minds—indifferent, if indeed he did not take a positive pleasure in leading them astray.

"Henley could tell me nothing of the man, except that he had travelled practically all over the world.

"He never spoke of his relations or friends, and a deep-rooted dislike to religion in any form was another of his characteristics. He told Henley laughingly once that he would sooner die than set foot in a church.

"He had been known to us about six months when I heard one day that St. John had committed suicide.

"The facts were ugly, and the authorities tried to hush the matter up as much as possible. Gambling debts—and he could not face exposure—on the top of some trouble at home.

"He was a good-natured young devil, but unstable, and had been swept off his feet by Robson. I knew at once that the fault was his, and my anger flamed up afresh.

"As it chanced, I met Robson an hour later, and curtly told him the news, looking in vain for a sign of pity or regret. Instead, a flicker of evil triumph lit up his eyes, which I shall never forget.

"'He has sown the wind, and must reap the whirlwind. A man who cannot control himself surely deserves his fate,' he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, and left me haunted by his expression.

"I went to a lecture, and his face came between me and the lecturer, driving everything else from my mind.

"I said to myself that it was the face of a fiend—and then somehow the word leapt at me—a fiend—suppose in very truth!

"I reasoned with myself, but it was useless. The thought was horrible, insane, yet it grew and filled my mind. The man's look!—I paced my room that evening like a madman.

"An idea occurred to me. Absurd though it might be, I would put the matter to a test. I had in my bedroom a very beautiful painting of the Christ, crowned with thorns, whose deep eyes held a look of infinite compassion for sinning humanity. I took the picture down, and wrapped it carefully in brown paper.

"Putting it under my arm, I went to his rooms. He was not expected back until late, the landlady said; but she knew me, and admitted me to his rooms on hearing I had a message for him.

"Untying my parcel, I placed the picture on the mantelshelf, where it would meet his eyes as he entered. Then I left the house.

"Twice I called myself a madman and turned back, but something impelled me to stop.

"To-morrow Robson would be asking who had made him a present, I thought, and would never have a glimmering of my fantastic purpose.

"The next day, however, I saw nothing of Robson, and the day after met Henley.

"Had I heard the news of Robson? he asked. No? It was the strangest thing. He had left Oxford the night before last. Got back from Bentley's about five in the morning, called up his landlady—like a fury, she says—swore they had done something—goodness knows what—to his rooms, and he could not stay in them a minute longer. Of course, she expostulated, but to no purpose. He paid up and was off, bag and baggage. Would not even go into his room for his clothes, had them brought out, trunk and all, on to the landing, and packed there, storming the whole time. Whatever was wrong with the man? He was always so absolutely self-possessed and sane. A day or two ago he was talking of staying in Oxford for at least another six months.

"That was the last any of us saw or heard of Robson.

"Of course, I know what you will say—what any rational being would say. There might be a hundred reasons for his departure—the illness of a friend, a lost speculation—anything. But you will admit that it was at least strange. And if you had seen his look that day——"

His voice trailed off into silence, broken after a few minutes by the sharp thud of a cinder falling into the grate.

"Now you know why I believe in an active principle of evil. Come, call me a fool," he said.

But I drew my chair closer to the fire without reply.

UNSPORTING AMERICANS.

Why is it that Americans are such bad losers? Individually they are good sportsmen enough, but collectively they cannot bear to be beaten.

Take the America Cup. It is unlikely that we shall ever recover it, for the simple reason that the Yankee yachtsman will never give us a fair chance of doing so.

At the Olympic Games the bad sportsmanship of the American contingent was a by-word, while at the recent aviation contests in America Mr. Grahame White was tempted to describe the authorities as a "bunch of bally bandits."

The childishness of the Americans in priding themselves on victories which are not worth having because no fair contest has been allowed, or the battle has been won by foul means, is really curious when we remember that they come of English stock.

As a rule, however, the unsporting American is a hybrid, which accounts for his "peculiarities."

OUR COUNTRYMEN, AND WE ARE PROUD OF THEM.

[We print below a further instalment of the list of members in THE MODERN MAN *League. Names received too late for the general list will be printed later.]*

CHERITON.
C. J. COMAN, 21, High Street.

CHESHAM.
R. BAKER, 39, High m Road.

CHESHUNT.
A. G CASE, Bury Green.
F. A. ROOKE, 47, College Road.

CHESTER.
J. DRINKWATER, 19, Cambridge Road, Ellesmere Port.
C. G. NEVATT, 1, Heo'e Park.
E. PIERCE, 33, Bradford Street.
G. PINNINGTON, 93, Brook Street.
C. T. PRYCE, Clwyd House, Westminster Park.
W. J. TAYLOR, Mount Pleasant, Saltney.
O. SUTCLIFFE, The College.

CHURCH.
T. HAIGHTON, 12, Barnes Street.

CIRENCESTER.
C. P. JENKS, 4, Dollar Street.
J. NEWMAN, 4, Dollar Street.
A. C. PECKHAM, Cricklade Street.
A. SMITH, Cricklade Street.
F. THORNHILL, 4, Dollar Street.

CLAYTON LE MOORS,
T. H. PIMLOTT, 134, Blackburn Road.

CLAYTON LE WOODS.
A. B CHARNOCK, Preston New Road.
W. LANCASTER, 7, County Terrace.

CLEATOR MOOR.
W. H. GRIBBINS, 8, Whitehaven Road.

CLECKHEATON.
W. BALMFORD, Church Street.
W. H. HEWITT, 12 Vine Street.
F. STANSFIELD, Cheapside Corner.

CLEETHORPES.
S. DIXON, 19, Bursar Street.
C. FRISBY, 11, Isaac's Hill.
F. D. JESSOP, 5, Isaac's Hill.
A. E. KENNINGTON, 103, Brereton Avenue.
H. MASON, 39, College Street.
MILLS, 14 Danby Street
ROCHE, 39, Alexandra Road.
R. THOMPSON, 38, Alexandra Road.
E. VICKERS, 38, Alexandra Road.
B. VINSON, 14, New Road.
A. WELLS, 39, Wollaston Road.

CLONTARF.
D. R. W. WIGGINS, 42, St. Lawrence Road.
A. E. WILKIN, Kelvin Bank, Hollybrook Road.

CLYDEBANK.
W. A. BOTHWELL, 63, Barns Street.
J. CAMPBELL, 209, Glasgow Road.
J. COUPERTHWAITE, 14, Clarence Street.
A. W. FINLAY, 15, Radnor Street, Radnor Park.
R. MELVILLE, 12, Livingstone Street.
A. WILSON, 66, Second Avenue, Radnor Park.

COALVILLE.
V. EWART-BEARD, The Hermitage.
T. HART, Bakewell Street.

COATBRIDGE.
M. F. BARR, Daisy Bank, Lefroy Street.
J. CROSS, 107, Dunbeth Road.
W. KERR, 93, Alexander Street.
J. McCHEADLE, 25, Burnbank Road.
J. WALKER, 23, Albert Street.
J. F. WATSON, Knockatee, John Street.
J. WATT, Hollandhurst.
W. G. WOTHERSPOON, 91, Main Street.

COLCHESTER.
C. F. BACON, 43, Beaconsfield Avenue.
F. A. BOWKER; 45, Fairfax Road.
B. C. BUCK, "Glencroft," Hamilton Road.
H. V. CLARK, The Waltings, St. Peter's Street.
F. HEFFER, Passenger Dept., Hythe Station.
P. NORMAN, 13, Albion Grove

COLDSTREAM.
J. BRIGGS, The Hirsel.
T. LEARMONTH, Kennels, Hirsel.
J. SCHOFIELD, Helensville.

COLESHILL.
W. FILLER.

COLNE.
L. BARRETT, 75, Port'and Street.
J. HANSON, 18, North Street.
J. HILL, 6, Church Street.
G. LEEMING, 87, Windsor Terrace.
W. STARKIE, 378, Burnley Road.
E. TILLOTSON, Newtown Street.

COLVILLE.
A. S. CLARK, Weston.

CONISBRO',
A. FANNESY; 12, Smith Yard.

CONSETT.
J. ELLISON, 28, Belle Vue Terrace.
W. B. GILMOUR, Fell House.
A. SALISBURY, 6, Robson Street.
R. THEWLIS, Rosemount.

CONWAY.
W. HEVEY, Castle Hotel.
W. HILES, Castle Hotel.

(To be continued.)

Sporting Stories

AN IMMORTAL TONGUE.

AUNT REBECCA: "Well, Bobby, dear, did you see Father Christmas this time?"

BOBBY: "No, Auntie; it was too dark to see him, but I heard what he said when he knocked his toe against the bedpost."

ORIGINAL.

MISTRESS (after ringing five times): "Why don't you bring in the Christmas pudding, Jane?"

JANE (proudly): "Well, ma'am, we couldn't get the brandy to light; but it's all right, now, we've poured some paraffin over it."

WHAT COULD HE DO?

Old Snaggletooth (the village miser) was holding forth on the evils of Christmas.

"Someone told me," he said, "that a sixpence had been placed in the pudding. If I ate slowly, searching for the coin, the others would get second and third helpings and would have more chance of gaining the money, while if I ate quickly in order to get an early second helping, I might swallow the sixpence and lose it after all. Was there ever such a trying position for mortal man?"

In the end, we believe, he smashed a tooth on a pudding-baby.

CHRISTMAS FARE.

TAXI "FARE" (after excellent Christmas dinner): "Shuvver, what is the fare?"

"Nineteen and fourpence, sir."

"Well, drive backwards until you come to one and six: That's all I've got."

EXPERIMENTAL.

On the platform of a small Scottish railway station, a Christmas passenger for London beckoned to the one and only porter.

"Do you think this parcel strong enough to trust in the guard's van?" he asked, clapping his thickly-gloved hands.

"I'll just see," said the porter, seizing the bag. Dropping it with a bang, he pointed out that "it'll get *that* here."

Further bangs proclaimed the blows the luckless parcel would suffer at junctions by the way, until finally the contents burst out and lay strewn across the platform.

"It'll get *that* at Carlisle, sir," said the porter; "so if you're thinking of travelling farther, you'd best tie it up tighter."

MAKING THE BEST OF CHRISTMAS.

Despite the efforts of certain writers to deny it, the statement is frequently made by the oldsters among us that the seasons have in a measure changed places—or at any rate their characters.

Nowadays, we are told gloomily, we do not get the "good old Christmas weather," snow inches deep, and frostbound roads ringing under the onslaught of the pedestrian's boot. This is the age of the "sloppy" Christmas, the roads a mass of puddles, and a drizzly rain to take the place of "Nature's White Canopy."

But, after all, what does it matter?

Christmas is a season when most of us stay indoors, making merry over a pipe and glass. The spirit of Christmas has not changed; and when the curtains are drawn cosily over the windows to keep out the chill air, and a good fire burns cheerfully, what do we care about the weather outside?

FOUL RUGBY.

A sensation has been caused in the Rugby world by the recent Richmond v. Blackheath match, in the course of which Blackheath were awarded a try for "obstruction" on the part of Richmond.

The Rugby rule which allows the referee to award a try when he is of opinion that a score has been unfairly prevented is no new one, but very, very seldom is it enforced.

Still it was high time drastic action was taken, for dirty tricks are far too common in modern Rugby. There is too much pushing and elbowing a man in the back when there is a line-out and he is shaping to catch the ball.

Some half-backs consistently try to put the ball into the scrum unfairly, while the forwards are guilty of "foot up" whenever they think that they are screened from view.

This idea of trying to outwit the referee is, of course, hopelessly bad. Rugby offers more opportunities for trickery than Soccer, and it is most essential that players should help the referee, not try to hoodwink him.

In Wales in particular the play is often brutally rough, and in general there is a growing tendency in Rugby to ignore the spirit of the game.

Pipes of Quality

There is a real pleasure in possessing a pipe of the best quality, and the name alone of Bewlay is always enough to vouch for the excellence of a pipe.

Best picked briar, perfectly made, silver mounts, well-balanced and symmetrical designs—all Bewlay Patent Pipes are splendid specimens of pipe-making. Moreover, the

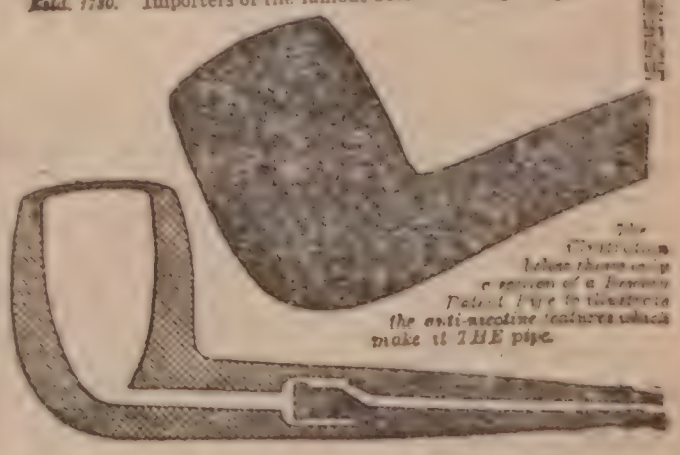
BEWLAY Patent PIPE

is the one through which no nicotine or tobacco-dust can reach the mouth—the pipe that enables the smoker to have a cool, sweet, wholly enjoyable smoke.

In all the best and most popular shapes, 3/6, 5/6, and 6/6.
When ordering, please state shape required.

Further particulars are given in our interesting booklet, **"Pipes of All Peoples,"** sent post free.

BEWLAY & CO., Ltd., 49, STRAND.
Estd. 1730. Importers of the famous Flor de Dindigul Cigars.



SOME ALLEGED THOUGHTS.

By G. CONYERS.

Has it ever occurred to you to reckon up the number of friendships that the makers of good matches are responsible for?

If the truth of the matter has never struck you in that way, think for a moment of the number of life-long ties that you have entered upon, unwittingly, while the flame was burning steadily and, well, was being applied to your pipe or to your cigarette.

A good match puts you in a good mood. You get a satisfactory light—in a train for instance—and you are mellowed for the rest of the journey. And, of course, you talk to the man who kindly gave you the match.

You must not be surprised if within the year you are engaged to his sister, and have made an uncle of him within two years. And it all will be due to the good match, that neither burned unevenly, nor acted like a toy pistol, but lit the flame of friendship that never went out again.

The softer sex, we are educated to believe, are specialists in the ethics of love. Now, should the foregoing observations perchance come to the notice of a match-packer, I would have her remember that hers is a noble work.

For, when you come to analyse it, it is plain enough that good matches are often match-makers, and what in the world is there dearer to a woman's heart? Even ostrich feathers finish a bad second, with seal coats nowhere.

There are times when a good match is worth far more than its weight in gold. Very often on a darksome road you drop a coin, and you can never discover it with one of those hopeless lumpy-headed, bad-stemmed matches that lose their heads whenever any important work is required of them. But, after all, by the things you say about such muddle-brained matches, it is certain that the mildest thing you wish for them is an immediate execution—and they accomplish that act for themselves.

When it happens that the barmaid at your particular little smoke-room is (of course) so different from all other barmaids, that you can excuse yourself for wanting to remove a little of the powder off the tip of her retroussé nose, then, your best allies will be matches.

You must wait until all those who might somewhat deride have gone. Then you go to the match stand—as it is only to light the flame of flirtation it does not matter if some perfect piffler has seen fit to damp the roughed sides whereon he hopes the unwary will strike a match, to his addle-pated amusement.

Tom simply took out the matches and set them forth on the counter. "Now," you say, "look closely, and I will show you something perfectly new in match tricks."

Of course the lady bends her pretty head forward, and a second later she is in a position to declare that trick to be the stalest chestnut in this grey old world.

Which reminds one that the fiend who is everlastingly wanting to show you match tricks is worse than the other fiend who always wants to borrow small sums that will be conveniently forgotten. You can get rid of the tapper by "lending" him the money, but if you lend your ear to a match-trickster you have to stay with it.

I detest a man who carries bad matches. On careful consideration I find it impossible to bring myself to think that anything else than death at a good old-fashioned burning-stake is a suitable punishment to fit his crime.

If, however, popular opinion is against capital punishment, then the lightest sentence I would commute it to is driving a motor-'bus for life.

No matches at all are better than bad matches, as every smoker and every matron with four marriageable daughters will tell you.

In this instance it is for the smoker that I am taking up the cudgels. There are some smokers whose taste is so expensive that their tobacco costs them ten shillings a pound and, being poor men, they cannot, of course, afford to smoke dear tobacco, and, in addition, pay their tailor's bill regularly. And the man who smokes the most extravagantly-priced tobacco is also the man who owes for the most extravagantly-priced clothes.

To both the tobacco and the clothes, good matches are a *sine qua non*. But the man who smokes the good tobacco and has the expensive suits put down to his account is often as forgetful about annexing a box of household matches before starting for the City as he is about paying his tailor's bill.

Now, it is only a short while ago that I saw a carrier of bad matches reap the reward he deserved.

Opposite me in a Cityward train a young man of the type I have described discovered he had not a match. Of course, I had not any. So he borrowed from a fat man next to him. When I saw those matches it was only too evident that they were of the sort that spurt and fizz and act like fireworks.

It was on the tip of my tongue to warn him, but it was a crowded carriage, and I noticed that in bending his head to his hand to light his pipe the young man leaned somewhat over to the fat man's direction.

I watched for what I hoped would happen—and at the third match it did. The first two had spurted, fizzed, and gone out. The head of the third flew off, flaming, on to the fat man's knee, not only burning his clothes, but penetrating o the skin. While he was cursing, the young man observed under his breath to me——

"A jolly good job, too! Why it might have fallen on to *my* trousers!"

And under the circumstances this is not an ungrateful remark. In the case of all carriers of bad matches who are wicked enough to lend them to unsuspecting borrowers without warning, it is entirely just.

LET'S ALL PRETEND —

That we have no bills to meet by the New Year.
That we have plenty of money to spend at Christmas.
That we are satisfied with our progress in 1910.
That family parties are real good fun.
That we freely forgive our enemies.
That the weather is not so bad after all.
That there is no such thing as indigestion.
That we all enjoy Christmas.
That there is no unhappiness in the world.
That it is a jolly old world after all.
That life is worth living.
—And perhaps we shall find it is so.

CHRISTMAS WISDOM.

Although it is a recognised custom among a great many people to indulge in hot spirits at Christmas, it is hardly wise.

If you are going out into the cold afterwards, you will probably get a bad chill. Take the drinks cold.

Don't be inveigled by cranks into taking a swim in the river on Christmas morning.

If the other man wants to contract pneumonia, let him, but for your own part, be content with a nice warm bath.

After dinner, sit down for a while. If anybody wants you to play Blind Man's Buff, tell him you'd sooner look on.

CHRISTMAS AND THE ATHLETE.

While most men are in the happy position of being able to give themselves up to all sorts of enjoyment—gastronomic and otherwise—at the festive season, on the other hand athletes are debarred from participation in many of the accepted Christmas pleasures.

For instance, what keen feather-weight boxer who experiences any difficulty in keeping his weight within the limit of eight stone will tempt fortune by indulging in even the smallest slice of Christmas pudding, even though his heart—or some other part of him—may yearn for it?

The sprinter, the jumper, and, to descend to a narrow section of the sporting fraternity, the light-weight steeplechase jockey, are all men who must set their faces against the insidious delights of Christmas fare. The one athlete, however, who scores over them in this respect is the footballer—of both codes—to whom hardly any Yuletide provender is forbidden, provided, of course, that he indulges in moderation.

...HAPGOODS'... OPPORTUNITIES.

..Hapgoods' Opportunities and Hapgoods' Service are not for any and every man. We turn away many more Subscriptions than we accept.

..You see, we cannot afford to be associated with any men but those who have genuine Ability, because, if we DID place a man who was not Worthy of the position and salary it would come back upon us in a two-fold way.

..Our Reputation for finding Right Men for Right Places and Right Places for Right Men is too valuable a thing to smirch for the sake of a few guineas.

..Men of the Right Sort will find Hapgoods a source of desirable Opportunities. We have always a large number of Positions Open, and are often able to offer one of these to a man directly we have satisfied ourselves as to his complete fitness.

..Write or call on us to-day for full details of our service.

Hapgoods

LIMITED,

The International Organization of Brain Brokers

167-8, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.

W.E.L.

FROST IN THE AIR

DAYS THAT GIVE PROMISE OF SKATING.

It is the chief delight, or the chief drawback, of our English weather, according to your own individual temperament, that its changes are so sudden and its warnings of change so slight.

Almost in the twinkling of an eye the dusty road becomes a torrent, a calm air turns to a rattling thunderstorm, or a mild and "open" season, as the rustics call it, gives place to the splitting rigours of hard frost.

At times we clamour for what we call Continental weather—long periods of one kind of wind, temperature, and aspect, little realising how soon we should tire of its monotony and its inconvenience.

CHANGED IN A NIGHT.

In the space of a week we have a little of all sorts, and few of us would have it otherwise.

Just now the pleasures of a frosty-spell, a "cold snap," are as likely as not to come our way. One night the south-west warm wind ceases to blow, the sky clears, and the next day breaks in a strange silence.

On the window-pane there are, instead of streaming dews wrinkling down the glass, firmer and more beautiful patterns. The first words you say to anybody you meet is sure to be something about a "sharp frost last night."

You say it with a curious pleasure. It is not only the pleasure that one has in commenting on the newest turn of affairs, but it is a pleasure largely the result of almost unconscious looking forward to the pleasures that the frosty spell is going to afford you.

Running a finger down the frosted window the ice gives out a metallic sound unlike anything else you know. How many times have we not jumped out of bed and scratched at the patterned window to make sure that it really was ice.

A GREAT MOMENT.

There is little delay this morning in the processes of getting up and getting down. The fire has a specially attractive flicker as if striving against the cold air, and as you stand against it, looking through the long windows to the garden, you experience a peculiar pleasure.

The lawn is white and sparkling, and already crowds of birds hop to and fro and slip up and down from the trees to the window sill, expecting breakfast to be thrown to them. They are puffed out to the fullest extent of their feathers in their effort to keep warm.

This morning you "stoke up" more fully than usual, for a long morning over the hard land will test your powers of endurance, and the cold will assail you at every extremity.

And when all is ready for setting out there comes the great moment—it can be called no less than great—when you throw open the door and emerge from the house into the open atmosphere of the first severe frost.

STILL, YET SPARKLING.

If within the house there was an unusual crispness in the air, out here on the gravel path it has a veritable crackle and sparkle. Though not a breath of wind stirs it, yet it has all the qualities of motion. It calls one to activity, sends the blood tingling outward, warming and even burning the tips of the ears, and making the feet and fingers glow with quickened circulation.

But you notice these things only half consciously. It is the air itself, and the frost's buoyant and inspiriting influence that charms you most.

Utterly calm, utterly still, there is yet no thought of stagnation. The sky is a blaze of pale light, a diffused mistiness adds to the sense of quiet.

"If this holds for three days we shall have skating," you remark to your companion, and both begin wondering where the skates were last seen when all hope of using them died last winter.

Only one feature of the whole earth seems to be unaffected by the frost. This is the brook that runs an erratic course through the pastures.

All else seems to acknowledge the power of the frost. Trees shed their very last leaves, dropping them suddenly through the silent air; every bush is white, every tuft of grass is bent and stiff.

Right down to the water's edge frost rules, and even the broken and dead stems of flags that shiver incessantly as the stream rolls along have been tinged with sparkling white.

But the river itself seems beyond the frost's power. It is the only centre of movement, for while all else is still and rigid, as if fearing to cause a disturbance of that spell of quietude, the river is, if anything, more vocal and wayward than ever by way of contrast.

Here gathers much of the wild life of the fields, driven from the open by the hard frost. Down at the water's edge there is at least soft ground where birds, rare and otherwise, gather and feed.

Splashing along through the water, and nosing about in the dead tangle on the banks, Boss, your easy-going spaniel, puts up many a snipe.

BACK TO THE FIRESIDE.

Now and then he discovers ducks—rare visitors so near the village. With a terrific flutter, and a long-drawn call from the drake, they rise, like great bottles on wings, and are soon out of sight.

The sun grows red and big, and soon begins to drop into the high belt of faint purple haze. With his earliest decline all life forsakes the fields, and long before he has disappeared into the mists you are left alone in the open.

The frost, you say, will hold, and, barring a snowfall, skating should soon be possible. Then, promising yourself an evening finding, cleaning, and fitting your skates to the thickest boots, you strike the hard road and walk briskly home.

C. EASTON-GREY.

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE CLUB.

Once a year we hear a woeful wail in the newspapers about some Christmas Goose Club whose treasurer has absconded or made away with himself as a result of embezzlements, or done something equally cheerful.

Such cases come as a sad blow to hundreds of poor working families who have put away their shilling or sixpence, or whatever it is a week, throughout the year, to ensure a luxurious feast at Christmastime.

The precaution they should always adopt is to patronise a "Christmas Club" whose promoters are all men of substance, to whom the custody of their shillings will be no temptation.

It is in cases where they entrust their savings to the care of a sadly impecunious "general" shopkeeper, or a struggling manager of a small beer-house, that misfortune occurs.

GETTING A MAN "RATTLED."

A QUESTION OF TACTICS IN SPORT.

"Mr. Blank is a very good player, but I'd back myself to give him 500 in a 1,000 any day and beat him. I'd soon get him 'rattled' and then he would be done."

Thus spake an old billiard-marker to me the other day when we were discussing the merits of local amateurs. Having had some painful experience of Jack's "rattling" methods, I knew what he meant, but to some the term may be Greek.

I should say that you get a man "rattled" when you cause him to become nervous, irritable, and to lose confidence in himself.

At billiards, for example, you can easily "rattle" some men by playing for safety. I don't merely mean by giving safety misses—of course, if you are playing under Billiards Control Club Rules, you are limited to two consecutive misses—but by persistently playing to leave the balls safe, except when you yourself have a really good opening.

A skilful player will often "rattle" an opponent by deliberate fluking, which sounds like a "bull" of large dimensions.

What I mean, however, is that a "downy bird" like my friend Jack will bring off difficult shots which to the average player look like flukes, though they were played for.

His opponent gets disgusted with this "fluking," loses heart, and is badly "rattled."

On the other hand, a duffer can sometimes "rattle" a tolerably good player by deliberately playing for flukes.

He bangs the balls about as hard as he can, and if luck is at all with him the other man must have a Stoic soul indeed not to get irritated.

Some players are vastly annoyed if you pot them. It is seldom the "game" to pot the white, but if an opponent is so foolish as to be annoyed by bad play on your part, then by all means take advantage of his weakness and get him "rattled."

A skilful billiard player, however, best "rattles" an inexperienced or impatient opponent by "closing up the game," leaving him only difficult shots, failure at which spells disaster.

At cricket, the pad play which used to disfigure Notts. cricket was a favourite way of "rattling" a short-tempered bowler.

A more sporting way of upsetting a bowler is to jump in and hit good length balls all over the shop—but you want to be good enough to do it.

A batsman may often be "rattled" by fast, bumping balls, or full pitches at his head, but, of course, it is not cricket deliberately to bowl to hurt a man.

A stonewaller is sometimes to be "rattled" by bringing a man into "silly point," and that is quite fair. If the batsman, however, has a sense of humour he can easily "rattle" "silly point" by suddenly opening his shoulders.

At "Soccer" a forward will often lose his temper, and with it his form when he is persistently shadowed by a half-back.

Of course, in football and other games there are many devious devices for "rattling" a man by dirty fouls and tricks, but we will stick to legitimate artifices.

Feinting is a pretty sure way of putting an opponent off his balance.

Many golfers are easily "rattled." A slow player soon gets hustled if his adversary plays quick and walks fast between shots, but that is hardly golf.

At boxing a clever light-weight will often "rattle" a heavier opponent by persistently keeping out of his way. But, so far as boxing is concerned, perhaps the surest way of "rattling" and settling the other man is to hit "blooming hard and blooming often."

E. H. HILL.

SHOOTING THE FOX

NOT A VERY RARE OCCURRENCE WHERE PHEASANTS ABOUND.

We had missed some chickens, and each one of us had his own theory as to where they had gone.

One declared that the culprits were the rats that infested the spinney alongside the garden, and whose runs could be seen radiating through the undergrowth in every direction, like a sort of rodents' Clapham Junction.

Another attributed the mischief to a neighbour's cat, known to be a lusty Tom, who scorned birds and mice and rats, and lived sumptuously on young rabbits, and an occasional pheasant.

I had no definite theory, but kept my eyes open. When you have lived long years in the country and have seen the perpetual and relentless war that goes on between all creatures, you are not in a hurry to lay down the law as to the causes of the death and disappearance of any creature.

SHROUDED IN MIST.

We all half-suspected a fox as the author of the mischief, but as foxes round this part of the country were very, very rare—there was no hunting to speak of, and every inch of land was preserved, and keepers are human and often inhuman, I say no more—we were not inclined to think much of the theory.

The matter was almost forgotten until one night quite recently.

As usual I was last downstairs; indeed, everybody was in bed, and probably asleep, and as I, too, reached the landing on my way up, I happened to look out into the garden.

The air was clearer; I could see the moonlight illuminating the trunks of trees across the garden.

From the secluded lake there came loud outbursts of quacking from the wild duck that live there in swarms.

Watching, still and silently, I could see that the rats had come up round the house, as bold as brass, knowing no human enemy was about.

WHO GOES THERE?

Just then a shadow at the corner caught my attention.

"Hullo!" I thought, "who's prowling round at one in the morning?"

Keeping quite still, I waited. Then silently the body casting the shadow appeared, alert, erect, as clear and 'cute as paint or punch, or whatever else stands for 'cuteness and clearness.

It was a splendid fox.

Now I had never seen a fox at close quarters in these circumstances. I had usually seen them tearing along with lowered brush and straining head, followed hotly by hounds.

He was a very different creature now. Cautiously he advanced round the corner of the house into the full moonlight. His head was erect and well set up, his ears were alert, and his fine brush, almost every hair of which I could distinguish, was buoyant and bushy.

My first impulse was to throw a flowerpot at him and see him scamper off in terror, but I waited. I almost wish I had done so now, in view of what followed.

The fox went softly across the lawn, jumped and perched himself, with all four paws bunched together, like any cat, on the old grey mossy railing, and sniffed the air suspiciously.

Then, evidently satisfied, he came back again, deliberately, like a thoughtful human being, and walked straight for the chicken run.

He was just passing out of the moonlight into the shadow of a yew tree when—bang!—a terrific report terrified me and woke the household into semi-consciousness.

Looking again out on to the lawn, I saw, to my astonishment, old Hawes dragging away the fox as fast as he could. Now Hawes is head-keeper.

Putting on a heavy coat I stole from the house, having reassured the inmates that all was well; and, guided by the unmistakable sound of a spade in the earth, I soon found Hawes busy at work acting the part of sexton, having already filled that of executioner.

CAUGHT RED-HANDED.

I approached very near to him unobserved, then, half in sorrow and half in mock chiding, I remarked: "I shouldn't have thought it of you, Hawes."

The poor chap might have seen the devil himself by the way he jumped, but, recognising my voice, he was apologetic.

"I couldn't get rid on the old varmint nohow else," he said, evidently feeling his position keenly as a man who had committed the enormity of shooting a fox.

"He'd had so many o' my birds and your chickens," he added, thus skilfully dragging me into the plot, "that I had to do it. Howsomever," he went on, "he's buried now, and there's an end on 'im."

He drank my "best respects" in a stiff whisky at the door, and then went away to sleep.

G. HARROD.

THE TRAINER'S RIGHT HAND.

Few people who are not intimately acquainted with a training establishment are aware how much responsibility attaches to the position of "head lad."

He is the trainer's right hand.

His title of head "lad" is most often belied by his age and appearance. The days of his "ladhood" are generally far behind him. He is a hard-bitten man of between thirty and forty, who keeps himself as light in weight as he possibly can, but whose one great regret probably is that he was never quite light enough to ride regularly as a jockey.

He takes his orders from the trainer, and rules the stable with a rod of iron. When his master takes a short holiday, which he not infrequently does, the head lad steps easily into his position of authority, and nothing ever goes wrong.

THE MARKER.

THE BILLIARD-PLAYER'S GUIDE.

On the whole, I think billiard-markers are a very decent set of men, deserving of sympathy far more than reprobation.

Their life is by no means an easy one. True, they do not usually need to turn up before about eleven o'clock in the morning, but then they seldom get to bed before 1 a.m. There is no eight hours day for them, and a good part of their time is spent in a close and unhealthy atmosphere.

Many markers are martyrs to indigestion, and no wonder, for as a rule they have to snatch their meals in the billiard-room, and to eat where you work is good for no man.

A marker has to be extremely patient, and he must also be more than a bit of a diplomatist.

The majority of his customers are duffers, but he must pretend to a lively interest in their painful efforts to score. He must be especially tactful when dealing with the "fly-flat," the man who fancies he knows something, but is really colossally ignorant of the game.

He must be ready to take on all-comers and know when and how to lose judiciously.

He has to suffer many fools gladly. He has to keep a smiling face while two crocks are plodding through a "hundred up" which will take them the best part of an hour, with the result that waiting twenty-minutes-a-hundred men leave the room and go elsewhere.

Markers who are able to lease a room for themselves make a pretty good thing out of it, but the majority are poorly paid.

As a rule, markers are sportsmen. I have played much with them and have nearly always found them ready to give me a fair chance of winning. This may be policy on their part, but I prefer to think that a sporting spirit is at the root of their generosity.

Of course, there are bad markers. The starting-price betting type is a confounded nuisance. He can barely tear himself away from the stop-press betting news to put out the balls for you, and while marking he engages in racing conversation with seedy billiard-room loafers.

Then there is the hungry marker. No matter what time of day you go in you will find him in the middle of a nondescript meal.

There is the supercilious marker who, more or less, openly sneers at your play.

There is the marker who wants to have something on the game. Worse still is he who always tries to edge into a game of pool. It is usually most unsatisfactory to play with a marker for money. If, by any chance, you win you feel uncomfortable at the idea of taking his money, while if, as is infinitely more probable, you lose, you are haunted by the usually justifiable suspicion that you had no real chance of winning.

There is the absentee marker. He has always just gone or is just going out.

Some markers are "Mrs. Gummidges" in trousers, always full of some tale of woe, while some, like certain landladies, are for ever talking of their former greatness.

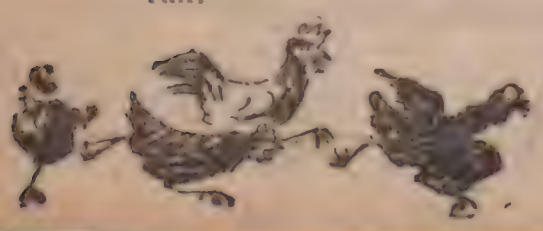
Another class of marker is everlasting wanting to sell you tickets for his benefit.

There certainly are a good many markers who in one way or another are objectionable or annoying or worse, for I had almost forgotten the "crook" marker who is the associate of billiard sharpers and aids them in their nefarious schemes; but, take him all round, the billiard-marker, though inclined to be improvident and shiftless, is not a bad chap.

I have generally found, too, that markers have plenty of interesting experiences when you get them to talk.

They are often shrewd observers of life and human nature. Usually, too, they are sincerely fond of the game.

G. T. THOMPSON.



ARM-CHAIR HINTS

BY AN EXPERIENCED ARM-CHAIR CRITIC.

There are arm-chairs and arm-chairs, just as there are arm-chair critics and arm-chair critics. Some of the former are worth sitting in, some of the latter are worth listening to. But not many.

When you have toiled through my arm-chair hints I shall commit myself to your mercy and generosity and trust to escape complete condemnation.

But just now the arm-chair begins to loom large in every man's life. It should by now fill a good place in every man's diggings.

COMFORT.

In fact, the next four or five weeks may be called the arm-chair season, when these indispensable articles of furniture and comfort should be well sat upon by every man who likes comfort. Some people, women especially, say that the man who is indifferent to comfort has yet to be born, and I'm inclined to agree with them.

To the army of men in diggings, therefore, I would say—look to your arm-chairs. It is just possible that when many of you come to do so you will find no arm-chair to look to, for landladies do not believe as a rule in encouraging athletic and keen young men to enjoy themselves in a deep and roomy chair in their hours of leisure.

This, then, brings me to the first bit of advice. It is: Buy your own arm-chair. The difference a good chair, and one of your own choosing, makes to the barest room in winter, is beyond my power to tell you.

With an arm-chair and a fire the whole

world outside can be forgotten completely, with its roaring winds and slashing rain, or slushy snow.

It is not an expensive item, for nowadays arm-chairs are cheap. Some are very cheap and most uncomfortable, but others are cheap and good; and no man should be financially embarrassed by expending from twenty to thirty shillings on such a necessary adjunct to his winter comfort.

As one having experience let me warn you **not** to buy carelessly. Do not look through the advertisements in your papers and send your money right away for some smart-looking article at a "remarkably low figure."

It may be that you will get a bargain. It may not. You cannot, of course, expect to get for half-price a really serviceable and agreeable arm-chair.

The way to set about it is to shut your eyes to all advertisements and go off to try and test the actual thing.

In the first place, it must be a chair in which you lie rather than sit, and for this purpose its seat must be nearer the ground—much nearer—than in the ordinary chair. There must be no great drop for the legs, but the chair must be so low as to enable you to stretch right out in a full-length lounge, without discomfort.

THE RIGHT SHAPE.

In the second place, whatever frame the arm-chair may have—and it ought to be a strong one—it must be well hidden under broad and padded coverings.

Again, let the chair be broad in the seat. When you come home tired from work or pleasure and throw yourself down in the chair you do not care to feel your arms pinned closely to you by the arms of the chair. There must be room to turn, as it were.

Leather is the best outside covering it can have. There's nothing like leather for arm-chairs that men use. It needs so little dusting, it is easily cleaned and it stands a lot of wear and tear that other materials would not stand.

I wish you luck in your quest. Go forth and try them all before putting your money down, and then, with a fire, a fender, and a book you will find great companionship in the possession of your own arm-chair.

F. ARMITAGE.

Do you Aspire

To Become an Author or Journalist?

If you do, then we can tell you how to make the best use of your talents, how to avoid the heartache of returned MSS., how to get there by the shortest route.

Naturally it takes some time to find your proper groove, the channel most suited to your particular bent, but if you have ability we say unhesitatingly "it can be done." You want to serve a short "Apprenticeship" under our guidance. We say short advisedly, because the very Newness of Discovered Genius finds a ready market if directed into the proper channel.

It may be that you have a special aptitude for essay writing; perhaps you are a correspondent whose letters confer the greatest pleasure on the recipient; in either case there is the possibility of turning your gift to the very best account. Do so, get advice from those who can advise from experience.

Let us advise you.
Send a note to-day to

THE LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
(Room M.M.),
9, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

Oatine
FOR MEN.

The **Oatine Preparations** include several of special interest to men—notably **Oatine Shaving Stick and Oatine Shaving Cream.** When it is remembered how the process of shaving lays bare the pores of the skin, it will be appreciated that the soothing, healing virtues of **Oatine** make it very desirable for the double purpose of use in shaving (in the form of **Oatine Shaving Stick** or **Cream**) and after shaving (in the form of **Oatine Face Cream**). A free and delightfully fragrant lather is yielded in abundance, which achieves the double purpose of assisting an easy shave and protecting the skin. We are confident that a single trial of the **Oatine Shaving Soap** will ensure its entire adoption.

THIS OATINE OUTFIT FREE.

So convinced are we of the merits of the **Oatine Preparations** that we have decided to distribute absolutely free to all a dainty toilet outfit exactly as illustrated. Send 3d. in stamps to pay the cost of postage and packing, and you will receive by return this dainty box containing a trial size of—

OATINE SHAVING SOAP, OATINE CREAM, TOILET SOAP, BALM, FACE POWDER, TALCUM POWDER, TOOTH PASTE, and a full-size 2d. SHAMPOO POWDER.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Oatine Buildings, Mermaid Court, London, S.E.

ARE YOU INTERESTED ?

in anything that is outside the common—anything that is remarkable? Whatever your interests, it is curious how dependent you are on circumstances.

Suppose you are interested in hunting, shooting, billiards, yachting, racing, curio collecting, art, music, the drama—any sport, any recreation, or any of the hundred and one hobbies that claim men and women in their leisure hours? You cannot pursue your inclinations without money. With money you can go anywhere and do anything in reason; without it you can do very little.

Are you then ready to be interested in a method of money-making which has proved itself in practice? Then the National Share Exchange, on receipt of the coupon below, duly filled in, will give you particulars of their remarkable system of money making for clients by means of stock and shares. It is precisely what they claim it to be—a proved method—for they have paid away to clients

Nearly Half-a-Million Pounds

IN EXACT FIGURES **£438,690**

The clients' outlay has been very small, his liability was limited all the time to the original sum, while his profits may be unlimited. As a practical man or woman, think what these points mean—economy and prudence, while entitled to unlimited profits!

Money is the subject which interests everyone in all stations of life, for it is the supreme necessity. You are therefore ready to learn how to increase your means without hurting your income or salary. Then read this coupon.

If you are interested NOW You will be interested MORE by what you receive if you fill in and post this Coupon.

To the Secretary, The National Share Exchange
GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away £438,690 to clients.

M.M. 10/12/10.

NAME.....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title).

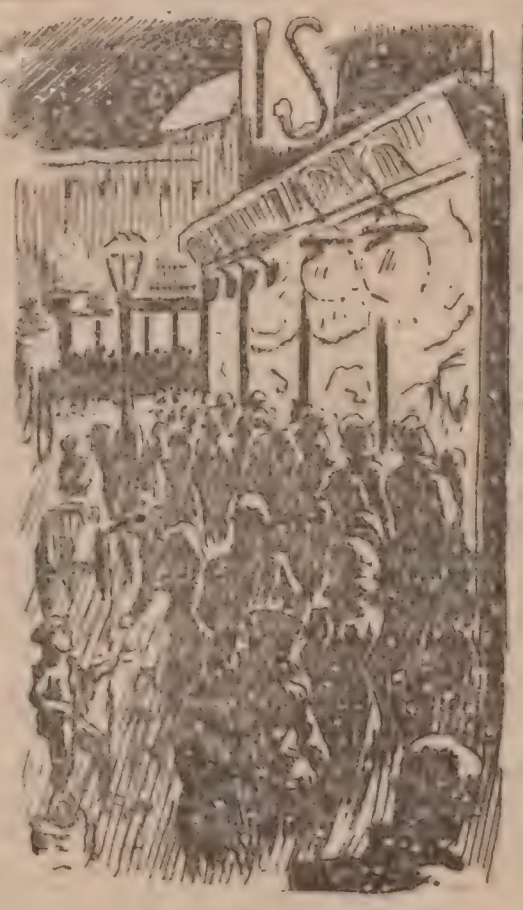
ADDRESS IN FULL.....

DATE.....

(Please write distinctly).

This and all our advertisements are copyright

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS



CHRISTMAS TRADE.

In some branches of business Christmas undoubtedly has a bad effect on the general turnover, but in most classes of retail business the Christmas trade is highly remunerative.

It is to retail traders that I address these remarks, and the chief thing that I want to point out to them is the mistake they usually make in the arrangement of their goods.

You go into a chemist's shop, for example, and discover many tempting bottles of scent and other things, each of them priced, and each of them good value for the money asked.

The average customer at Christmas time, however, is far too busy to examine all the stock and select what he wants, and it is precisely here that the tradesman's initiative ought to assist him.

Not only will such initiative assist the customer, but it will also help the tradesman considerably.

Christmas is the time for the giving of gifts. Tradesmen realise this, and they provide many gifts suitable in every way, but what they forget is that the customer decides, before entering the shop, exactly what price he wants to pay.

It is not a case of "I want to buy a bottle of scent for So-and-So," but "I want to send a present to So-and-So, something that will be acceptable, and something that will not cost more than half-a-crown."

Tradesmen who have taken the trouble to investigate the feelings of their customers will admit that I am right in this respect, and I most strongly urge them to arrange their wares according to class and according to price during the Christmas season.

Let all shilling goods be grouped together, so that the customer who wants to buy a shilling present can select one easily. Let the half-crown goods be placed together in a similar manner, and so forth.

The old-fashioned shopman displays his stock, and says in effect, "Take it or leave it," but the modern tradesman who follows not only the trend of the times but also the inclinations and the prejudices of his fellowmen goes a step further and tries to assist them in every possible way.

At this time of the year the best assistance that can be offered is the classification of goods according to price, for in the gift season, a man does not want any particular article so much as a suitable present which will cost exactly what he has reckoned upon.

Christmas trade may, in some quarters, be regarded as a passing and a temporary one, but such is not the case. If the shopkeeper makes a good display at Christmas time, and treats his customers well, he is securing those customers for the months that come afterwards. If a man is treated well in a shop, no matter at what time, or under what circumstances, he patronises that shop again.

The shop-keeper cannot be too careful in the selection of his extra hands at Christmas, for upon their tact and civility may depend the securing of many hundreds of new customers.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

THE ELECTION AND BUSINESS.

The General Election is causing stagnation in most markets, but there is a good time coming, whether the Liberals or the Conservatives have a majority.

The trade of the country is at present very good, but I don't think a mild form of Protection will do any harm.

RUBBER.

This market both in the "Lane" and in the Stock Exchange continues firm, and the tendency for the product and for the shares is upward.

The 800,000 2s. shares of the Peacock and Nilambe (Ceylon) Tea and Rubber Estates have been eagerly applied for, and the shares are changing hands, I am informed, at ¼d. premium.

The figures and statements given in the prospectus of this company are not to be compared with those of the Way-Halim, although the shares of the latter are still to be bought at under 1s. 6d. The estimated profits from crops of both companies are as follows:

	Peacock & Nilambe.	Way-Halim.
1910	£4,470	£9,100
1911	5,545	12,400
1912	8,070	18,500
1913	11,170	27,000
1914	12,670	34,000

These estimates are both reckoned on a conservative basis, and on the Way-Halim estates the six months' working already shows profits considerably in excess of the estimates in the prospectus.

Readers will understand that I have no fault to find with the Peacock issue—quite the reverse—but in my opinion the prospects of the Way-Halim are very much better, and the shares are cheaper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. X. (Cardiff).—I think you cannot do better than put the amount you mention into one or more of the sound Rubber Plantation companies. If you will send me a stamped and addressed envelope I shall give you the names of the best.

A. K. (Hastings).—I gave you my opinion of the Charing Cross Bank some time ago. Sorry you did not follow my advice. No help now but to await the result of liquidation. Always remember the higher the interest the greater the risk.

Q. (York).—Home Rails will, I think, go better; you might buy a small parcel of Great Northern Deferred.

N. G. (Wrexham).—I am informed that the Rubber flotations of this week have been well if not over-subscribed. This market certainly looks like going better in the near future.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

THE VALUE OF BLUFFING.

Our Yankee cousins are adepts at the art, and in it lies much of their business success. While some points of it do not commend themselves overmuch to the English mind, there are some maxims of the successful bluffer, which are perhaps worthy of a certain amount of consideration.

Never let your fellow-business men know if you are hard up, and *always* talk in such a way as to suggest to them that you are about four times as prosperous as you really are.

These delightfully simple rules have been the foundation of more than one business man's success.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.

Why Mr. G. R. Sims specialises in articles on crime.

Because he hopes that his readers' hair will fall out with horror, and that they will restore it with —— [On second thoughts we will not advertise it.]

* * *

Why Lieut. Sutor should be ashamed of himself.

Because he has no business to be a su(i)tor when he has a wife and child.

* * *

Why a spanking might do some newspapers good.

Because it might restore their circulation.

* * *

Why we hear of so many Party "Splits."

Because there is so much gas about all of them.

* * *

Why debtors would enjoy angling just now.

Because this is the season when you make a dun fly.

* * *

Why Grahame-White's married life with Pauline Chase will be a continual elopement.

Because she will be always flying with him.

"HOW TO MAKE A SPEECH WITHOUT USING NOTES."
Learn the Valuable Art of Public Speaking.
Interesting Handbook Free.
CENTRAL LONDON INSTITUTE, Holborn Hall, London

The IDEAL Policy
ISSUED BY
THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.
PROVIDES
Life Assurance without Medical Examination.
Prospectus and Terms post free.
Agents Wanted—Excellent Prospects.
M. GREGORY, Managing Director, 6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.

LEARN
SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND
IN 12 EASY LESSONS,
And save a year's study.
Used in Parliament at 250 words per minute.
Send postcard for Illustrated Handbook.
SHORTHAND ASSOCIATION
Grosvenor Road, London, N.

BOOKS ON ALL SUBJECTS, including Commercial, Technical, Educational and Physical Culture Works. Accountancy and Law Books a speciality. Text Books for every Examination.
SECOND-HAND AT HALF PRICES.
New at 25 per cent. Discount. Send for Catalogues (post free), and state wants.
Books sent on approval. Books purchased.
W. & G. FOYLE, 135, Charing Cross Road, LONDON, W.C.
'Phone: 8180 Gerrard.

POKER-PATIENCE.

A CAPITAL CARD GAME.

Poker is a good game, but requires at least three players—two-handed poker is not much fun.

Ordinary patience will serve to while away many a weary hour, but the various ways of playing are difficult to remember.

Poker-patience can be played by one or more players, is easy to learn, but at the same time affords ample scope for skill, judgment, and good play in general.

An ordinary pack is used, but if there are two or more players, each has a pack to himself.

In front of each player a square is marked out, as shown in Figure 1; after you have got into the game there is no need actually to mark out the square, but at first it is as well to do so to prevent confusion.

The object of the game is to fill the square with twenty-five cards drawn one at a time from the pack, placing them so as to make as many poker hands as possible, counting across or up and down each row, but not diagonally.

1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25

Figure 1.

The various poker hands and their scoring values are as follows:

Straight flush (a sequence in any suit), 30 points.

Fours (four cards of the same value), 16 points.

Straight (a sequence of cards of different suits), 12 points.

Full hand (three of one kind and two of another—*e.g.*, three queens and two tens), 10 points.

Threes, 6 points.

Flush (five cards of any suit), 5 points.

Two pairs, 3 points.

One pair, 1 point.

It will be noticed that the value of the hands differs from ordinary poker, where a full hand comes next after fours, and a flush before a straight.

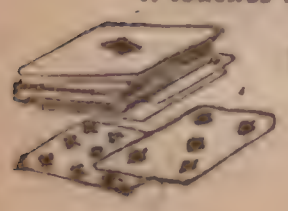
To start the game, the dealer turns up a card from the pack. If there are other players the dealer announces the card, and each player looks through his pack for its fellow, *i.e.*, if the dealer turns up the knave of clubs, every other player produces the knave of clubs from his pack. The dealer's pack, of course, is face downwards, and he does not know what cards are coming out, but the other players have their packs face upwards.

1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10
11	12	♣	14	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25

Figure 2.

Well, we will suppose the knave of clubs is the first card turned up by the dealer. It has to be placed on one of the divisions of the square, and each player may put his knave of clubs wherever he likes. As a matter of fact, it is best to start about the centre, as in Figure 2. Remember, though, that you can put the first card anywhere you like.

The next card, we'll say, is the deuce of hearts. Again each player may put his two of hearts anywhere he likes, so long as at one point or another it touches the knave of clubs.



Referring to Figure 2, the two of hearts may be placed on either the 7, 8, 9, 12, 14, 17, 18, 19 squares, because on any one of these it will touch the knave of clubs, and each player can choose any one of these squares.

It is clear that the knave and the two cannot possibly lead up to a poker hand, so the best plan is to put the two where it will not block possible combinations with the knave, and that is at a corner, *i.e.*, on either the 7, 9, 17, or 19 squares. We will put it on 7.

1	2	3	4	5
6	♥ ♠	8	9	10
11	12	♣	14	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25

Figure 3.

The dealer next turns up, say, the knave of diamonds. This, again, may be placed anywhere each player likes, so long as it touches one of the other two cards at one point or another, and the same rule applies to all cards subsequently played, *i.e.*, after the first card every other card must be placed so as to touch another card.

Here, obviously, we can at once make a pair by putting the knave of diamonds on either the 11, 12, 8, 14, or 18 squares (to count a pair the cards need not touch so long as they are in the same row across or up and down). We will put him on 14, for if you put him on 8 or 12 you block possible combinations in hearts.

The game proceeds in this way until twenty-five cards have been played, when each player counts up the poker hands he has made, the winner taking the pool, if there is one.

The principles of the game should now be clear. But let me repeat that though you must play the same cards as the dealer you can place your own cards wherever you like subject to the touching rule, and after the first two or three cards have been played each player as a rule goes his own way, and where one will score 90 points another, through bad play, will not make 50.

1	2	3	4	5
6	♥ ♠	8	9	10
11	12	♣	♣	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25

Figure 4.

Start at the centre, and try always to score in both directions, that is across and up and down.

Two pairs in a row are a useful combination, for right up to the last you have a chance of making them into a full hand.

Don't try too much for straight flushes. They rarely come off. If, however, you have three of a suit together and in sequence—for example, 8, 9, 10 of spades—it is worth while keeping the spaces at either end of them open on the chance of the 6, 7, the knave, queen, or seven and knave coming up.

Carefully note the cards already played, for obviously it is no use hoping for a card to come out that is already on the board.

Once played, a card cannot be shifted.

C. J. FLETCHER.

WHEN YOU WANT TO SELL SOMETHING

Don't forget that our Readers' Sale and Exchange Page is at your service.

MAKING YOURSELF USEFUL

WHERE THE WELL-BRED MAN SHINES.

"Oh, I *like* Mr. So-and-So, he is always ready to make himself useful."

Such was the criticism I recently heard passed on a friend of mine, and it is the kind of testimonial that is uncommonly valuable to a man.

The lady's husband is in a position to help my friend, and you may be sure that when the time comes his wife will use all her influence in favour of the "useful" man.

This is the season for parties of one kind or another, and now is your time to earn a reputation for "making yourself useful."

It is not difficult, but many men never take the trouble to be useful. They seem to think that in shedding the light of their countenance on the function, whatever it may be, they have done all that is required of them.

There is no kind of society gathering where a man cannot earn his hostess's good opinion by helping her to make the affair a success.

At a dance the useful man asks to be introduced to the "wall flowers," and is ready to take the "dowagers" down to supper.

I don't mean to say that in order to make yourself useful at a dance you need make a martyr of yourself, and spend the evening dancing with plain girls or watching elderly ladies eat more than is good for them.

The useful man is fully entitled to enjoy himself, but being a gentleman he does not think only of his own pleasures. He is content with two or three dances with "her," and to have supper when the chaperones have been appeased.

From time to time he seeks out his hostess and asks her whether there is anything he can do for her, and nine times out of ten the—is—a message to the "band," escorting a lady to her carriage, finding somebody's lost fan, some trifling service which, nevertheless, counts for a good deal.

At a dinner or tea party the man who can talk easily is worth his weight in gold. He need not be a brilliant talker, for your so-called brilliant talker is often an intolerable bore.

No, the ideal talker in society is the man who can touch easily on interesting but non-controversial subjects.

He should be not only a good talker, but a good listener, for by showing interest in what other people are saying he helps to keep the conversational ball rolling.

The man who can sing a bit, or do something to amuse the company is always esteemed.

Then there are children's parties. Here there is unlimited scope for the useful man who doesn't mind romping, understands that children hate to be talked down to, and also that a healthy child has a healthy appetite.

The useful man arrives early at the children's party, and comes prepared with something to amuse the children. The selfish man comes late, leans against the wall, and wants whisky-and-soda when everybody is busy getting the youngsters supper.

Situations often arise at social gatherings where tact is needed, and here the useful man has his opportunity. He sees that a lady is, or thinks herself, neglected, and makes himself particularly pleasant to her, or he notices that Colonel McChutney and Mr. Nathan Buggins are coming to loggerheads over politics, and, intervening, he pours oil on the troubled waters.

He knows how to change the subject when dangerous topics threaten to arise.

Some men go to a dance or dinner with the firm intention of finding fault with everything. Such men are not only ill-bred, but a nuisance, for they act as wet-blankets.

The useful man takes upon himself many of the hostess's work without being fussy or presuming.

H. J. ALDRIDGE

WOMAN AS MAN'S FOE

A CONSIDERATION OF A NATIONAL DANGER.

Among the many difficulties the man with his living to earn has to face, the competition of woman is certainly not the least.

Indeed, in view of woman's increasing activity and the new fields she is constantly opening up for herself, the struggle between the sexes becomes daily more acute.

In the regular professions the advent of woman has not materially affected men's interests. For example, women doctors have not reduced medical fees, for professional etiquette compels the woman doctor to make the same charges as her masculine rival.

The woman doctor, too, is as a rule a specialist; she does not encroach much on the general practitioner's preserves, and there is always room among the higher flights of the medical profession.

And so, too, in other professions, masculine organisation and rules prevent women from undercutting the men.

MENACE TO CLERKS.

But in the general field of labour woman is often a deadly foe to man. The struggle is unequal, for she has certain great advantages.

She can live more cheaply than a man, and therefore can afford to take lower wages. It would be absurd, however, to suppose that women oust men from positions simply because they are cheap. They are most dangerous, because they can do as good work as men for less money.

Clerking affords the most obvious example. The woman clerk—be she cashier, typist, secretary, or what not—has come to stay. She is as capable as any male clerk, and is preferred mainly on her merits. But she works for about half a man's wages, and male clerk's wages are steadily declining.

Why don't men marry? How the devil can they when woman makes it impossible for them to earn enough to marry on?

Well, then, it may be said, let the male clerk marry a business girl, and then the two together will have enough.

What sort of a home is it when the wife is out all day? Such unions rarely turn out well, and end in the woman keeping the man.

CHEAP AND CAPABLE.

A good story is told of a Yorkshire factory hand meeting a friend whom he had not seen for some time. The latter inquired how things were. "Aw fine," was the answer. "D'ye remember that girl what did me out o' ma job?" "Aye." "Well, I got back on her." "How?" "Oh, I married her, an' now she has to keep me as well as hersel!"

Many women workers have no need to go out to work. Their earnings are so much pocket-money to be spent on useless finery or idle amusement. Mind you, I don't say that these business butterflies are incapable. No employer is such a fool as to employ a woman simply because she is cheap. They are capable, but, having a substantial home behind them, they can afford to take half wages, and for them men become tramps, homes are broken up, and children starve.

To-day, however, the majority of women work because they have to. Why have they to work? Because woman's competition has seriously impaired man's earning powers.

I admit there are Women's Trade Unions, and the women cotton hands of Lancashire are splendidly organised, but the majority of women workers are not organised, and they cannot fight their own battles, much less men's.

It is in the middle and lower-middle classes that the pinch of woman's competition is most felt, and these classes are the backbone of the nation.

Woman's competition means increased charges on the ratepayer. The clerk who formerly had his children educated privately now sends them to the Board School.

The workhouses and other refuges are full of men who have been cut out by women.

The woman worker has much to do with the declining birth-rate. Children would interfere with her business.

Some employers dismiss any woman who marries. There is much to be said for this, for the employment of married women tends to race suicide. On the other hand, it makes the woman worker chary of marrying.

The whole thing is a terribly serious problem, for the woman worker strikes at the domestic foundations of the nation. If our home life goes, then we shall certainly go too.

Yet what can be done? The woman worker is firmly established, and there is scarcely a walk in life in which she does not directly compete against man, and in most cases with serious results to him.

UNDERPAID WORKERS.

It is a woman's question as well as a man's, for the average woman worker is scandalously underpaid. Statistics show that her average wage is 7s. a week. And this is a Christian country.

To insist on women workers being adequately paid would not greatly reduce their numbers, for, as I have pointed out, they are as capable in many directions as men. It might be possible, however, to restrict woman's competition by partially closing certain callings to her, and ordering that not more than a certain proportion of women should be employed in business or trade.

A certain type of woman, no doubt, would rant and rave about the liberty of the subject, but the interests of the nation must come first.

Workless men spell national ruin. The woman worker benefits nobody but herself.

Give a man work, and a home and children grow up around him, and society benefits.

There are some kinds of work that are best performed by women, but it is the increasing encroachment of women on what were formerly man's preserves that is the danger.

In many directions women absolutely take the bread out of men's mouths, and that is intolerable.

Once men begin to live on woman's charity, then good-bye to all manhood.

D. COOPER.

TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

Very few people, indeed, escape the ambition to become writers. The fascination of "appearing in print" attracts us all. Many people are able to back up the ambition with splendid ideas—and yet they do not succeed in achieving publication of their literary efforts. Yet others write naturally without having anything interesting to say.

One class is just as far from publication as the other, and even when both matter and manner—ideas and style—are found together, still the printed columns remain closed.

Why? There is a purely technical side of writing for publication, which it is as necessary to acquire as to have good ideas and a clear style.

A would-be author may flounder helplessly and unsuccessfully among his manuscripts for a lifetime if he does not happen to hit upon the proper methods. Nowadays these can be learned from experts.

There are many "experts" about, but some of them are only expert on the strength of their own assertions. Others have proved their merit. Experts of this latter kind conduct the Literary Correspondence College, at 9, Arundel Street, Strand, London. Here may be obtained the best advice and training that literary aspirants can desire or need.

PIANO-PLAYING WITHOUT TUITION.

There are thousands of men to-day who, having received no musical education, consider themselves debarred from participation in all musical pleasures.

This need never be so, for anyone may derive a certain amount of private amusement from the strumming of tunes.

With a little practice it is always possible to play over any popular song or well-known march or waltz. By slightly cultivating this habit, there are many men, who understand not a note of music, but are able to play any tune they happen to remember.

After an evening at a music-hall, nothing can afford greater amusement than the playing over of the tunes heard during the evening—and airs are much more easily remembered than words.

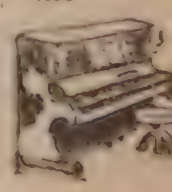
A use of the tonic-solfa notation is a great help at the beginning, for, from this, any tune can be played right away by using the white note before the two blacks ("C" I think the musicians call it) as Doh.

The great difficulty lies in the manipulation of the bass, which must be made up according to the fancies of the self-taught player.

The notes, both black and white, which harmonise, are very soon found and remembered, while little variations can be introduced.

The easily-cultivated knack of being able to play any well-known chorus or song is often most useful when a few of "the boys" come in for the evening sing-song. The pianist, as a rule, can only play a few songs without music and scorns to attempt anything he is not sure of pulling off.

If one of the chaps has left his music at home, thereby excusing himself from taking part in the evening's entertainment, the offer of the self-taught one to accompany him is often most thankfully received—by the audience.



AN ARMY OFFICER'S SOCIAL DUTIES

SOME ARE PLEASING AND SOME ARE VERY MUCH THE REVERSE.

People who are for ever railing at the Army officer's idleness forget that if his professional working hours are short, he has many social duties to perform, which cut heavily into his spare time.

The paying of calls alone is a heavy social tax, and here I do not mean private calls on his own friends, but official calls on behalf of the regiment.

When a regiment moves into a new station the society civilian element—at least their men folks—call upon it, and every one of these calls has to be returned, and as soon as possible.

Now as some two or three hundred people may call on the mess and must be called on in return within a week, it is clear that there is a busy time in store for the officers.

WHERE TACT IS REQUIRED.

A list is made and so many people allotted to each officer, the subalterns, of course, getting the lion's share.

I can tell you it is a bit of an ordeal paying a round of calls on people you have never met before. The maid usually gets your name wrong, or your hostess doesn't catch it, or you get mixed yourself, and call her Mrs. Jones when she is Mrs. Tompkins.

Also it is difficult to "make" conversation with people of whom you know absolutely nothing.

I remember one very nervous chap went calling, he was a middle-aged major of most retiring disposition and blameless character, and when he returned pale as a ghost and yelling for neat brandy we knew something had happened.

IN A LADY'S BEDROOM.

It appeared that on arrival at the house the maid at once invited him to walk upstairs. He followed her, a door was flung open, and he was ushered into a room in which a beauteous damsel lay in bed. The lady shrieked, he gasped, and on the instant there arrived a highly-scandalised mother, who seized him by the coat-tails and pulled him out of the room.

It seemed that the doctor was expected, and the maid, a new one, had mistaken old "Swift," so-called because he was so damn slow, for the medical gentleman.

Poor "Swift"; we made his life burdensome to him by telling him that he would have to marry the girl. The story leaked out, too, and frivolous girls used to worry old "Swift" by calling him a bold, bad man, and pretending to be afraid of him.

Usually, however, we went calling in couples or threes, for moral support and protection.

"LADY DOGS."

I remember once three of us were shown into an empty drawing-room. After a long time the door opened and in bounced a girl of about fourteen, accompanied by a lot of dogs.

She explained that her mother was out, but she would entertain us; she added that we need not be afraid of the dogs, as they were "lady dogs."

This information, coupled with the fact that it was delivered in an extraordinarily deep voice—about five times deeper than Clara Butt's—fairly upset me, and I giggled. Jones and Brown followed suit, and picking up our hats and sticks we fairly bolted out of the house.

On another occasion I went to pay a solitary call. The house was a long way off,

and I made it twice as long by losing my way; it came on to pour with rain and I had not an umbrella. But I plodded on having visions of tea and muffins or whisky-and-soda. When I got there the cupboard was bare, anyway, there was nobody in the house at all. But there was a dog in the garden and it came out and bit me. Merry times, my masters.

ON "PARTY" DUTY.

Apart from calling, which goes on pretty well all the year round, there are social functions to be attended. Mrs. So-and-So is giving an "At Home," or a garden party, or a dance, and invites the regiment. Volunteers are first called for, and if they are not forthcoming in sufficient numbers then "conscripts" are detailed for duty, just as for a parade.

I remember some of us being thus ordered to go to a dance. We were very sick about it, for it meant a long and expensive drive and we had a field day next morning. Oh, it was a joyful evening. We didn't know a soul there, and the girls were far from beautiful. Our host was a rigid teetotaller and there was only lemon juice on tap. A new Wellington boot pinched so infernally that I took it off in the seclusion of the back stairs, and then found that by no power on earth could I get it on again.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

Our Cape boy driver got drunk—Heaven knows how—and upset us in a ditch on the way back. It was raining cats and dogs and I had to walk about five miles carrying my boot under my arm. The stern side of soldiering is not confined to the battle-field.

Then, of course, in addition to receiving hospitality the regiment, of course, extends it, giving dances, at homes, &c.

At one time the cost of regimental entertainments used to be divided equally among the officers, but since a certain famous ball at Edinburgh, to which the youngest subaltern had to pay £100 as his share, it is now divided according to rank, *i.e.*, a second lieutenant pays one share, a captain three shares, and so on.

Nominally, no officer is obliged to subscribe towards the cost of a dance, &c., but, of course, it is very seldom that anyone stands out. Still, I knew one officer who used not only to refuse to subscribe, but to come as a guest at our expense. Sounds like a lie, but he was the colonel of the regiment, and it is a cold fact.

Then men, more especially military and civilian officials, have to be invited to dine as regimental guests, the cost being split as before.

Individual officers return individual hospitality by inviting friends to dinner on guest night, of course, bearing the whole cost themselves.

It is very awkward when your guest gets too much wine aboard and makes a fool of himself.

I remember one terrible scene. In the middle of dinner a guest, without the slightest warning, put his head down on the table and was violently sick.

Once a year, generally New Year's Eve, it is customary in most regiments to entertain the married ladies of the regiment to dinner in the mess. On this occasion their husbands become as regimental guests, and they do not usually forget to punish the fizz.

EVERYONE PAYS.

Married officers, I may say, are expected to attend at least one guest night a month, so that the whole burden of entertaining does not fall on the bachelors. They also pay their share of "mess guests."

At cricket and football matches and similar functions the regiment usually has a marquee for tea and drinks, and all officers are expected to attend. Indeed, an officer who habitually absented himself would be ordered to appear.

One way and another the Army officer does not get nearly so much time for his purely private amusements as might be supposed. True, many of these social duties are enjoyable enough, but often the officer has to spend time and money on extremely boring social obligations.

The very people who talk most about the idleness and extravagance of Army officers are usually the first to avail themselves of regimental hospitality. "CHINSTRAP."

"TREAT YOUR NERVES AS WELL AS YOUR COMPLAINT."—Dr. Birley.

The strength and tone of the *nerves* plays a great and important part in the speedy and permanent removal of most of the common and everyday ailments.

The special form of Phosphorus introduced by Dr. Stanley Birley, M.D., now so well known and established as being the *most* reliable and certain method of administering this valuable brain and nerve feeding element, is, in the following compounds combined with those remedial agents and medicaments known and proved to be the best for the complaints they are intended to relieve.

By these valuable compounds the whole body is strengthened and toned up *at the same time* as the complaint itself is being attacked.

Especially also is this method valuable when the ailment has become chronic.

The results are always far and away superior and more permanent than when the ailment is treated separately.

DR. BIRLEY'S "PLAIN" SYRUP OF FREE PHOSPHORUS.

The Basis of all Dr. Birley's Preparations.

A Vitalising Food for all Brain and Nervous Affections from whatever cause—worry, late hours, overwork, &c., and for Hysteria, St. Vitus' Dance, Headache, Sleeplessness, &c. A sustaining and life-giving element. Of especial benefit to professional men, Clergymen, Solicitors, Barristers, Literary Men, Schoolmasters, and all engaged in mental occupations of either sex.

DR. BIRLEY'S "IRONISED."—Special Remedy for Muscular Debility, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Rupture, Varicocele, Lumbago, Scrofula, Obesity, Dropsy, and General Debility. A great value, also, as a restorative after an attack of "Influenza" or any debilitating illness.

DR. BIRLEY'S "SUB-IRONISED."—Especially prepared for ladies and delicate persons suffering from the above ailments for the "Ironised"; and for Bright's Disease, Mumps, Varicose Veins, and when below par. For General Debility, Anæmia, Poorness of Blood and Lack of Colour, Maternity Weakness. Of especial value also for "backward" children.

DR. BIRLEY'S "BRONCHIAL."—Special Remedy for Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Quinsy, Congestion of the Lungs, Diphtheria, and Throat Affections generally.

DR. BIRLEY'S "GASTRIC."—Special Remedy for Indigestion, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, &c.

DR. BIRLEY'S "ANTI-RHEUMATIC."—Special Remedy for every form of Rheumatism and Gout (in some cases "Ironised" or "Sub-Ironised" will aid the action of this preparation when taken on alternate days with it).

DR. BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS COMPOUNDS

NEW ENLARGED BOTTLES,

3, 9, and 16ozs., 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, all kinds,

and sold by all Chemists and Drug Stores, and by Taylors', Parke's, Lewis and Burrows', Timothy White's, or post paid from GORDON MURRAY & CO., Ltd., 20 Street, Strand, London, W.C.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SELBY AS SHOWMAN

By ADAM STERN.

Debonair and a trifle rakish-looking, Arthur Lyons, the youthful member for Moulden, entered Richard's office unexpectedly one afternoon, and without ceremony sat down.

"Look here, Selby," he said, "I want you to do something for me."

Richard smiled, and sat back.

"Anything that's possible," he said. "What is it?"

"You know there's a general election imminent?"

"Yes," said Richard, "and which party is to be the winner?"

"Who can tell?" said Lyons, ruefully. "But what chiefly concerns me is the holding of my own seat; and I've had the tip that the Labour candidate is to be William Branston, and that no efforts will be spared to get him in."

"You'll have to be busy, then," said Richard.

"I'm aware of it; he's one of their best men. Complimentary as the choice is, I would rather have been spared it. However, there is still an interval before the official canvassing and speechifying begin, and in that interval, Selby—prepare for a sudden shock—I am anxious to qualify myself a little more thoroughly than at present for the privilege of representing the constituency."

Richard smiled quietly, but made no comment.

"An amazing desire, I grant you," went on Lyons, with a laugh, "and no doubt you regard it as clap-trap. But I'm serious—as serious, that is, as I ever am.

"It is all the result of a discovery I made the other day, a discovery that these people—the men and women of Moulden—*live*.

"I suddenly woke up to the fact that they are just as much alive as I am, and every bit as important.

"After that, there is no real rest for me until I come to know them better.

"I want to know their actual needs and requirements; it is, after all, what they expect me to know; and to arrive at a closer intimacy with them, to catch their point of view, to see life, if I can, through their eyes.

"I can only do this by being received among them as an equal, or by their accepting me as a human being like themselves. How am I to get on that footing? Can *you* tell me?"

Richard watched him with an amusement which he did not attempt to disguise.

"Oh, William Branston!" he said. "The wonders thy name will work! You remind me, Arthur," he continued, "of a gentleman in this town of the name of the Reverend Mr. Ellis, who called to see me some time ago with a request very similar to yours. He wanted to understand the people so that he might have some chance of capturing their souls. You ——"

"Put brutally—are after their votes. Selby, you should cure yourself of this cynical tendency. It's a bad habit, and somewhat disconcerting."

"Sit down," said Richard good-humouredly.

Lyons had risen to his feet, imperturbable, except for a trace of increased colour in his cheeks.

"I am found out," he said with his light laugh. "However——"

"Sit down," said Richard again. "You're sincere, it's evident, or you wouldn't object to my scepticism. You want to know something of the *heart* of the Black-Countryman—that's what it amounts to, isn't it? Very well, you shall. The Black-Countryman, I'm proud to say, doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve; he hides it deep down. Deep down, Arthur."

His voice had an inflection which Lyons could not quite fathom. There was, moreover, an unusual glint in his eyes.

"To-morrow—Saturday night—are you free?" asked Richard, abruptly.

"Yes."

"Then meet me here at eight o'clock. No, I don't come out to dinner, thanks; I shall be working till then. By the way, put on the shabbiest suit you've got, and wear a scarf instead of a collar. You shall mix with your constituents as a comrade, not as their candidate."

"Which is a thing," laughed Lyons, "I do most ardently desire. Good-bye. I promise you I'll be punctual."

II.

Richard looked him up and down when he arrived, and shook his head.

"You won't do at all," he said. "You're far too clean and respectable. Look at me."

He was stripped to the shirt, and his throat and face and arms were begrimed with toil at the forge.

Lyons was in schoolboy humour, and quoted chaffingly, "'His brow was wet with honest sweat.' But soberly, you're a remarkable chap. Why do you slave like this alone, all your workpeople gone? You have no necessity to do it."

"It keeps me human," said Richard. "Get and do something yourself and spoil that polished exterior. You can cart that heap of chain to the testing-shed at the back. It will soon blacken you up, unless your delicate instincts rebel."

"They don't," said Lyons promptly, "and, Selby, drop that cursed superiority of yours. You make me squirm inwardly."

They laughed in unison, and half-an-hour afterwards Richard expressed his approval of Lyons's changed appearance.

"You'll do," he said, "smudge your hands over your face. Right. Now I'll ruin this seven-and-sixpenny cap of yours." Which he did by dropping it on the floor and wiping his boots on it.

He put on his coat and twisted his scarf round his neck.

"Ready?" he said.

"Ready," said Lyons, whose enjoyment was huge.

They went out through the offices, Richard putting out all the lights and locking the door behind him.

"I hope you can stomach bad beer," he said, as they started off. "There'll be plenty of it flowing wherever we go, and it won't do to dodge it. Also, of course, you'll accept all you see without comment."

"I'll remember," said Lyons.

"We shall only have time for a rapid run round," Richard added, and after that they relapsed into silence.

* * * * * * *

Half-way down a narrow, dirty slum Richard stopped at a door and entered without knocking.

In an evil-smelling kitchen, lit only by a tallow candle stuck in a black bottle, a woman sat crouched over the fire, her short black hair hanging unpinned about her shoulders. She turned her head slowly, and with scraggy fingers pushed aside a strand of hair from her eyes.

"Sam about?" asked Richard.

"Yo'll find 'im upstairs," she answered, and turned away to resume her sombre brooding.

Lyons stumbled up the stairs in Richard's wake, and into a room where a big fire was burning, where the atmosphere was so thick with smoke that it was difficult to breathe and as difficult to see, and where a number of men sat at small tables, engaged in playing cards or dominoes, or talking together in that slow, restrained, emotionless fashion, which is typical of the Black-Countrymen at unexcited times.

A red-faced, red-moustached, stout man, in shirt-sleeves, looked round and saw them, nodded at Richard, and left a game of nap which he had been interestedly watching to come up and speak.

"Ain't seen yo' for many a month," he said, gruffly, to Richard. "How bin yer?"

"Tidy," said Richard. "Just dropped in for a drink and to see how you're keeping. Have one yourself, Sam, and tell the rest to fill up. I'm off very soon."

He talked to men here and there in the sing-song slang of the chainmaker, a language almost incomprehensible to Lyons, and presently, nudging his companion, stood up.

"There's a lot of shops like that in Moulden," he explained when they were outside again striding through the cold night air. They're a sort of working men's club, but unlicensed. You get your drinks on tick and square up on Saturday. The majority of chainmakers, you know, haven't got a sou after Monday night, and if they don't know a pub. where credit's obtainable they go there. They must booze somewhere."

"I suppose they must," said Lyons. "Certainly they take their conviviality quietly."

"You should be inside when there's a row!" said Richard.

"Do those men ever laugh?" asked Lyons thoughtfully, later on. "I was looking at their faces and trying to imagine them doing so; but I couldn't."

"They're not conspicuous for jollity," said Richard, who seemed to have caught something of their taciturnity. "Down here."

He went ahead up a long alley and across an ill-paved courtyard to the open door of what was little better than a hovel. The lower living-room, feebly lit by a flickering fire, was empty, unless one counted the contents of a cradle by the fire.

Richard stepped up to the cradle and beckoned Lyons.

"Look," he said solemnly.

A black whippet was curled up among cushions asleep. As they gazed down, one clear intelligent eye rolled back to look at them, and closed again.

"The owner of that bitch," said Richard, striking to the right across the yard, "thinks nothing of spending fifteen bob a week on her when training her for a race, even if he has to go hungry himself. He is unmarried, but she's as much as wife and child to him."

A gleam of light was coming from beneath the door of a small one-story building at which he paused and knocked.

"What's this place?" inquired Lyons amiably. He was leaving everything to Richard, but some curiosity was not unnatural.

"The wash-house for the whole court," replied Richard.

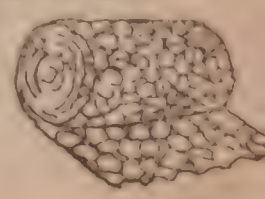
"Ah, yes," said Lyons, as though, of course, it would be that. He was tempted to ask in what manner a wash-house would assist his re-election to Parliament, but resisted the impulse.

A short, black-bearded man opened the door and squinted suspiciously at Richard, his expression altering the next moment.

"Oh, it's yo'!" he said. "Come on in. Who's yer pal?"

"He's all right; good as gold," said Richard, as he pushed past. "What's on to-night?"

"Barney wagered as 'e'd kill a score, one arter t'other. 'E's just started on it. That's another—sounds like!"



A chorus of oaths and comment came from a group of men at the top end, spectators of something taking place in their midst.

Richard handed the black-bearded man some money, and the latter picked up a couple of stone jars from behind the door and went out.

Lyons meanwhile had been standing patiently by, wondering what was on, being able to distinguish but little in the dim illumination cast by the lanterns suspended from nails in the wall.

"How's your nerve?" Richard asked him in an undertone. "No, there's no danger, only unpleasantness. Some game goes on in here most Saturday nights, and the one they're at now is a common recreation. Feeling quite steady?"

For answer Lyons joined the onlookers, and tiptoeing saw a strange sight.

In a sort of enclosure made of fine-mesh wire netting, a man was on his knees—a long-faced, cadaverous, wiry-looking man.

His mouth and chin were smeared with blood. He was making darting movements with his head towards the ground, twisting about, crawling, waiting quiescent for a while, then suddenly repeating the movements—all to the accompaniment of alternate applause and jeers.

And dodging him, retreating, springing aside, scurrying, was a large rat!

Every now and again, with extraordinary quickness, the man caught it up with his hand, planted it in front of him, and made that darting movement with his head. But each time the rat escaped.

Lyons watched, revolted and yet fascinated. It seemed that the man's intention was to kill it with his teeth, like a dog. It seemed, too, that he was capable of doing it, judging from the loathsome condition of his lips.

He knocked the rat over with his hand at last, and with a downward thrust caught it. He shook his head twice. Then sat on his heels and spat.

A hand took Lyons's arm and led him outside.

"You won't care to see any more of that," said Richard. "This way."

They reached the street and walked for a considerable distance without speaking.

"Funny idea of sport some men have," commented Lyons, at length.

"Very," agreed Richard, drily.

"Where next?"

"The cock-pit."

"The cock-pit! Come, Selby, you're joking!"

"No, I'm not," said Richard.

"Cock-fighting in Moulden?"

"Regularly. And that rat-killing is refined in comparison with it! It's the beastliest sight I've ever witnessed, and I've witnessed a few."

"I'd rather miss it, if you don't mind," said Lyons. "Inquisitiveness is not one of my weaknesses."

"You'd better see everything while you're about it," said Richard. "This is the place. Down these steps."

"No, hang it!" said Lyons, drawing back. "It will serve no purpose."

"The man who runs it probably has a vote—"

"Damn his vote!"

"Right-o," said Richard. "After all, it takes place behind locked doors, and if they spotted your identity—and your father a magistrate—— Back along here, then."

They went through a maze of alleys and slums to an inn, where Richard told Lyons to stay outside, and was absent for several minutes.

"Sorry to be so long," he said; but I had to stand drinks round and make myself sociable. There's a fight on down in the cellar, a real old-fashioned scrap with the 'raw 'uns,' and only the specially privileged may enter."

"Phew!" whistled Lyons softly. Moulden is certainly a warmer spot than I had thought. I'm game for this. Which way?"

He followed Richard into the inn, along a passage, and down stone steps to a door which was cautiously opened a little way until Richard was recognised, and then widened just sufficiently to permit them to enter.

"Don't go too far in," warned Richard in an undertone; "these affairs often end in a free fight all round."

The interior was crowded with men, their silence significant of pent-up excitement. It was plain that the fight was nearly over. In the properly-erected, roped-in ring, two huge men, naked to the waist and bespattered with blood, were battering each other with little skill but deadly determination. The sound of fist on flesh was sickening.

Lyons turned his eyes away after a time.

"Can't stand this," he whispered to Richard. "Let's get out."

A minute later, inhaling a deep breath—"Thank God for fresh air!" he said.

"Had enough?" queried Richard.

"Just about, by Jove! A clean, skilful contest at the National with four-ounce gloves I could enjoy, but that bestial ferocity—— Let's go somewhere and have a drink."

"And a wash," said Richard.

"A *bath*, old chap. Nothing less than a bath."

"Don't forget they're your constituents."

Lyons stopped in his stride to smile dismally at Richard beneath the light of a street lamp.

"Selby," he asked, "what was that nonsense I was talking yesterday? Didn't I say something about a better understanding—about seeing through their eyes?" He walked on again. "We have pitiful delusions sometimes," he said.

Later on with conviction—

"There is only one man in Moulden who should rightly represent Moulden, and that is you, Selby."

"I reckon you'll do," said Richard.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

There are many men like Richard Selby in THE MODERN MAN League.

Why don't you join?

You have been thinking about it, of course, but now is the time.

Fill up the coupon on page 37, and post it to-night.

THE FINEST WINTER OVERCOAT EVER DESIGNED

FRONT VIEW OF THE OVERCOAT.

THE magnificent appearance of the cavalry soldier is largely due to the cut of his Overcoat, or, as he calls it, his "cloak."

Realising this, we requested Captain Saunders, who conducts the "Outer Man" page, to assist us in designing an Overcoat which would be suitable for civilian wear, and which would also embody the distinctive cut of the cavalry Overcoat. He very kindly consented to help us with his advice, and THE MODERN MAN Overcoat is the result.

It is cut very full from the waist downwards, so that it fully protects the knees and legs when travelling by train or motor.

The collar is very deep, giving absolute protection to the neck in the roughest weather.

The back is fitted with a reversed box-pleat, which gives perfect freedom of movement to the shoulders.

A half-belt enables you to bring in the waist as much as you desire.

This is absolutely the finest thing in Winter Overcoats that has ever been offered.

The materials are Irish Friezes, Grey Cheviots, Fleeces, and Blue Beavers, all of the most fashionable texture and colour, and in infinite variety.

For such a coat you would be well served if you were charged five guineas, for it requires much more than the usual amount of material. We shall supply you with one, however, at the astonishingly low price of

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent free.

63/-

Your money returned in full, without question or dispute, if you are not . . . entirely satisfied . . .

BACK VIEW OF THE OVERCOAT.

J. & H. ELLIS, *The Firm that fitted the King,* **20, Farringdon St., London, E.C.**

The Crimester

A SKETCH.

By DONALD THORPE.

Mr. Timothy Meekin is a young man with some claim to cleverness, inasmuch as he has passed the Second Division of the Civil Service, but he is so far to be envied in that he is incapable of using his brains for aught else save his work.

One of the inner offices of the G P.O. has him for its slave, and it absorbs him for some eight hours daily.

Being a young man of regular habits, he sleeps eight hours, and when he is not eating he reads for the rest of the time, and reading, although some people fail to realise it, is a restful occupation because someone else is thinking for you.

Thus, the easy chair in his diggings usually finds Timothy deep in some charming book of the type that sees only the pretty, the quiet, or the worth-living side of life.

It is no use flinging a bloodthirsty detective yarn at Timothy. His friends have long since found out that it does nothing more than merely hurt his head. He throws it away again without as much as looking at the title.

"I don't want to read that sort of story. You know I don't, you chaps," he says in despair.

"Still afraid of disturbing your precious serenity?" his disappointed friends ask bitterly.

He smiles as only Timothy can smile.

"Don't bother me, there's good chaps," he says. "Don't bother me."

And he relapses again into the delicate writings of those who speak not of murder, of red stains beneath carpets, nor of ghosts dragging chains along mildewed subterranean passages. The placid expression which has seen him successfully through life returns to Timothy.

Yet there was a time when, in the palaver of the sporting world, they "got it up" for Timothy. They had suspected his weakness some time—those young men who shared "digs" with him. They noticed that he never wrestled for the "Daily Mail"; that he never clamoured for the horrors in advance generously described out of mere goodness of heart by certain other papers.

"Do you know," said his friends, "it's old Tim's facetious serenity again. Whenever he sees a startling headline don't you notice that he immediately drops the paper?"

"Getting quite like Mr. Balfour," someone put in irrelevantly.

"He's got a delicately poised brain (I'm talking of Tim)," said another. "He told me once that the details of a crime fairly unnerved him, and that if a murderer was sentenced to death he felt painful right up to the morning of his execution. It's got a horrible fascination for him—crime. That's why he leaves reading about it alone."

Seeing that this was Mr. Meekin's temperament his friends did not miss the slightest chance of talking as insistently as possible about a crime that was the gossip of Great Britain and the salvation of the papers at the moment.

Mr. Meekin's digs-chums could not have wished for a better opportunity. They took particular care to bring home an evening paper apiece from the City on the evening of the first day's trial, and offered them all to Meekin.

He did not wish to read them.

Then it was so awful. Fancy——

Timothy did not want to hear anything about it.

They proceeded to discuss the most gruesome details, while Timothy, his head buried in some classic masterpiece, endeavoured to blot out their conversation.

At last he could bear it no longer. Slowly and insidiously the scraps of conversation that he caught were eating into his brain, they were chasing away the pretty thoughts that the book before him suggested, and they were battering at the gates of his serenity. At last the grim determination of it all overpowered him.

"Give me a paper," he said, in as casual a tone as he could command.

While they watched gleefully, he embarked upon the first line of the word-painter's description of the great scene at the trial, the callous prisoner in the dock, the opening witnesses for the prosecution.

The next night they lent him a paper by request. He had come home early from the G. P. O. They had thought him in need of a rest from overwork. His eyes were dilated; his face was flushed. He absorbed more details.

He stayed at home the next day, and swam through a printer's-ink sea of varied portrayals of the case from the pens of six different gruesomely-inclined soul-harrowers in six papers. He never stirred from his chair all day. When his friends returned from the City in the evening, he confessed he was experiencing the same feelings as if he were the prisoner. Every telling point of the witnesses for the prosecution (as he read it in the latest special) made him shudder. Finished with the verbatim report of the case, he turned to the descriptive ere the cheese was cleared away, and proceeded to feast on his own nerves. . . . His eyes told his friends that they were quivering, lashing at high tension.

After that they saw the serious side of the matter. They wrested the paper from him. They tried to induce him to play nap, to do anything but think of the Crime.

But it was no good. He sat in the chair, thinking out weak spots in the prosecution's evidence and finding but few.

At its close he was despondent, and only recovered a little of his old cheerfulness the next day under the influence of the fine effort for the defence.

Then came the night when the papers had the judge's summing-up and the jury's dread pronouncement.

It left the Crimester a wreck. His friends, finding him pale in the chair, rushed out for brandy, but it was the landlady's little daughter who in their absence discovered the antidote.

When they returned it was to find her sitting at the feet of a slightly-revived Timothy, reading in soothing diction from "Through the Looking Glass":

"I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
Or set limed twigs for crabs.
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
For wheels of hansom cabs"

"Lovely—lovely," murmured the Crimester, as one who has water poured upon his fevered brow.

CHRISTMAS DON'TS.

If your hostess gives you two mince pies and asks you which you like the better, *don't* give a definite answer. You don't know which one she made herself.

If you are in bed, and you are disturbed after midnight by a cracked voice singing "Christians, Awake" under your window, *don't* hastily empty the water-jug over the warbler.

Instead of "the waits," it might be a fellow lodger coming home from a Yuletide festival.

Despite the superstition that you will have a month's good luck for every mince-pie you eat, *don't* consume twelve at one sitting.

Don't embrace another man's girl under the mistletoe.

Even though such harmless fun is licensed at the festive season, some men are apt to get absurdly annoyed about it.

If you take any pride in your waistcoat or your trousers, *don't* encourage your host's pretty bairns to clamber on your knees after playing snapdragon.

Don't read Christmas poems. You are certain to meet those hoary rhymes "bills," "pills," and "ills."

Unless you can trust your host, *don't* drink too much of his champagne.

Gooseberries do not go well with Christmas pudding; and they are apt to give you, not a sham, but a real pain.

If you are desirous of retaining your single freedom, *don't* go out into the shrubbery with your friend's sister to hear the Christmas chimes ring out.

Even if the weather is frosty, you might find it too warm for you.

LEECLA

Non-Magnetic Watches

Our Factory Extensions are now completed, and we are in a position to cope with the largest run of orders. We are daily receiving repeat orders and letters of congratulation. Customers write to say that they cannot understand how we can give such extraordinary value for 3/6. : Guaranteed for five years. Nickelled or oxidised cases.

3/6 each.

THE "LEECLA" WATCH COMPANY,
215, OLD STREET, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.
Telegrams—Vela, Ashton. Telephone—172.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SIBLEY'S SUICIDE

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

To do Sibley the one possible piece of credit within my power, I will place on record the fact that we always believed him.

We took it quite seriously when he said he would have such a go for the gloves one day that it would be Park Lane or the Thames for him. We swallowed it when he averred that the humdrum, nondescript life was to him not worth the living, that he would care nothing about severing the cord which bound him to it.

Sibley was on the Stock Exchange. He lived in a pretty little villa in the Thames Valley, and he was believed to have a wife somewhere within it.

It appeared that the little woman he looked daggers at when she failed to scoop an easy one over was his wife. We decided she must be, for no man looks daggers when playing tennis at any other woman.

Sibley was immensely popular. As he said he was not the sort of man to have his amusements and his joy in life spoilt by any faluting female.

We irresponsible young bachelors considered ourselves hard to beat when there was any roystering on, but I must admit that we could not hold a candle to Sibley when he elected to start. Our little "rags" were tame by comparison. We feared to go whither he would have led us.

On such occasions Sibley would turn upon us "Bah!" he would say, "you'll end up what you are—miserable little country boys, with no outlook, no ambition—nothing! Where the Hell are your hearts?"

He would drop us with a snarl.

At first this sort of thing offended us, but rarely more than five minutes elapsed before Sibley apologised, and he had a way with him that gained him popularity, in spite of his truly appalling temper.

To watch him at tennis was to watch a devil play. He was not champion of England because he slashed at everything. Slash!—and the ball would whizz by the truest eyed, the quickest of all of us.

It was in him, in his every movement when playing the game of life or of tennis. He dearly loved to smash something. He went for a tennis-ball as though he wished to reduce it to a shapeless mass. He went for his fellow-brokers, I am told, as though he wanted to ruin them. Meteorically brilliant, it was something to thank the heavens for that occasional runs of ill-luck balanced his successes. A man like that with *power!* It is something too horrible to contemplate. Sibley, combined with power, must have resulted in a bad time for the Universe.

And then one night the news burnt up all other topics in our Thames Valley suburb.

Sibley had committed suicide!

He was not actually dead, but the end was expected every moment.

He had been jolly enough playing cards in the train.

He had won at a small-stakes game of solo whist that was his one mental recreation.

He had nodded cheerily to this one and that as he walked, quickly as was his wont, through the High Street. . . .

But once at home he had, said Rumour, gone up to his bedroom to dress for dinner—and shot himself!

It ran like wildfire along the street and curvetted by human branch lines into every smoke-room.

"Sibley's shot himself in both temples."

Why—why—why?

That was the reply to the news. Some of us who were numbered among Sibley's best friends were gathered in the smoke-room of the suburb's best hotel where all the City men congregated in the evening. We could all of us read in the newspapers of suicide and preserve our equanimity, but this was too horrible.

Imagine for a moment that you heard this news of your best friend. Imagine that you have before

you the picture of your best friend prostrate on a bed, his features twisted beyond recognition, his poor head smashed. . . .

You would do what we did. You would try to shut from your mind's eye the wretched vision it had conjured up. You would try to blot your friend's mangled head out of your mind as we tried to blot out Sibley. . . .

That is when the true hideousness of suicide touches you; when you were laughing and drinking with the poor mad fool the evening before; when you know that his photograph adorns one of your rooms; when the stick you hold, the cigarette-case, or the pipe you carry is a gift from *him*. . . . That is when Suicide strike's home.

We tried to blot it out, I say, but every train from the City brought friends or acquaintances of ours to remind us of it. They came in swiftly, concern on their faces. They did not stop to smile at the barmaid, or show by raising their hats the respect for her they did not feel.

They would cross over to some depressed group or other and hiss out the query:

"I say, is it true about Sibley?" (Slow, despairing nods.)

"Good—God!" they would mutter, tensely. "Good—God, and everyone thought he was making a fortune!"

They would walk up to the bar.

"A little brandy and soda" was the popular drink that evening, and the apologetic explanation was: "This knocks a man over, Cissy. This knocks a man over."

Cissy, good-hearted, immoral little soul, had used up several pretty lace handkerchiefs.

"As he's dying," she said, "there can be no harm in telling. *He* gave me these. A birthday present."

And two large tears would fall over her brimming lower lids. That night Cissy gained a reputation for the possession of a heart—which had not been accredited to her before.

It was, I suppose, nine o'clock before a stock-broker who knew Sibley came in. That "Why, why—why?" had been dinning in our ears for some time.

We seized upon him, and, to the accompaniment of the yells of the newspaper boys outside ("'Orrible sooicide of a stock browker!") We asked him what had made Sibley do it. To what extent was he ruined?

The stockbroker was suitably uncommunicative. Nothing he said, had transpired in Threadneedle Street. Sibley was not *known* to be heavily involved in anything very speculative. But, of course, a man on the Stock Exchange did not have to put his hand on the table until settling days. There was to be a South African settlement on the morrow, and—(he shrugged his shoulders). Thank heaven, he had no interest in the South African market.

That shrug portended a collapse. We saw through it at once.

Sibley had gone for the gloves on the expectation of things looking up in South Africa consequent on the Royal opening of the Union of South Africa's Parliament. But as all the world knew, a hasty fall in South Africans was practically certain. Kaffirs had been subjected to a minor cyclone. It meant Queer Street for men like Sibley who were trying to make money with no big capital to back up their speculations.

Ting-a-ling went the telephone as we sketched out the reason why two revolver bullets were sent crashing into Sibley's brain. Ting-a-ling.

Sibley had been unconscious since six o'clock but he was not dead.

Not dead! Well, thank heaven, poor chap, he was unconscious.

"He'll pass away not knowing," we said in fervent thankfulness.

Poor Sibley! We could not help seeing how really splendid he was. Rather than face the disgrace of a hammering on the Stock Exchange he had done as he said he would do. For him it had meant "Park Lane or the Thames." He had substituted for the cold, murky waters the revolver. One shot and still alive—then, with magnificent determination, the other in the other temple! It was splendid, grand. . . .

"By God, Sibley's died like a man!" was the general verdict, at length.

The tension was relaxed a little. We broke forth into tales of the funny escapades we had been through in his company. We extolled him. He was a "good sort," and had taken his beating like a sportsman. Rather than drag on, ruined and disgraced, he had elected to remove himself from the game in which he had utterly and irretrievably lost. . . .

At ten o'clock the doctor himself came into the hotel with a man whom we recognised as Sibley's brother. Some of us had met him before, and we had the good taste to ask no questions.

"Heard about my brother?" he said. "The confounded fool—shot himself because of a little tiff with his wife. There's an idiot's temper for you! Think of the trouble he'll give over the operation!"

"You don't mean to say he'll *live?*" was chorused.

Sibley had spoiled the romance of the thing enough by not having the reason of ruination on the Stock Exchange for his suicide. Surely he was not going to *live?*

"Oh, yes, he'll live," said the doctor. "It will mean a trepanning operation, but I'll bet my reputation he'll pull through."

That was enough for us.

As we strolled home, shorn of our tragic feelings, the following resolution if put to the company would have been carried unanimously: "All friends of ours who wish to commit suicide are requested to do so romantically and properly or not at all."

THE BUSINESS OF SMOKING.

Smoking is becoming more and more of a "business" every day. Nowadays a great many men scorn the old-fashioned method of plugging tobacco into a pipe, and elect to carry tubes of the weed about with them which they insert into the bowl by means of cylindrical metal "fillers."

In the same way cigarette-holders are becoming weapons of a fearsomely intricate mechanism. There are "cooling compartments," chambers for the insertion of antiseptic "wads," patent "grip" mouthpieces and all manner of novel devices. One wonders whether all this does not detract in a measure from the pristine charm of an occasional smoke.

WHIST-DRIVERS

HOW SOME OF THEM ARE SPOILING THE GAME.

If whist-drivers observed all the proprieties of the game of whist there could be little for the most brilliant of pens to write about them. They would have to dismiss them in a few phrases. They could only point out the patent fact to an unsurprised world that they were serious, solemn, and above all things quiet.

But whist-drives have slain the game of whist. That is the cold fact of the matter. Those who take tickets for and attend whist-drives may, in most instances, have the satisfaction of knowing that, through them, it is unlikely that whist will ever rise again to the level of a game.

Attendance at whist-drives, in fact, has fallen as low, morally, as attendance at church.

THE PURPOSE.

Few indeed actually go to play whist. Young men go to meet pretty girls, and *vice-versa*. Pretty girls go to show off their new dresses with the hope of outshining their compeers.

Old men go because their wives make them, and their wives go because they wish to show they are still young and ingenuous.

The consequence is an enjoyable evening for all, except those who can play whist.

Yet it makes criminals at heart of good whist-players. It knocks out old English gallantry. The good whist-player, however courteous in ordinary life, would like to drag out by the roots the hair of a fair partner who trumps his ace.

The proprieties of a social evening, however, are against this, so that he merely makes a nuisance of himself to the other male players in the gentlemen's cloak-room at the interval.

Young men who have been playing the game of

whist the whole evening request him in unmistakable terms to desist forthwith, and they are only deterred from flinging him into the coal-box by reason of the fact that his absence would upset the whole thing mathematically and thus spoil the harmony of the evening.

The good whist-player never goes again, and thus, nowadays, you may safely go to a whist-drive and trump your partner's successful ace the first time round without fear of the hatchet.

But far worse than the bad player at the whist-drive is the alleged wit.

To him no person is sacred. He jibes the leading jeweller with secreting diamonds up his sleeves. He supposes the sombre verger is strong in spades. Not a pretty girl becomes his partner but what he says at the end of the game (when they have just saved the slam) that he thought she was certain to have *all* the hearts.

He is unbearable. He cannot even pass without comment the appearance at his table of a lady wearing a badge marked "gentleman."

FEEBLE HUMOUR.

"How are you, old sport?" he says to ladies who are thus ticketed. "Now, no flirting with your pretty partner at *this* whist-drive, please! Have I been winning? Oh no; could *you* ever win in your best Sunday trousers?"

The regrettable fact is that the sweet young things laugh with him.

He is of the kind that is out for what he terms "sport"—not for whist. When the M.C. calls out at the conclusion of the evening: "Any lady over one hundred and eighty?" he is the humorous gentleman who shouts out: "Well, if so, isn't she entitled to an old-age pension?"

L. GARSIDE.

"ER! ER!"

You are seated in a crowded train; and suddenly you notice a man sitting opposite you. Surely it is Robertson, who used to work with you at So-and-So's in the old days! With each successive look that you take at him, your conviction grows stronger.

At last you bend forward and speak to him. But to your dismay you find that you are mistaken. You apologise and sink back into your seat, a victim to intense embarrassment. You feel that he must suspect you of being one of the "confidence trick" fraternity.

Probably such mistakes have happened at some time or other to every man—but they are particularly embarrassing.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the league badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin.....	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin.....	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge...	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

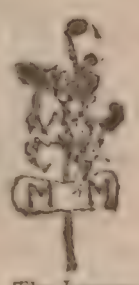
APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....



The League Badge Actual size.

Spare time turned into GOLD by I.C.S. training

Whatever your age, occupation, or means may be; wherever you may reside—I.C.S. training will increase your earning power.

"I thank you for having secured for me a position with the Hull Corporation, with an increase of 33⅓% in wages, and prospects of promotion.

"I owe my present position to the fact that I was an I.C.S. Student, as there are dozens of names on the books waiting for an opening."—(Signed) O. W. Wright, Hull.

The I.C.S. train you *for* your work whilst *at* your work. No classes, no books to buy, no restrictions, no extras, no wasted time, no needless complications—every lesson, simple, thorough, practical—complete in itself. Over 180 different courses.

All preliminary information free. It means but little trouble to send the coupon—which leads to increased wages and permanent success.

"The way to Better Pay is the I.C.S. Way"

Better Position Coupon

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.

Dept. 414 X International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary, in the position before which I have marked X (or in the one stated here .....

_Engineering (state which)	_Book-keeping
_Analytical Chemistry	_Business Training
_Modern Languages	_Motor —Aviation
_Architecture	_Civil Service

Over 160 other courses.

Name.....

Address.....

THE OUTER MAN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TOWN FASHIONS.

With Christmas almost upon us, it is likely that many readers are already fixing up arrangements for the short holiday the season brings.

Many, doubtless, will be leaving the town for a brief sojourn in the country, and these should pay considerable attention to their dress on that occasion.

Some people are inclined to believe that it matters little what one wears out of town; but as well as rough kit for walking and outdoor country sports a man should take with him something that will leave behind it an impression of the townsman's fashion.

The country cousin, it must be remembered, will look to the townsman's visit as an opportunity for studying the latest town fashions.

He will, however, be quick to notice if his visitor is attired in a suit of last summer's style, and will draw his own conclusions.

Wear winter clothes in winter, and put by the summer things until a more suitable time for their resurrection, even though the lighter suit is apparently more stylish.

WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR.

Some men cannot wear woollen underwear because that material chafes their skin almost to rawness. Still, with snow on the ground (or on the way) such men cannot go cold.

All talk about wearing wool next the skin may be safely disregarded. If the wool is actually worn, it cannot matter whether it lies next the skin or a little above it. A good tip to a man with tender flesh, is to wear very thin cotton garments under the wool.

It is when riding that we feel to the utmost the unpleasant prickly sensation which gradually changes to soreness that is caused by woollen underwear.

CLOTHES AND WORK.

Not infrequently my correspondents question me as to the best kind of clothes for business wear.

This is a matter that depends, of course, entirely upon the nature of one's employment. The day is past when the clerks in the Bank of England were were required to wear knee-breeches and were forbidden "to wear moustaches during business hours." But, though fashions have changed, Englishmen still find it expedient to look "like business" when engaged in their daily work.

Not only does the fact that one is suitably dressed give a favourable impression to those with whom one is brought into contact during business hours, but the clothes themselves have an indescribable, but none the less real, moral influence on the wearer. They brace him up for his task as nothing else can do.

That this fact is widely realised is shown by the increasing tendency for certain trades and professions to have distinct kinds of garments associated with them. Not a few dentists, for instance, now habitually wear the while drill frock-coat of the operating theatre when on duty, while the short-braided office-coat for ordinary business men has become quite an established institution.

"Dress the part if you want to play it successfully," might well be the maxim of any of our younger men. Whatever one's calling may be—farmer, doctor, grocer, butcher, or parson, it is well to *look* as if one were capable of performing any professional or business duties that come one's way.

DRESS SUITS.

When a thick overcoat is required, a more or less unknown tailor is generally able to supply your wants, but when an evening suit, an article of clothing that should fit its owner like a glove, is to be bought, a well-known and reliable tailor should be engaged.

It is a well-known fact that the thinner and lighter the material, the more difficult it is for a tailor to produce an article precisely in keeping with his customer's wishes.

As evening suits are the most difficult of men's clothes to make, it may easily be seen that the more experienced the tailor, the better the results to be expected.

That London readers are paying more attention to this side of the question is shown by the increased number of dress-suit orders which Messrs. Ellis, of the Strand, have had to meet.

Certainly I cannot recommend a better firm for this style of clothing, and country readers also would be well-advised in taking advantage of the facilities offered by Messrs. Ellis for the purpose of sending measurements by post and receiving the goods through the same medium.

SLIPPERS AND COMFORT.

A great deal more in the way of comfort depends on slippers than a man always realises. The very act of getting into slippers of any sort is a delight, largely because when a man does throw aside his boots and slips his feet into the easier things he has probably had enough exercise—walking, riding, or what not—to give him a sense of fatigue about the limbs.

This sense of fatigue spreads readily to the feet, and, until a man can take a bath after a hard day in the saddle or afoot in the open air, the two most refreshing things are to wash the hands and to get into slippers.

Sometimes even slippers are a nuisance, and the feet are bare of all covering but socks. This limit of ease, however, is only possible where a man is in his own room and is alone. Then he can do much as he likes. But when he is staying with friends, or is one of a household, even a household of his own kith and kin, he must wear slippers.

And if he is a man of taste and discrimination he soon finds that there are slippers and slippers. In other words there are slippers that are more tiring than boots. The close-fitting slipper of leather is very tiring.

Patent leather slippers or pumps are

180 COLLARS 1/-

This sounds ridiculous, but it is true. The new process "Lin-Glossing" your collars makes it possible. An ordinary linen collar which is Lin Glossed can be washed every morning with a wet sponge. It can be worn for a month before it requires another treatment of "**Lin-Gloss.**"

Lin-Gloss. You simply put it on your collar and cuffs. It produces a china gloss that can be washed with a wet cloth. **Lin-Gloss** does not damage the linen. It cannot be seen on the collar. Its use saves linen—remember your collars are worn out in the wash. To wash and dress 180 collars will cost you 15s. Why not send 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp post-paid to-day for a bottle of **Lin-Gloss**—six months' supply—and just see how much you can save on your laundry bill?

THE LIN-GLOSS CO.,

(Dept. 5), **58, Cheapside, London, E.C.**

THE McKINLEY "MAC."

The most wonderful value ever offered. Made from materials bought before the enormous rise in the price of rubber.

16s. 6d. Carriage Paid.

The McKinley Mac.

Money refunded in full if you are not completely satisfied.

The **McKINLEY MAC** is made of high-grade, medium-weight, fawn rubber coating, and is a really serviceable waterproof garment for sporting or ordinary wear. It is perfectly cut and finished, made as illustrated, with fashionable Raglan sleeves, lined across shoulders, vertical pockets, storm-collar with throat-tab, straps on cuffs, ventilated arm-holes and double-solutioned seams. Ready for service, in all sizes.

Send chest measure (over jacket), height, and remittance to-day, and take advantage of this exceptional opportunity.

A gentleman who has worn these coats during the last four years writes:—"I have found them very satisfactory. They are thoroughly waterproof, always remain soft, and, being light in weight, are most comfortable. In winter I frequently wear it over my overcoat. For myself and family I have already had eight of them."

If you do not need a "Mac," send a postcard for our grand range of free samples of Suitings and Overcoatings. We can save you half your tailoring bill, and guarantee perfection of fit and best London styles, no matter where you live.

Overcoats 21/- to 37/6, Suits 25/- to 42/-, Breeches 10/6 to 21/- (to measure).

No extras. Genuine Scotch and English materials. Best Workmanship. Money refunded in full if you are not satisfied in every way.

Our copyright booklet, "The Hall-Mark of Tailoring Perfection," Patterns, Fashion-Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley Scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which enables you to take measures as easily and accurately as an experienced tailor, will be mailed to you free if you mention "The Modern Man."

Write or call, **C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, LONDON, E.C.**

worse, but these need only be worn at intervals and on dress occasions.

The most comfortable slippers are those that do not try to look smart. The roomy, round-toed slipper of cloth or wool or both, is the best. The feet are kept warm and comfortable without any suspicion of being confined and cramped.

MACKINTOSHES.

It is more than probable that many readers have postponed the day for purchasing their new waterproof until the very last moment.

In fact, though winter is now in full swing our late summer left us but little time to prepare for the season of rain and snow.

No sooner were the days of our summer clothes over than we were plunged directly into what is usually termed bad weather.

If any article of clothing should be of better quality and endurance than the others, it is the waterproof.

It is rather unfortunate, however, that more frauds are perpetrated in this connection than in any other line, mainly due, one is led to suppose, by the price of rubber.

It is in this connection that Messrs. C. and G. McKinley, of Gresham Street, have scored, purchasing, as they did, a large stock of materials for the making of waterproofs before the rise in the price of rubber.

Thus, backed by the opinion of several correspondents, I can thoroughly recommend the products of the McKinley firm.

SHOES IN WINTER.

When one has been wearing shoes at all times throughout the summer, the prospect of reverting to the heavier form of footwear will probably be unpleasant.

On this topic several correspondents have written asking my opinion on the advisability and allowableness of wearing shoes in the winter.

Shoes are quite permissible in the cold season so long as they are of substantial build and of not too gay a pattern. Several disadvantages, however, attend the adoption of the shoe for winter wear. In rainy weather the ankle and lower leg is apt to get splashed by the muddy water of street puddles, and the wet sensation as the cold liquid trickles down into the foot is anything but pleasant.

When equipped for a storm it is as well to abandon the shoe, for the appearance of a man clad in a thick overcoat and wearing a muffler round his neck, with a pair of shoes for a foundation, as it were, is sometimes incongruous.

HOW TO CHOOSE GLOVES.

In selecting skin gloves you should keep a sharp look-out for flaws in the skin. You should take pieces, of a square inch or so, between the finger and thumb and gently pull them. If there is a crack or a flaw anywhere, this will show it up.

To test the quality of the skin, contrive, unseen by the shopman, to scratch it gently with your finger-nail; and if it shows a tendency to tear, you can be sure that it is not "skin" at all, but a special preparation of linen or some stuff cunningly made to resemble it.

The best woollen gloves are those knitted in broad longitudinal strands from wrist to finger tips. The old-fashioned criss-crossed knitting is apt to work apart and let the cold in, unless the wool is exceptionally thick and closely knitted.

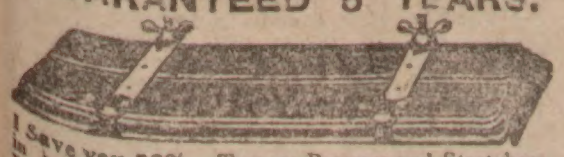
Woollen gloves, by the way, are all the better for being bound at the fastenings and round the wrists with an edging of leather.

ONE PRICE and the same exceptional value for our customers all over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction, splendid value and perfect-fitting garments, whatever style you choose. We make the cloth, we make the clothes. Suits to measure from **21s.** to **55s.** CLOTH supplied from **2s.** yd. Patterns and style book, together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of the world, post free.

C. E. BRIERLEY & CO., 33, Station Street, HUDDERSFIELD, ENG.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5 Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.



Price **5/9** *Gives an elegant crease.* Carriage paid.

4/11 Unpolished.

I Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome **Polished Oak, Plated Fittings.** Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. **7 days approval.** Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List, Free.*

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

We Supply High-class Second-hand, and "Misfits" New. Gentlemen's, Youths', and Boys' Clothing, &c.

LET US CLOTHE YOU

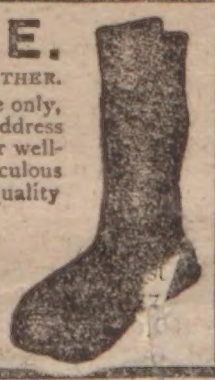
Mackintoshes, Underwear, and Footwear. Clothing in Excellent Condition Bought. Good Price Given.

ADDISON, 40, REGENT SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

GENT'S HOSE.

THE VERY THING FOR THIS COLD WEATHER.

As an advertisement, and for a short time only, we will send **POST FREE** and to any address **3 PAIRS** (either Ladies' or Gent's) of our well-known **"MARVEL HOSE"** for the ridiculous amount of 1s. 4d., or 6 pairs 2s. 6d. The quality and superior finish of these Socks and Stockings is in every respect equal to those sold at 1s. 6d. per pair. For warmth, strength, and durability they cannot be equalled at the price anywhere.—Send at once, THE "MARVEL HOSE CO.," Hose Dept., 111, Amhurst-road, London, N.E.



Why not have your Clothes cut by the man who fitted the **King?**

There is a Distinction about our DRESS SUITS which even Bond Street cannot surpass.

The undeniable perfection of our cut and style are steadily winning over to our side men who have for years remained faithful to West-End "sartorial artists." They realise two points:—

1. **Our cut, style and materials are identical with those of Bond Street.**
2. **Our prices are much lower.**

Our Price for a Dress Suit, Silk faced and Silk lined - - - 84/-

Patterns and Self-measurement Form forwarded free.

We return your money in full, without question or argument, if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

J. & H. ELLIS,

201, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Right opposite the Law Courts.

L.F.P.Co.Ltd

DANCING ON THE ICE.

A NOVELTY IN THE WAY OF WINTER AMUSEMENT.

If you have never learned to waltz on the ice, then you have missed one of the most delightful forms of human motion. After the ice, waltzing on the best of ball-room floors seems terribly slow and laboured.

Ice waltzing is not nearly so difficult as it looks. I could waltz on skates long before I could cut figures on them.

Certainly, if you can do the outside edge forwards and the inside edge backwards and turn on either foot before you start trying to waltz you will get on ever so much quicker than the man who can do none of these things. But even this rather small amount of skill is not essential provided you have a good partner.

Let us imagine you waltzing by yourself. You strike out on the outside edge with your right foot; near the end of the stroke, but while you have still considerable momentum, turn right round on the right foot as you would in cutting a 3, but instead of continuing on the right foot, drop on to the left and progress backwards on the inside edge.

This sounds difficult, but it is a good deal simpler than it reads.

Now, if you examine your tracks you will find that you have cut something like a 3 inverted, the figure consisting of two rather flat loops joined together in the centre, and you will see that if you kept on repeating these strokes you would eventually return to somewhere near your starting-point; you would, in fact have waltzed round in a circle.

Let us now give you a partner. You hold her as in ordinary waltzing—that is, your right arm round her waist and her left hand in yours.

You strike out on your right foot, and simultaneously she, half propelled by you, half by pushing backwards from the toe, goes backwards on the inside edge of her left foot.

Then comes the turn, a ticklish business until you have got into it. You turn on your right foot, she on her left; you changing to your left, she to her right foot; she strikes out with her right, and her momentum sends you gliding backwards until you turn again.

It is not half so difficult as you would think. I was taught in Canada by a dear little "Bluenose" about half my height and weight, and although I was a rotten skater, and weak in the ankles, I was fit to take my place in the circling ring within a week.

I must say I learned under ideal conditions in a covered-in rink with the ice fresh frozen each day, so that one could practise all day and every day.

Still, even in our variable climate you can prepare for ice-waltzing by practising indoors and learning to turn and hop from one skate on to the other.

On the ice the great thing is to practise long, steady, sweeping strokes. A couple of clever waltzers will cover a pretty big circle in two or three strokes, and that without the slightest apparent effort.

When you get really into it your speed is such that the mere turning is enough to keep you going almost without striking out at all.

Some experts can polka on the ice. I only tried it once myself, and the result was bandages; but Lancers on the ice is really good fun, despite the difficulties it presents at the first trial.

The "Ladies' Chain" gives you an opportunity of doing the "Dutch Roll" as you go gliding in and out, while when "Visiting" you may cut any fancy figures you please and know. It is here that the figure-skater is able to shine.

If you are going in regularly for waltzing, the best plan is to have a pair of blades riveted on to a spare pair of boots. The turning involves considerable strain on the skate, and even the best fitting of Acmes is apt to come off, causing, not infrequently, disastrous results.

H. M. EVEREIT.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

J. A. C. (Sydenham).—By all means tell your employer of your intention of joining the Territorials. He can only approve your idea, and, should the duties ever encroach on office hours, he will more readily grant you leave than if you merely asked to get off early for some unspecified purpose.

H. H. H. (Barrow-in-Furness) cut the cloth while learning billiards. He paid the sum demanded as damages, and was afterwards told that he need not have done so. In the absence of any agreement with the owner of the table there was no other way. After all he ought to bear the brunt of any accident for which he is responsible.

L. L. (Walsall).—There is no certain method, no royal road, to making your saved £20 into £200 or £2,000. You have done so well already that you can hardly do better than stick to your trade and know it through and through. The second £20 will probably come more quickly, and the third and fourth. In any case, avoid advertised "home employment" schemes.

W. A. R. (Edinburgh) asks if it is possible to reduce one's height. It is not. It is far better to increase chest-measurement and the entire frame in order to attain perfect proportion throughout. Extreme height then becomes a joy, and not a source of discomfort.

F. L. A. (Hailsham).—Numerous handbooks giving the rules of chess are issued cheaply. A good bookseller will supply you. Any shop where games are sold will provide you with the "men."

J. T. S. (Crieff).—An examination in general knowledge is usually undergone by candidates for positions in banks, but it is an easy one to anyone of average intelligence. Here, however, influence counts for a good deal.

E. R. (Kingston).—With a little more practice you will get accustomed to the artificial light on the miniature rifle-range. The strangeness soon passes and your shooting will recover its former accuracy.

M. E. H. (New Cross).—If the lunch-hour is the only time you have for boxing let it be done before lunch. It is not only inconvenient, but dangerous, immediately afterwards.

R. H. T. (Crawley).—Try to arrange that the man does your gardening while you are with him, say at week-ends. Gardeners are a self-willed race, and it is sometimes difficult to get them to carry out a plan without variation.

E. R. L. (Canonbury).—Now is a very good time to buy a bicycle. You get much more individual attention and can take your time in going the rounds of the makers' shops. If you wait till spring you will have to take your chance in the rush.

J. L. (Boston).—The cost of the upkeep of a motor bicycle is, of course, more than that of an ordinary bicycle, but it is to-day a fine piece of machinery, and is going to be more popular than ever.

R. C. (Cork).—Give the dog drier food for a bit, and await developments.

F. C. H. (Cheddar).—Complete changes in one's mode of life are not advisable after a man has passed youth and prime. The mind and body, at this period, are often ill at ease in new surroundings. Many people would envy your circumstances.

A. G. (Brighton).—It is foolish to withhold the principal fact from your adviser. The more he knows of the matter, the better able will he be to help you out.

V. S. (Bayswater).—If you have friends in the country, run down and see them. They can put you in touch with a gamekeeper or shepherd or farmer, one of whom will probably supply you with just the dog you want—an intelligent faithful spaniel.

J. R. (London, E.).—A minor can certainly take legal action. The advantage lies all on his side, for, while he cannot be bound to keep to a contract, he can compel other people to do so.

L. BUCKLAND, 7, Spring Gardens, Sussex Road, Haywards Heath, wants to meet a local reader interested in cross-country running and walking.

A. CHARNEY, 7, Bessbrook Road, Aigberth Vale, Liverpool, wants to hear from someone in the Duke of Lancaster's Yeomanry.

T. L. C. (West Norwood).—Glad to hear that the regulations of the "Legion of Frontiersmen" are now being more rigidly enforced. Possibly our criticisms did them some good. Anyhow, as we said before, many of them are capital chaps.

M. M. (Trowbridge).—Woollen scarves are every bit as fashionable as silk and mercerised ones, and they are much warmer.

C. T. (Birkenhead).—Lin-Gloss certainly goes far to solve the collar difficulty. Give your collar three coats of it, and it will keep quite respectable during your contemplated walking tour; and thus you will be saved the trouble of buying extra collars as you go along.

E. M. (Walton-on-Thames).—Get a sheet of brown paper the size you wish the picture-frame to be made, and paste blank pieces of white paper exactly where you want the portraits fixed. The frame-maker can then work from this "dummy" better than from mere verbal descriptions of what you want.

F. C. N. (Southampton).—Do not use pins to join papers that have to be sent by post. The recipient may prick his finger and get blood-poisoning. There are many good safety fasteners.

J. J. (Liverpool), **H. J. B.** (Burnley), **J. S.** (Lumsden), **R. G.** (Burslem), **A. H.** (Llanelly), **C. E. B.** (Dover), **A. J. F.** (Gorton).—We are very much obliged to you.

LOOK FOR 2/6

To enable any reader of this paper to own a reliable Watch, MASTERS, Ltd., will supply their World-famed

SILVER LEVER 30/-
"VERACITY" WATCH

fitted with Lever Movement, White Dial, Dust-Proof Cap (Keywind or Keyless), on Easy Terms (2/6 Deposit).

Masters' "Veracity" is a truly wonderful piece of mechanism. It will keep true time for 20 years day and night, and never tell you a lie—it's built by experts, backed by 41 years' experience in watch building—it is fitted in Solid Silver Cases, with dust-proof cap as extra safeguard, and the price, 27/- CASH, 30/- Easy Terms, brings it within your reach. Send 2/6 and we will deliver 30/- Watch, pay 2/6 on delivery and 2/6 monthly. Its timekeeping is true, it varies less than one minute a month. Buy a "VERACITY" to-day, and you have true time for 20 years—not one day stopping, gaining, or losing, but 20 years' correct time day and night. Send 2/6 and ask for 30/- Watch.

263, *Elephant Lane,*
Thatts Heath, St. Helens.

Messrs. J. N. Masters, Ltd.,

Dear Sirs,—The watch is the best I have seen for keeping time. It never loses a minute in a month, it is a champion. I will show it to all my friends, and I will try to get you some orders.—Yours truly,
JOHN TOMLINSON.

P.S.—You can do as you like with this testimonial, for the watch could be no better timekeeper for £5.

FREE GIFT.

MASTERS', LTD., of "VERACITY" Watch fame, are anxious that you should possess one of these marvellous timekeepers, and to induce you to send your order now, will present to you entirely FREE a Handsome CURB ALBERT to wear with the Watch. This startling and unprecedented offer is for one month to both cash and credit purchasers. Cut out this advertisement, send 2/6 and have 30/- Watch and Grand Presentation Albert now. Seven Years' Warranty with each Watch.

CATALOGUE Watches, Rings, &c., FREE.

MASTERS, LTD.,
85, HOPE STORES, RYE.

Solid Gold Rings.

10s. to £5 Easy Terms. Solid 22ct. Gold Wedding Ring. 21/-; 3/6 deposit. 3/6 on receipt, and 1/- weekly. 30/- Rings 5/- deposit.

GEM RING 30/- Diamond and 2 Rubies. 18ct. Gold. 2/6 Deposit, 2/6 on receipt, and 5/- monthly. Size Card and Ring List Free.

OVERCOAT, 30/-
READY TO WEAR.
3/- with Order.

The most up-to-date and latest in overcoat fashion is Masters' "Burlington" Overcoat—it is a speciality which all well-dressed men are wearing, it is made of beautifully warm and blanket cloth in all the fancy rich-looking shadow stripes, green, blue, grey, &c., by expert Tailors—heavy and warm for the Winter. Masters' system of immediate supply is for your convenience Simply send 3/-, give your height, chest measurement over vest, and colour desired, and we send you 30/- self-fitting ready-to-wear Overcoat post paid. Pay 3/- on delivery and 4/- monthly. We also supply the "Burlington" Coat in same shades, double-breasted, back strap and strapped sleeves for 35/-, or 4/- deposit, 4/6 4/- on delivery, 4/6 monthly. Send 3/- (or 4/- for the D.B.), and ask for the "Burlington" ready-to-wear Overcoat.

Patterns free on application. Suits to measure, 34/6, etc., 5/- monthly.

MASTERS, 85, Hope Stores, RYE.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Always well-dressed on 1s. a year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3926, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The well-dressed man, and the man that wants to look smart, should read Lin-Gloss & Co.'s advertisement, page 38.

Fine reversible sporting coat, guaranteed waterproof both sides, in good condition, 38 to 40 chest; bargain 30s.—Box 3966, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3930, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For gent's hose see Marvel Hose Co. advertisement, page 39.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. A really high-class well-made waterproof coat. Wonderful value. For full particulars of this and fashionable London tailoring at very moderate prices see McKinley's advertisement, page 38.

Gent.'s mackintosh, in perfect condition, size 38 chest; bargain, 16s. 6d.—Box 3927, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR. Money saved. Angling chums admire British-made fishing tackle. Prices to suit all pockets. Testimonials by the mile. No shops supplied. Catalogues free from the makers.—Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3928, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, bagatelle table, must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 3929, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle Board, handsome seven-guinea solid mahogany, folding board, 8ft. long by 2½ft. wide, superior make and finish, rubber cushions, complete with bridge, cue, mace, rules, marking pegs and nine 1⅝in. balls, new and perfect condition, price 79s. 6d.; approval.—Box 3917, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, number of large spoon baits, 3in. to 5in.; must be cheap, old or new.—Box 3931, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, Terry's patent single spring chest expander, men's No 3, with chart; will take 3s., post free.—Box 3932, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

The great and well-known firm of Lin-Gloss are offering sole buying rights for their well-known patent article "Lin-Gloss." £5 per week easily earned, with very little trouble and no outlay.—Full particulars, write Agency Dept., The Lin-Gloss Co., 58, Cheapside, E.C.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 24.

For insurance against unemployment write for full particulars, Rampart Insurance Company, 255 MM., Birkbeck Bank Chambers, High Holborn.

EDUCATIONAL.

For shorthand, see Sloan Duployan advertisement, page 29.

Beautiful Handwriting will help you to improve your position. Send P.O. 1s. 6d. for full guide and two specimen pens to Browne, 3, Barnsbury Street, London, N.

Books of all kinds. See Foyle's advertisement, page 29.

What offers all numbers "Modern Man"?—Write Box 3944, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For journalistic work, see Literary Correspondence College advertisement, page 27.

MUSIC.

Columbian zither, equal to new, 10s. 6d.—Box 3920, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Banjo, 5 string, nickel-plated, metallic back, 30 fittings; cost £3, sacrifice 27s.—Box 3946, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Transvaal Exp. £1 shares, 100 at 1s.—Box 3950, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£250 Provident bond, ballot section, £69 6s. paid in; accept £45, or near offer.—Box 3951, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

British Homes certificate, £120 paid in; best offer accepted.—Box 3952, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Provident bond, £50, ballot section, £3 10s. paid; reduced interest section, £150, £2 5s. paid. What offers?—Box 3953, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 3954, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

House purchase certificate, £250 (endowment £290), £40 paid.—Box 3955, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, loan £50, good security given.—Write in first case Box 3956, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Offers invited for two National Benefit Trust bonds, £150 and £100, over £60 paid.—Box 3957, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3958, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3959, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3960, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Chilblains, certain cure. Recipe, P.O. 1s.—K. Read, Penwortham, Preston.

Perspiring feet, safe and certain cure; receipt P.O. 1s.—Box 3870, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

To Sportsmen and Athletes.—Embrocation, invaluable for sprains, rheumatism, &c.; unsurpassed but cheap; receipt, P.O. 1s. 1d.—Box 3919, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Look! Save pounds; Recipes for Silver-Plating Fluid; Actors' Hair Pomade; Remedy for love of strong drink; P.O. 1s. 6d. lot.—Box 3916, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Corns. Effective and speedy cure for these undesirables; never fails; trial will convince; recipe, post free, 1s.—Box 3915, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Yorkshire terrier, bitch, splendid body, over all trouble, 2 guineas; money wanted.—70, Chilton Road, Richmond.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE! 1,000 gent's double simulation gold alberts to every purchaser of one of our 3s. 6d. gent's simulation gold keyless watches. Guaranteed perfect timekeepers. We will present absolutely free a beautiful double albert.—Send P.O. 3s. 6d., and three penny stamps for postage and packing, to-day to J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

A Genuine Offer!—25,000 knives, shop price 3s. 6d., our price 1s.; the finest quality, the thinnest and the most handiest knife in the world (patent); guaranteed two of the finest Sheffield blades in English oxydised steel handles.—Send 1s. P.O. to The International Patent Novelties Co. (Dept. K), 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Conjuring.—Twelve novelties, 7d.—Paul Vandy, Magical Pastime Co., 103, Strand, London.

2/6 SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1/-
With extra blades, complete in case; excellent quality; marvellous value. Send to-day. P.O. 1s. 1d., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birthdate and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years' guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Llandaff, Glam.

Sandow Developer, perfect condition; exchange for pair high-class rollers, size 10.—Box 3918, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A golden offer. Gent's tie-pin, exceptionally handsome, 1s. post free.—J. Treasure and Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

SURPLUS STOCK. Letter and bank-note cases; new; full size; leather; clearance price, 1s. 3d.; 2s.; 3s.; worth double; approval.—Smith and Hancox, mail order specialists, Redditch.

Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; quite new, never been used.—Box 3090, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Safety razor, complete in case, with 7 blades, &c., cost 5s. when new; bargain; accept 3s 3d., post free.—Box 3961, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome gent's simulation gold double albert, with free gift of beautiful seal, 1s., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

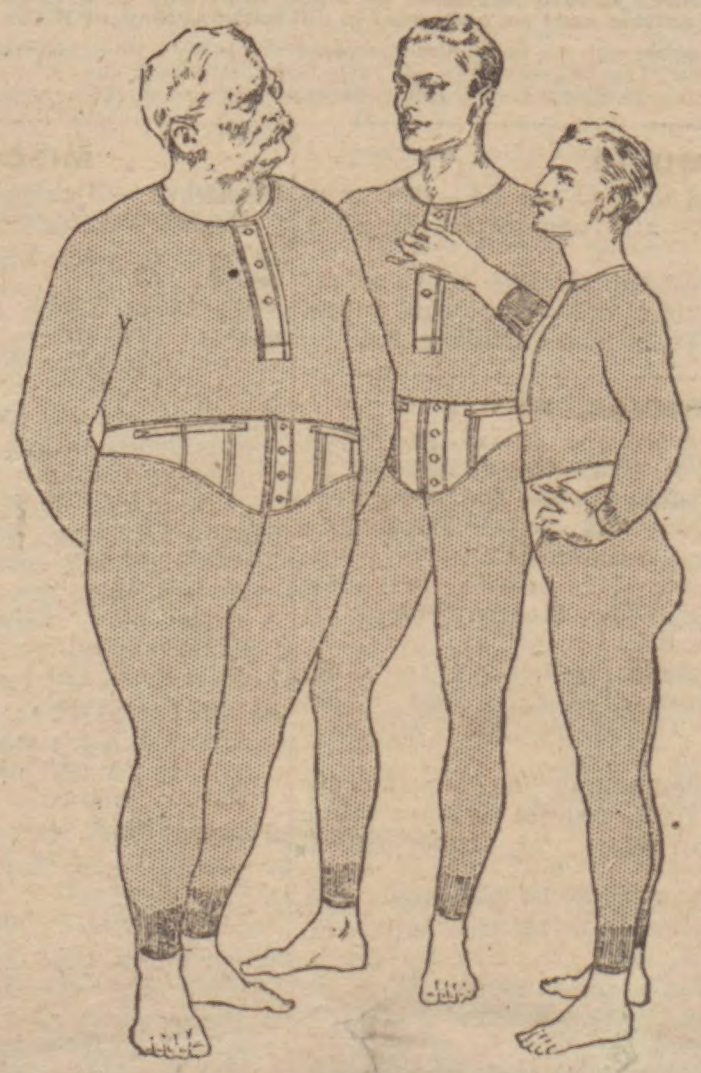
19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40-inch breast, never worn; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

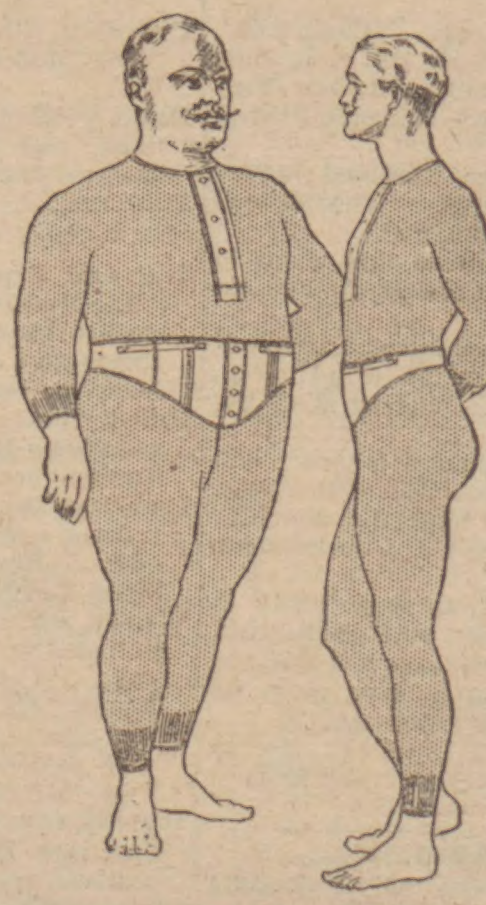
19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

£1 1S.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice £1 1s. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.





The Correct Length of Leg and Sleeve for Every Type of Man is provided by

CUTUNA UNDERWEAR

(GRADUATED LENGTH . . . . . UNSHRINKABLE)

It provides, in addition to the chest or waist size you require, the correct length of sleeve in vests and leg in pants. It affords a choice from three leg and sleeve lengths to every waist size and chest size respectively. No need for "tucks," "turn-ups" or "short-ends" when you buy "Cutuna" underwear.

Outdoor men—Men who follow Sports and Games—will especially appreciate "Cutuna" Underwear for its fine warmth-giving qualities. The weight and texture are just right to keep the body at a cosy heat. Whether you watch the game or play it, there's little chance of catching a chill if you wear "Cutuna."

The fine materials used in its manufacture are beautifully soft—cosy to the skin—good for appearance and for wear. At the seat, and front of thigh, where hard wear falls, the wool is doubly woven. "Cutuna" Underwear is positively guaranteed against shrinkage: any garment which shrinks being replaced without question or quibble. The following are the Prices (Out-Size Chest and Waist Measures slightly extra):—

VESTS (Winter Weight), **3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 7/6, 7/11** (Medium Weight), **4/6**
PANTS ,, ,, **3/11, 5/6, 6/6, 8/6, 8/11** ,, ,, **5/6**

Write for the "Cutuna" Underwear Book, No. 8, and Samples of Materials. When writing kindly mention "The Modern Man."

Horne BROTHERS

FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD AND NEW IN MEN'S WEAR

Central Establishment and Mail Order Department:

388, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

. . . . . and Branches throughout London . . . . . .

Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Advertisement Manager, THE MODERN MAN, *19, 21, & 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.*
Editorial Communications to be addressed to THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*